







## Seamarks and Landmarks

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THE AUTHOR.

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**SEAMARKS  
AND LANDMARKS**  
BEING LEAVES FROM THE LOG OF  
SURGEON CAPTAIN O. W. ANDREWS  
C.B.E., R.N.

MCMXXVII  
**ERNEST BENN LIMITED**  
BOUVERIE HOUSE, FLEET STREET

“OFT in the stilly night,  
“Ere slumber’s chain has bound me,  
“Fond mem’ry brings the light  
“Of other days around me.”

*Thomas Moore.*

TO MY WIFE

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*under back Cover*

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*Admiral Sir John de Robeck says :—*

“ The Chapters on the Dardanelles are full of interest to me and will doubtless be to thousands of others who took part in the Gallipoli Campaign. . . . They are the simple tale of an officer who was present and saw much.



## PREFACE

"How comes it that, at eventide,  
When level beams should show most truth  
Man, failing, takes unfailing pride  
In memories of his frolic youth."

*Rudyard Kipling.*

I HAVE it on the authority of no less a personage than Dr Johnson, the Lexicographer, that "no-one but a fool ever wrote except for money." I must, however, admit that when I began the task of writing a book of reminiscences, I did so, not with any expectation of making money thereby, but solely in order to comply with the requests which I have received from time to time to jot down my experiences during a career, the best years of which were spent in the Royal Navy, or in places where I was living in what, for want of a better term, might be described as a "naval atmosphere."

Henry Newbolt, in his introduction to "Sea-life in English Literature," says, "whether we are landsmen or seamen ourselves, sea life is essentially part of its record, part of its imaginative experience," and he goes on to say, later, how, by means of personal reminiscences and original letters, he has shown the "gradual changes which have in process of time made the sea-life of to-day."

I have no doubt that many things referred to in these pages will be regarded as trivialities, and possibly the first three chapters may be thought too personal, but as a straw may serve to show the direction of the wind, so what might be described as trivialities, may possibly show a side-light on conditions which now no longer exist. They have been introduced solely with that intent, more particularly as regards naval matters, for whilst illustrating the saying in *Le Médecin malgré lui*, "*Nous avons changé tout cela*," they may, at the same time, demonstrate the truth of the other saying, "*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*."

When I first made the acquaintance of the Royal Navy, the *Warrior*—the first of the ironclad ships—was still in commission, and such ships as the *Agincourt*, *Northumberland* (or *Northo*, as she was more familiarly called), were up-to-date

## PREFACE

ships, and the *Devastation*, although representing the latest type of battleship, was looked on rather as an experiment.

Sailors still wore with their "number one" suit, the jackets of the same type worn in the days of Nelson, and officers, in wet weather at sea, wore the glazed straw hats known as "foul weather hats," which after they were disused in the Navy still survived for many years as the head-dress of the boats' crews allotted to Colonels Commandant of Marines at the three Marine Divisions.

The ships may change, and the uniform of one period be so altered as to be hardly recognised at another time as that of the same service, yet we can see that the same spirit which was displayed at sea between Blankenburgh and Sluys in 1340 was shown by the Dover Patrol off the very same shores in 1914-1918.

In "The Battle of Sluys," by Sir John Froissart, quoted by Newbolt in the book to which I have already referred, it says:—

"For on the sea there is no recoiling or fleeing; there is no remedy but to fight, and to abide fortune, and every man to show his prowess."

If any old friends and messmates should chance to read these reminiscences, I trust they will help to recall old times and so "lend fresh interest to a twice-told tale."

My best thanks are tendered to:—

Mr R. R. James, for the help he has given me in connection with the part concerning St. George's Hospital.

Mr E. J. Eallett of the *Referee* who took great pains in searching for records of certain prize-fights and other matters, Major M. Ll. Ferrar (my brother-in-law) who has read through the whole of the proof-sheets and made many valuable suggestions.

Also to many kind friends in the Admiralty Library and elsewhere who have helped me to obtain precise information on things of which I was uncertain, and lastly I owe my gratitude to the staff in general and to Mr H. Heath in particular, of the firm of John Bellows, who have been most obliging and painstaking with regard to the production of this work.

St. Briavels,  
January, 1927.

O. W. ANDREWS.

## CHAPTER I.

"I count myself in nothing else so happy  
As in a soul remembering my good friends."

*Richard II, Act 2, 3.*

EARLY ASSOCIATIONS AT WALMER — LIFEBOATS — NEW-  
CASTLE FRIGATE — FREAK SHIPS — SHAH OF PERSIA  
CHANNEL FLEET — PARLIAMENTARY ELECTIONS, OLD  
AND NEW METHODS.

(1871-1876)

COMING from a family in which many members had been in the Navy, I was anxious to go to sea, but my parents were averse to my doing so. My mother had lost a brother who fell from aloft into a shark-infested sea, and her father, at one time Secretary to the Earl of Moira when Governor-General of India, and later himself Lieutenant-Governor of Tasmania (or Van Diemen's Land as it was called in his time), had died from the effects of being shipwrecked off the island of Timor. It was therefore not surprising that my mother did her utmost to dissuade me from a sea life. But if, as I know quite well was the case, my parents seriously wished to prevent me from going to sea, they could not very well have selected a more unsuitable place than Walmer in Kent for my upbringing.

I was sent to Walmer in 1871 to a preparatory school kept by three very devout maiden ladies of an austere and almost Puritan type; they were highly educated, and grounded me in many matters which in modern preparatory schools receive but little attention.

Walmer in the seventies was a favourite residential place for retired naval and marine officers. There was scarcely a family of any standing there, that was not connected with the Royal Navy or Royal Marines.

The church at Upper Walmer, to which I was occasionally taken, delighted me much on account of the monuments affixed to its walls. I have a lively remembrance of passing the time which should have been spent in listening to the sermon, in reading the inscriptions on the memorials to departed Admirals of the red, the white, or the blue, Companion of the Most Honourable Order, etc., and the actions in which they took part.

Archery was then a fashionable pastime, and the Square between Alexandra Terrace, then not completely built, and Clarence Villas, was known as Archery Square. On the days in summer when archery was not being practised, croquet was played, but it had little in common with the modern scientific variety of the game. In those days the hoops were wider, and in the centre was an arrangement called the "cage," surmounted by a bell. Ladies wore very full skirts and the men very tight trousers, just as, conversely, in modern times, the shorter and tighter the skirts of the ladies, the longer and fuller are the men's trousers. It is a matter for regret that whereas croquet has risen in importance, archery, except in a few places, has fallen into desuetude.

The bathing machines on the beach were ugly cumbrous things, run in and out by means of a capstan ; they had broad heavy wheels and a sort of cradle projecting from the seaward end, which permitted bathing by those unable to swim. The beach at Walmer shelves so precipitously at high water, that were it not for some such contrivance as the cradle, non-swimmers would not be able to bathe. The bathers in the cradle were protected from the vulgar gaze by a large hood or curtain fixed over it. In those days the bathing costumes worn by women were not made for effect, or at any rate, were not the attractive creations now seen at fashionable mixed-bathing places, they were in fact bulky garments made of thick material and at times giving the wearer the appearance of an animated diving bell, so that these curtains whilst ensuring privacy for the bathers, also prevented onlookers from seeing some of what might be described as the horrors of the sea.

When reading "The Hunting of the Snark," I have always connected the Walmer bathing machines with the lines :

"The fourth is his fondness for bathing machines  
Which he constantly carries about  
And believes that they add to the beauty of scenes,  
A sentiment open to doubt."

Unlike many seaside places, the ships in the Downs are sufficiently near the shore to be clearly visible, and in those days the Downs were usually crowded, particularly in bad weather, with shipping, for the most part consisting of sailing ships, which at that time outnumbered steamships by at least ten to one.\* They anchored in the Downs in bad weather partly on account of the good holding ground, and partly because of the protection afforded by the land on one side and the Goodwin Sands on the other.

The principal industry of Deal and Walmer is fishing, and the intrepid character of the Deal boatmen is as justly renowned as the seaworthiness of their luggers. The Deal and Walmer section of the National Lifeboat service† in the days of sailing ships had even more opportunities for showing its worth than it has to-day, and I can picture even now, the scene, when the lifeboat *Centurion* (at the christening of which I was present) was called out, and how the whole of the community would go down to the beach to see her start on her perilous errand of mercy, to succour ships on the treacherous Goodwins. Life-boats then had to rely for their means of propulsion on man-power or sails, more often the former. At the present day, with motor lifeboats, although the task may be easier, it is no less hazardous.

Everything that sailed the seas interested me, from the Deal lugger to the stately East Indiaman with chequered sides, painted to imitate gun-ports. In those days the China tea

\* In 1877 there were 4,564 British steamships. In 1924-25, despite the losses of the Great War, there were 10,078, representing over 21½ million tons. To-day steamers outnumber sailing ships by over 6 to 1 or in tonnage by over 22 to 1.

† Anyone interested in the history of lifeboats, should read "History of the Lifeboat and its Work," by Richard Lewis, Secretary National Lifeboat Institution, in which he will learn that the first lifeboat built was designed by a coach-builder of Long Acre, named Lukin.

clippers and Australian wool ships were in the heyday of their glory, and at times the Downs saw a naval display in the form of the Channel Fleet.

During the five years spent at Walmer, I was thrown in contact with many naval officers and their families, and had opportunities for hearing many strange stories of the sea, which if not always strictly accurate, were at any rate what are known in the Navy as of the *ben trovato* type; and these all helped to stimulate my desire for a sea life.

Amongst senior officers then on the active list who were living in that delightful row of houses facing the Downs, known as "The Beach" was Captain (afterwards Admiral) X— X—. At that time he commanded the *Cossack*, a corvette employed on the Australian station. I remembered this because his son, who was a playmate of mine, had a large-sized model of this ship, correct to the minutest detail, and I can still recall how much this model filled me with envy. Captain X— X— next commanded the frigate *Newcastle* (4120 tons), which formed part of the Detached Squadron which left England in September 1874 and returned in April, 1877.

It was whilst in command of the *Newcastle* that Captain X— X— was the subject of a good deal of criticism. I am indebted for the facts of the deplorable incident which, rightly or wrongly, rendered X— X— unpopular, to Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe, who at the time of its occurrence was serving on board the *Newcastle* as a midshipman.

"The ship, in company with the rest of the Squadron, was running before the wind under all possible sail (studding sails both sides) in a stiff breeze, and a considerable sea was running when a midshipman named Wingfield jumped overboard in the endeavour to save the lives of three men who had fallen overboard. It took some time to round up and heave to, owing to the amount of sail and force of the wind. In lowering the lifeboat she nearly capsized, and two men came up the life lines, leaving the boat with two hands short. The lifeboat's falls unrove. The ship was nearly a mile from the life-buoy and men when hove to. There was a considerable sea running

and the ship could not beat up to the life-buoy, or, at any rate, did not.

The Chief Engineer suggested raising steam and said he could do it very quickly, but the Captain did not agree to this. It was put before him by the 1st Lieutenant (afterwards Admiral Poë). The boat was eventually recalled and never reached the life-buoy. The men were seen fairly close to it at one time. I was in the second boat, but she was not lowered. The criticism directed against the Captain was because he did not try to close the boat, and recalled her before she reached the life-buoy. These are the facts. I will not comment on them."

A Court of Inquiry exonerated the Captain from blame. It is surprising when a ship is travelling at even a low speed, how soon a person or object which has dropped overboard is left far astern. A life-buoy, to be of any use, must be let go immediately, and be capable of being readily seen by anyone in the water and by those in a boat going to the rescue. In those days the copper life-buoys with a charge of calcium phosphide attached, had only recently been introduced; most of the life-buoys then in use were of the ordinary cork type covered with painted canvas. Calcium phosphide, otherwise known as Holmes's Light, ignites on coming into contact with water, burns with a brilliant light and gives out volumes of smoke, and a vile smell, which properties serve to make it visible by night as well as by day.

An almost parallel case of a similar loss at sea, is recorded by Borrow in the "Bible in Spain."

Walmer, in those days when there was no railway between Deal and Dover, was somewhat isolated. Although Deal was a town of some importance, Dover, from a lady's point of view, was considerably better, and the only means of reaching Dover, for those unable to walk, was by means of some horse-drawn vehicle, the usual one being a "fly" supplied by Mr Knight. The word "fly" is now seldom heard with respect to hired hackney carriages; originally it was used to imply a rapid mode of transport, and the service of "fly-waggons"

which conveyed the mail before the introduction of stage-coaches, was considered a marvel of fleetness. Those who remember the old "flys," such as plied for hire at Walmer and elsewhere in the seventies, must often have wondered how they came to receive that name. It was certainly not on account of their excessive speed, but speed in those days was not such a desideratum as it is now.

When at Walmer I remember the arrival in the Downs of the *Great Eastern*, laid down on 1st May, 1854. She was not launched until 31st January, 1858, an unsuccessful attempt having taken place on 3rd November, 1857, when she was christened *Leviathan*. Later, her name was changed to *Great Eastern*, and to change a ship's name is said to be asking for trouble. She had 6 masts, 5 funnels, and was fitted with paddles as well as a screw. She was 692 feet long, had 83 ft. beam and 25 ft. draught. Her gross tonnage was 18,915 tons, and she was in fact the largest ship afloat in her time. To-day there are merchant steamers afloat with a tonnage of over 56,000 tons, and between 200 and 300 feet longer, and over 92 feet beam.

She was an unlucky ship from the start. At the first unsuccessful attempt at launching, several men were injured, one fatally. In Sept., 1859, when taking her first trip, she had an explosion, causing six deaths and injuring various others, besides doing considerable damage to mirrors and furniture in the saloon. In Jan., 1860, her first Captain and three others belonging to the ship were drowned through the boat in which they were going ashore capsizing in the Solent.

She did her first Transatlantic voyage in 10½ days, and later crossed from Milford Haven to New York in 9 days, 13½ hours. To-day the voyage is done in less than half that time, e.g. the *Mauretania* in 1909 took only 4 days, 10 hrs. and 4 mins.

When the Civil War broke out in America, it was considered necessary to send re-inforcements to Canada. The *Great Eastern* was accordingly chartered as a troopship, and on 10th September, 1861, left Liverpool with a large number of troops, soldiers' families, and horses, etc. When about 250 miles to the west of Cape Clear she encountered a terrific

hurricane and for 48 hours was at the mercy of the waves, having lost both her paddles and the top of her rudder-post ; added to this, many passengers were injured, and casks and chain-cable which had broken loose, threatened at each roll of the ship to break the ship's sides. Eventually she was got under control and headed for Queenstown, but when off the Old Head of Kinsale was again driven off. She eventually was towed in. Fortunately, later on, a ship of her size being re-required for laying the Atlantic cable, she was selected for this duty, and in that capacity did very good work and finally justified her creation.

Another freak ship was the so-called " twinship " *Castalia*. She was designed by Captain W. T. Dicey, at that time living in Walmer, and was named after the second wife of Lord Granville, Governor of the Cinque Ports, who lived in Deal Castle. She was really a single ship with the middle part of her bottom divided for a length of 290 feet by a space 26 feet wide. The object of this design was to prevent *mal de mer* and the idea of the divided hull was borrowed from the catamarans so familiar at Colombo. The same principle was at one time employed in the construction of the native boats at Fuca (Pacific), where two canoes were lashed and held together by planks placed athwartships between them.

At Point de Galle, Ceylon, before the breakwater was built, cargo used to be landed in native boats 100 or 200 feet long with a heavy log on one side attached to two outriggers. This outrigger principle enabled them to ride comparatively steadily when ordinary ships were rolling heavily.

A friend of mine who crossed from Dover to Calais in one of these " twin steamers " told me that nearly everyone on board was sea-sick, in spite of the anti sea-sickness invention, but he admitted that on the particular day there was an exceptionally heavy cross sea running, the mere sight of which may possibly have upset many of the passengers.

As a small boy I was a playmate of the Dicey children, and by invitation of the inventor went on board the *Castalia* at Dover in 1873. Captain Dicey was then very hopeful of her success and convinced that her steadiness at sea would more than compensate for her lack of speed, and unwieldiness.

Unfortunately for him, his hopes were never realised and three years later she and her sister-ship, the *Calais-Douvres*, were sold to the ship-breakers, and Captain Dicey lost his entire fortune.

Another event vividly impressed on my memory was the arrival of the Channel Fleet in the Downs, prior to its going to greet the Shah of Persia (Nasr-ood-Deen), on his arrival at Dover on the 18th June, 1873. The Shah had a great reception wherever he went. A few years after this visit, when a party of distinguished visitors from Persia were being shown round Portsmouth dockyard where H.M.S. *Shah* happened to be undergoing a refit, the officer who was conducting the party drew attention to her, at the same time telling them that the ship had been so named out of compliment to their monarch. The name of the ship was inscribed in Persian characters on the stern, the party however instead of being flattered at the honour paid to their sovereign lord king (for Shah which is short for Padishah means lord king) were convulsed with laughter, as the Persian characters had all been reversed and meant something quite different. H.M.S. *Shah* which was still going when I entered the Navy has long since disappeared from even the list of ineffective ships. On the Continent the Germans had shown him their military strength, so we introduced him to our Channel Fleet, at that time the finest fleet in the world. The ships which were present were the *Agin-court*, flying the flag of Rear-Admiral Hornby, *Northumberland*, *Black Prince*, *Achilles*, *Hercules*, *Sultan*, *Monarch*, and *Hector*. The *Devastation*, *Vanguard* and *Audacious* had met the Shah at Ostend and joined up later with the rest of the fleet at Dover. The saluting was terrific, salutes being fired from the heaviest guns, with the result that hundreds of windows were shattered in Dover by the noise.

All these ships were, with the exception of the *Devastation*, fitted with masts and yards, and sail-drill and smartness aloft were at that time anything but lost arts, and many were the casualties resulting from the competition between ships : at one time it was said to be never less than one fatal accident per week.

The *Devastation* marked the commencement of a new era in battleship construction, and was thought to be the last word

in naval architecture. She was a turret-ship of low free-board, two funnels arising out of a species of citadel, and not altogether unlike that curious but fanciful representation of a battleship, which figures on "England's Glory" match-boxes. There is no doubt that she and her sister-ship the *Thunderer* were very formidable coast-defence ships, designed to play the part of monitors, though of such good coal capacity that they could, if required, keep the sea for a considerable time. The ventilation in these ships was entirely artificial, and described in naval slang as "potted air."

I have mentioned the *Sultan* as being amongst the ships assembled to welcome the Shah of Persia on his arrival in England. When she was first commissioned it was feared that she might share the fate of the *Captain*, which was lost with appalling suddenness through capsizing in a gale in the bay of Biscay, on the 7th September, 1870. When in dry dock, a seaman one day wrote in chalk on the bottom of the *Sultan* the words "Mails for the *Captain*," implying that she would soon share the *Captain's* fate. Curiously enough, though it was eighteen or nineteen years afterwards, she did go to the bottom, through striking a rock in Comino Channel on 6th March, 1889, where she had gone to run torpedoes. She was raised at a cost of £50,000 on 20th August, and on 27th August was towed into the Grand Harbour at Valetta, accompanied by at least 800 dghaisas.\* The whole population were out on the bastions and other points of vantage, to witness her arrival and regarded the raising of this ship, much as in earlier times contemporaries of Lazarus had marvelled at his resurrection. The raising of an ironclad of the size of the *Sultan* was without precedent, and it is extremely doubtful whether it was worth it, unless it was for the experience gained.

On the 23rd December, '89, I saw the *Sultan* enter Portsmouth Harbour. H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh was C. in C. of the Mediterranean Squadron when she sank, and took her loss very seriously to heart. It was currently reported that as a consequence of this loss, he decided never again to serve in command of a sea-going Fleet.

\* Dghaisas are Maltese boats, somewhat resembling the gondolas of Venice.

Captain Rice was the captain in command of the *Sultan* at this time. Prior to this, he had had the misfortune to be in command of two ships which had gone aground, which led "Truth" to comment: "We understand that the officer in command of the *Sultan* has up till now been known as 'Ground Rice.' We would suggest that the name be now changed to 'Sago'!"

Up till 1872 polling at Parliamentary elections was in public at the "hustings."\* Although, strictly speaking, it was not lawful to pay for votes, it was nevertheless the custom to do so, but no vote was paid for until the clerks stationed at the "hustings" had recorded the names of the voter and the candidate for whom he had voted.

As voting at the hustings was not secret, it was known exactly how everyone had voted. When the Secret Ballot Act, which was passed in July, 1872 came into operation, it was possible for an unscrupulous elector to accept gifts from both candidates; this was done in very many cases and regarded as good business by those who so profited by the Act.

Bribery was conducted by both parties in the borough of Deal, and later on, when matters got particularly bad, an inquiry was held which resulted in it being disfranchised. I should not like it to be thought that the free and independent electors of Deal and Walmer were any worse than those elsewhere. Deal and several other boroughs happened to be made examples of.

Two of the members in one disfranchised borough were given peerages, as a reward, no doubt, for the money they had spent in the cause of their respective parties, for one was Conservative and the other Liberal.

At another election (not at Deal) a parliamentary candidate named Bell presented electors with little packets, each containing five golden sovereigns, which were described as "bell-metal."

I know a man in a certain West of England city whose father assisted at a Parliamentary election by carrying

\* Many derivations have been suggested for this word. Dr Brewer, in "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," explains the word "Hustings" as "House-things" or city courts. London has its "*Court of Hustings*," in which the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and city members are elected.

sovereigns covered with muddy water in buckets to those known to be of the right political colour. Another plan open to others consisted in giving a code word (to indicate their party) at certain inns where this mystic word enabled them to obtain a pint of beer with a half sovereign at the bottom of the mug—golden ale in the literal sense—a practice known locally as “ sugaring ” the beer.

It is a debatable point whether the bribery practised in these early days of election by ballot was not a more honourable proceeding than the modern practice of bidding for votes by giving promises which, if fulfilled, will have been redeemed at the expense of the wealthier minority of the electorate.

## CHAPTER II.

(1876-1883)

### SCHOOL DAYS — LOSS OF VANGUARD AND EURYDICE.

**I**N 1876 I went to Bishop's Stortford High School, which is an old Grammar School founded by one Margaret Dane in 1579. There were a few day boys, but the majority consisting of boarders were in three houses, presided over by the Headmaster and senior classical and senior mathematical masters, one of which was in the town and the other two about half-a-mile out of it. The school possesses a good library containing many very ancient and rare books. During the 17th and 18th centuries, the school numbered among its pupils many who attained considerable eminence—notably Sir William Temple, who was Secretary of State in 1667, and Sir Henry Chauncey, antiquarian—and amongst modern celebrities who received their education there was Cecil Rhodes, whose portrait now hangs in the School Hall. His father, the Rev. F. W. Rhodes, was Vicar of Bishop's Stortford, 1849 to 1876, and several of his sons received their education at this ancient school, which he did much to resuscitate.

In my time, great animosity, possibly sectarian in origin, existed between the High School and the Nonconformist College, and this led to occasional fights between members of the rival schools, in which I am afraid the High School was more often than not the aggressor. Mortar-board hats were worn by both, the High School tassels being black and the "Non-Cons." blue. "Scalping parties" occasionally effected raids, and great was the delight in either camp when one side or the other was able to return and show tassels captured from their rivals, and occasionally even sixth form boys appeared in school with black eyes, the result of these fights.

The headmaster of the school, the Rev Dr Godfrey Goodman, D.D. was a great personality, and was compared by those who knew him with Dr Arnold of Rugby. Under Dr Godfrey Goodman the school flourished, and attracted pupils from all parts of the United Kingdom, but some of the other masters made more impression on me mentally and, I may add, physically.

The Rev H. Hose (Trinity College, Cambridge), for example, was senior mathematical master. He was a most eccentric individual and extremely careless as to his personal appearance ; he had taken a very high mathematical degree, 9th Wrangler, 1849, and possibly, when at Cambridge acquired the then fashionable habit of pronouncing his " r's " as " w's," a practice which often landed him in difficulties, as for example, when on one occasion he was preaching in the School Chapel he gave out as his text, " Now Bawabbas was a wobber." He was much addicted to anecdotes, and always appeared to relate stories in which the letter " r " occurred as often as possible.

Another assistant-master, Mr F. E. Heycock, was not only in possession of a sound knowledge of the classics but was also an accomplished boxer. I have never seen a face more suggestive of a pugilist than his. He had reddish hair, a rather overhanging brow, a very small pug-nose, and a massive chin ; although exceedingly quick-tempered and a strict disciplinarian, he was a great favourite. In his college days at Cambridge it was the fashion for young bloods who could afford it to drive tandem, and I well remember a story he told us, connected with this, which at the same time illustrates that habit of making " wagers " which at that time had not quite died out. On one occasion he was driving tandem with a friend along the Trumpington road, when on passing a rather fine country house he bet his companion that although he did not even know the name of the owner of the house, he would call, and what was more, get invited to luncheon. The bet being accepted, he drove up to the house, asked to see the owner, who received him most politely, and he then apologised for having accidentally run over a duck close to the lodge gate. The owner, though not happening to keep ducks,

thanked him for reporting the accident, and promptly invited him and his friend to luncheon. The invitation was accepted and the bet won. One can scarcely imagine jokes of this kind being played nowadays, but *autres temps, autres mœurs*.

Whilst at Bishop's Stortford in 1876 England was very nearly going to war with Russia, which, for a long period, was the Power most dreaded. In 1876, in consequence of the trouble in the Near East, and the firm attitude displayed by our statesmen, the popular song, "We don't want to fight, yet by jingo when we do" exactly expressed the popular feeling at the time.

There is a tendency, more particularly in socialistic quarters, to ridicule patriotism and stigmatise it as Jingoism. The words of the song may sound strange to-day, but it should be borne in mind that in consequence of the firm attitude taken up by our statesmen and the feeling reflected in the song that the public were supporting them, that war was averted.

An incident which made a great impression on my mind was the loss of the *Vanguard* in the Irish Sea in 1875. This was caused by collision with the *Iron Duke*, and regrettable as it was, had its redeeming points. No lives were lost, partly owing to the magnificent discipline displayed by everyone on board, and partly to the extremely brave action of an engine room artificer (named James Borlase), who, at the risk of his life, went below when the ship was sinking, and let off steam, and in so doing prevented an explosion which, had it occurred, could not have failed to cause the loss of very many lives. The engine-room, like every branch of the navy, has its fine traditions, and deeds like that of this artificer deserve to be recorded in letters of gold. The loss of the *Vanguard* was long commemorated in a song which was very popular when I first went to sea. It began:—

"Jolly sailors, come near, and I'll sing you a song,  
Come, landsmen, and listen to me,  
I'll sing you about a great ironclad ship  
Which went down in the Irish Sea."

For the remaining verses, which were kindly found for me by Captain A. T. Taylor, C.B.E., R.N., see appendix.

An incident connected with the sinking of the *Vanguard*, which I heard some years later, may not be without interest.

Until comparatively recent times it was the custom for "Boards of Survey," assembled for the purpose of deciding whether certain naval ranks and ratings are fit for retention in the service, to be presided over by a senior executive officer (to-day a senior medical officer presides). Inspector-General Walter Reid, R.N., used to recount how on one occasion, when he was a member of a Board of Survey, a man was brought forward as "an object for survey" who was suffering from some grave defect of vision, but was otherwise perfectly fit. Despite the technical evidence, the President of the Board refused to allow the man to be invalided, although it was put forward that his defective vision was such, that if he happened to be on duty as "look-out" man, he might some day endanger the safety of a ship.

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," remarked the president, and the clerk was directed to mark the man's papers as "Fit."

A little later on, at the same "Survey," another man was brought forward, suffering from defective vision. This man, it was said, "is not suffering from so grave a defect of vision as the last case, but *he* has actually lost a ship, as he was the "look-out" man on board the *Iron Duke* when the collision with the *Vanguard* occurred." The President thereupon recalled the other "object for survey," and both were duly invalided.

The loss of the *Vanguard* was followed by a court martial, the finding of which was much criticised at the time, but the way in which the ship was sunk served to point out the value of the ram as a means of sinking an enemy ship partly disabled but still capable of giving trouble.\*

Needless to say, experience of modern sea warfare has shown that the days of fighting at close quarters are over, and the ram as an arm of defence or "cripple-stopper" has long since passed away.

\* *Vide* verse 1 of the song quoted above :—

"For it shows what a jolly fine ram she has got,"  
Said the Lords of the Admiralty.

Shortly after the sinking of the *Vanguard*, came the loss of the *Eurydice*, from a "matériel" point of view trivial compared to that of a battleship such as the *Vanguard*, but from a "personnel" aspect a terrible catastrophe.

She was on her way home to Portsmouth, from the West Indies, with a large number of young seamen on board under training, and was off Dunnose Head, Isle of Wight, under full sail, when she was suddenly caught in a squall accompanied by blinding snow.

She heeled over until her lower deck scuttles, which were open on the lee side, were under water. She rapidly filled, capsized, and sank in deep water.

I am indebted to "Punch," for permission to quote the following verses which appeared in its issue for 6th April, 1878 :

### THE EURYDICE

(CAPTAIN MARCUS HARE)

Capsized with all hands but two off Dunnose Head, March 24.

In sight of home, almost in sound of hail,  
With a stern wind, the good ship sped along,  
And her three hundred tars, young, lusty, strong—  
Beneath her bellying clouds of snowy sail.

Eight bells ! A darkness fell. With icy breath  
Leapt from its sudden cloud the sudden blast,  
Smote on full sails and open ports, and past—  
And ship and sailors had gone down to death.

Past—and sun shone once more on cliff and lea,  
Sea smiled again, and sky got back its glow,  
But all that life lay still and stark below,  
For all the shine of sky and smile of sea.

And here and there, up from that ocean tomb  
One rose, and fought with wind and wave, and fell,  
And two of the three hundred lived to tell  
How swift that passage was from life to doom.

And now as hope, against hope cherished, dies,  
And they that 'scaped a sea-grave, sleep on shore  
Among the loved ones they shall see no more,  
A still small voice to check our wailing cries.

"Think not these lives crowned with this death in vain,  
Nor deem destruction falls with random sweep ;  
That they who past hence to that sudden sleep  
Had been more glorious, in battle slain.

" ' Afloat, ashore, Old England's sons, each one,  
Must hold life low as they hold duty high,  
And ask not how or when 'tis their's to die,  
So they but die like men, their duty done ! "

## CHAPTER III

(1883-1888)

ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL. EARLY EXAMINATIONS. FRANK BUCKLAND. HOLMES AND DICKINSON. LANESBOROUGH HOUSE. BRUNEL. PRIZE FIGHTERS. EDWARD JENNER.

THE next landmark in my life was my entry as a student at St. George's Hospital. My father, an old scholar and prizeman of St. George's, was there shortly before the medical school was moved from Kinnerton Street to its present site. I was thus able to learn much concerning members of the Staff in his day. Gray, the distinguished anatomist, who was a contemporary of my father was rejected when he first presented himself for examination at the College of Surgeons : because it used to be said his knowledge in certain subjects was in advance of that of the examiners !

In Gray's time, examinations, though centuries old in China, were novelties in England, and it is possible that examiners were not so skilled as they are now in discovering what a candidate knows. Mr Clinton Dent, who for many years was an examiner at the College of Surgeons, in his account of Gray's life makes no mention of his rejection. Possibly he did not want to cast reflections on his predecessors, but in view of the fact that Gray became a Fellow of the Royal Society at 25, in consequence of his anatomical researches, his first failure should be a matter of interest.

My father used to tell the story of another contemporary of Gray's, viz., one "X.Y," whose father had amassed a fortune through his success in business. The son,

had everything which money could buy, yet he could not succeed in passing his examinations. At length, it was suggested that he should apply for a "Special Court" and have an examination all to himself, for, it was said, that this privilege, which was obtainable on payment of treble fees, ensured the candidate getting *special attention*, which in no way prejudiced his chance of success! He obtained a "Special Court" and was duly passed. Having succeeded so far, the ambitious father was not content, his promising son must become a consulting surgeon, one of the requirements for which was a post on the staff of a hospital. Having failed to get him elected by ordinary means, he actually built a new hospital, on the staff of which "X.Y." was duly elected! The hospital in question has grown considerably in size and usefulness since those far off days, but "X.Y." will be remembered in connection with it more particularly as a philanthropist. As a matter of fact, I don't think he ever seriously practised as a surgeon.

At St. George's, my father first became acquainted with Frank Buckland, the eminent naturalist, with whom he afterwards remained on intimate terms. Buckland was an experimentalist in food, and on one occasion when my father was dining with him at his house in Albany Street, Regent's Park, all sorts of quaint dishes were served. Some of these, including giraffe steaks and stewed snakes, reached his table as the result of a fire at the Zoological Gardens!

There is one story which my father used to tell of Frank Buckland, which so far as I am aware, has never been published; it was concerning an old woman who attended the hospital regularly as an out-patient and always brought with her a jar for a sweet-tasting medicinal preparation known as "confection of senna." Remarking that this jar was replenished more frequently than he thought was warranted, he one day followed the old woman and traced her to a stall in St. James's Park where in addition to new milk supplied fresh from the cow kept in rear of the booth, jam tarts, gingerbread, etc., were sold. The jam tarts, he discovered, were filled with the confection of senna! It is many years since the booth and milch cow disappeared from St. James' Park, but

I can remember them as being somewhere in the foreground where the present new Admiralty buildings now stand.

Several of my father's contemporaries at St. George's were still on the staff in my time. Of these, two with whom I was more closely associated than others, were Timothy Holmes and William Howship Dickinson. The former was a classical scholar of no mean order, and an author whose works on Surgery served as text-books for many years. Although a famous surgeon, many think that it was as a reformer of medical education that he did his best work. He had the misfortune, when assistant-surgeon to the hospital, to lose an eye, the glass substitute for which, at times, lent to his face a somewhat forbidding aspect, and, it is said, had such a petrifying effect on nervous candidates under examination, as to be comparable with the gaze of Medusa. This explains the *memoria technica* by which he will always be remembered, viz :—

“ Timothy doth vex all very nervous pupils ” the initial letters of which sentence give the relative positions of certain anatomical structures.

William Howship Dickinson was an intimate friend and contemporary of Holmes, both at Cambridge and St. George's. I was surgical dresser to the former and clinical clerk to the latter.

Smoking, in those days, was not regarded with much favour by the fair sex, and Holmes and Dickinson were, obliged to refrain from smoking until their households had retired to rest, and then they would, like Tennyson, burn tobacco in churchwarden pipes.

Dickinson and Holmes were both great students of Shakespeare, and the former would on occasions show how in “ Timon of Athens ” and other plays, symptoms of well-known diseases were accurately portrayed. His lectures were never dull, and many were the stories he would relate of how valuable pathological specimens now preserved in the hospital museum came into his possession. He also took a profound interest in the portraits of certain noble families, portraits so accurately painted that he was able to discover in many of them certain characteristics of which the families, ignorant as to their

meaning, were very proud. The descendants were not, as "Punch" put it, the "15th transmitters of a foolish face," but the "nth" transmitters of certain unmistakeable pathological evidence, which not only showed the excellent work of the artists, some of whom had lived so far back as the XVI century, but also served as interesting evidence to the physicians. With true professional secrecy, he never hinted at the names of the families concerned.

A recent instance, showing how diseases have been diagnosed in consequence of the extreme accuracy with which portraits have been painted, was lately brought to notice when the exhibition of Sargent's portraits took place. A story was then circulated how an American lady suffering from an obscure disease, after having consulted numerous medical specialists in the United States, came over to London to see an English doctor. During her visit she sat for her portrait to Sargent. After her death, an American specialist, as soon as he saw the painting, diagnosed what no one had been able to make out during her life. One knows that the camera will reveal secrets undiscovered by the unaided eye, and forgeries have by this means been detected, and in a similar manner it happens that an unusually observant artist unconsciously brings to light, details, which, but for his faithful portraiture, would have escaped notice.

I well remember, on one occasion, when Dickinson was giving a clinical lecture at the bedside of a patient in a ward, a certain middle-aged practitioner who had dropped in casually and had listened with rapt attention to his remarks, approached him at the conclusion and said, "Sir, you have shown such an intimate knowledge of this patient's malady that I venture to inquire whether you have ever suffered from this particular complaint." Dr Dickinson thereupon replied, with that peculiar abrupt bark-like voice which those who knew him will recall to mind, "I am thankful that I am familiar with many diseases from which I am happy to say I have not suffered."

This reminds me of the Frenchman who when an artist resenting his unfriendly criticism, said, 'You are no judge,

as you are not a painter,' replied 'Je sais quand un œuf est mauvais, et je n'ai jamais pondu.'

On another occasion, when lecturing on a subject largely connected with the abuse of alcohol, he introduced his remarks by saying, "I have studied this class of disease chiefly amongst brewer's draymen, for I have always found that when anyone drinks free, he usually drinks freely."

Yet one more story; he had great faith in the nutritive properties of mutton broth, and one day when ordering it on the patient's diet card, said to the sister in charge of the ward, "Let it be like the quality of Mercy—unstrained."

Mr Henry Charles Johnson, said to be one of the handsomest men in London, was Assistant-Surgeon to St. George's in 1850, in my father's time. At a Prize-giving he recounted how St. George's Hospital took its origin in a small infirmary in Petty France, Westminster, was next moved to Chapel Street, and in 1773 to Lanesborough House. It was opened for patients on 1st January, 1734. Mr R. R. James, in a very interesting account of Hyde Park Corner and Knightsbridge from the earliest recorded times, says "Lanesborough House was built about 1719. It was the country house of Lord Lanesborough, who had the queer old couplet engraved over the main entrance in Knightsbridge,

"It is my delight to be

Both in Town and Countrie;"

and later on he goes on to say "Apsley House was built in 1784, "from designs by Adam" (of Adelphi Street fame), "for Henry Bathurst, Lord Apsley."

The governors, in 1733, procured a lease of Lanesborough House for the annual rent of £60! A few years later, funds increasing, the governors were in a position to purchase the freehold site from the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. For a century Lanesborough House remained much in its original form. It was then razed to the ground, and the present edifice erected in its place, the only portion of the original house left being a small part where the present dispensary is situated. Mr James, in the paper from which I have already quoted, says, that "the back wards of the hospital are built on the site of old Tattersall's, which business was

founded in 1766 by Richard Tattersall, stud groom to the Duke of Kingston. He took a 99 years' lease, which expired in 1865. The ground reverted to the Duke of Westminster, who let it to St. George's Hospital at a peppercorn rent '*so long as it is used for charitable purposes.*'"

In every profession one comes across people who, although at one time in the front rank, have been pushed past by the rising generation. At St. George's a certain distinguished obstetric physician, speaking at a meeting at which some of the discoveries revealed by the microscope were being described, said that he "thanked God he knew nothing of the microscope," whereupon his colleague, Dr Robert Barnes, well-known for his bluntness, replied:—"If you thank God for your ignorance, you have much to be thankful for."

In the school museum among very many interesting objects there are three of great general interest; one is the half-sovereign which came near to causing the death of Brunel, the Engineer of the G.W. Railway, and the designer of the Royal Albert Bridge at Saltash, of which all west countrymen are so justly proud. Before the half-sovereign was removed, several specially designed forceps were made, but the most ingenious apparatus of all was a mechanical contrivance to which Brunel was securely fastened, and then suddenly turned upside down, with the hope that the sudden inversion would dislodge the coin, and gravitation would do the rest. The apparatus was Brunel's own design and eventually did accomplish the task for which it was designed.

Another curio, existing in my time but which has now disappeared, was the mask of Alec Reid the pugilist, taken after a famous fight in order to show how completely the features of the face could be obliterated after the pummelling received in a serious fight (without gloves). The fights in which Alec Reid, "the Chelsea Snob" took part are fully chronicled in that most interesting of old sporting periodicals "Bell's Life," a paper much in vogue before the "Field" or "Country Life" appeared. The term "snob," as applied to this famous prize-fighter, was not used in its modern sense, as employed by Thackeray, but referred to the man's every day calling, *viz.*, that of a cobbler, which word has in turn

been supplanted by the more grandiose post-war title "boot repairer."

According to Mr E. J. Eallett of "The Referee," Alec Reid was born in 1802. His last recorded fight, probably the one after which this wax impression was taken, was with Perkins the "Oxford Pet" and took place in 1830.

Records are in existence of nineteen fights in which Alec Reid took part between the years 1821 and 1830. The stakes in these contests varied considerably; according to modern ideas they would be considered trifling. In some instances, they are not even mentioned, so it is presumed that in those cases, victory, like virtue, was its own reward. In one instance a fight with a yokel is described as a "turn up for turnips"; in other contests the stakes varied between £5 and £50. In one case only (the one after which it is presumed the mask was taken), the stakes amounted to £100 a side. Yet these fights, in most cases, were first class events, and lasted sometimes well over an hour. One of them, which lasted 87 minutes, had as many as 91 rounds. Rather different from recent contests, in which the stakes have been inversely proportional to the duration of the fights!

Apropos of prize fighters, the present generation can hardly realise what important functions old-time prize-fights were, and how peers both spiritual and temporal, members of Parliament and in fact "all the best people," attended these contests, and a successful prize-fighter ranked high in public estimation, much the same as famous bull-fighters do in Spain.

The great Tom Sayers was a patient of my father, and when I was a baby I was presented to him, for the purpose, I presume, of enabling me to boast in after life of having seen the hero of the historic fight with John Heenan the American pugilist.

This *\*Sayers-Heenan* fight was undoubtedly the most remarkable on record, not only on account of its length (forty-four rounds) but for the fact that Sayers fought for over an hour after his right arm had been broken, thus showing wonderful pluck and endurance. The fight ended in a draw, and was Sayers' last appearance in the prize ring. It took

\* T.S. called the "knock-out" his auctioneer for obvious reasons.

place on the 17th April, 1860 at Farnborough, and he died on the 8th November 1865. A very fine monument, erected by public subscription, was placed over his grave in Highgate cemetery; on it stands a British lion. I was not quite six months old when Sayers died, but I have often heard my father speak of the respect in which he was held in consequence of his British pluck and bull-dog tenacity.

This has been somewhat of a digression. The last object in the museum to which I shall allude is the hide of the cow from which Edward Jenner obtained his first vaccine. Edward Jenner was the son of the rector of Berkeley, Gloucestershire, where he was born. I regret to say that some of the bitterest opponents of the principles which his researches established may at the present day be met with in the very county which saw his birth.

Before concluding this chapter, I must mention two men who in monkish days would doubtless have been described as "lay brothers." Both were at one time well known to many old St. George's men, and both were respected, and carried out their duties efficiently in that state of life unto which, to quote the words of the Catechism, it had pleased God to call them.

One, who shall be nameless, presided over the casualty receiving room. In the execution of his duties, he frequently (especially on Mondays), had to admit patients who had attempted suicide when suffering from extreme depression following a course of living "when pleasure treads the paths which reason shuns," or, in other words, had reached "the morning after the day before" and had attempted to shuffle off this mortal coil by cutting their throats. Our friend deplored their lack of skill, and one day remarked, that if *he* wanted to commit suicide he would sever his carotid artery. As he was not a melancholy individual, no one paid any attention to his remarks, but some weeks later, he gave a practical demonstration, which, alas, proved only too well the truth of what he had previously asserted.

The other "lay brother" was an old blue-jacket named Harper, whose long and honourable career in the Royal Navy

before steam had superseded sails was shown by his well-developed muscles and tattooed body. His muscular development was so good that he was always employed as the living model when lectures on surgical landmarks and surface markings were being delivered to students at St. George's and to art students at the Royal Academy. On his back was tattooed a crucifix. This was in accordance with a custom much in vogue in the days when, in a ship that was smart at sail drill, in order to encourage alertness, the last man down from aloft was always flogged ; \* the idea of the crucifix on the back was that if, for some reason or other, a sailor should be sentenced to so many strokes with the "cat," reverence for the Divine Figure represented would cause the executioner to temper justice with mercy.

One day, when revisiting St. George's after I had entered the Navy, I looked up my old friend Harper and talked to him about his career afloat, and he then informed me that his last ship had been H.M.S. *Pylorus* ; † which testified to what extent his association with anatomy had replaced that which he had previously had with ships.

\* Flogging in the Navy was abolished in 1879.

† He of course meant *Pelorus*.

## CHAPTER IV

1889

R.N. HOSPITAL, HASLAR, AND ITS EARLY HISTORY — JOHN HOWARD, PRISON REFORMER — RUSSO-TURKISH WAR — ARCTIC EXPEDITION — ABYSSINIA — MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

**I**N February, 1889, I joined the Royal Navy as a Surgeon. Entry was by competitive examination. There were thirty-nine candidates for thirteen commissions. When the war broke out there were only four of my contemporaries still serving on the active list, Bearblock, Austen, Hodnet de Courtmacsherry and Chambers, and of these only the last now remains, viz. Surg : Vice-Admiral Sir Joseph Chambers, K.C.B., C.M.G., etc., Med : Director General of the Navy.

Bearblock, who was at Portsmouth Dockyard when war broke out, went to the *Invincible*, was present at the battle of the Falkland Islands, and went down when his ship was sunk by gunfire in the battle of Jutland. In addition to the four on the active list mentioned above, three others of my "batch," including myself, who were on the retired list when war broke out, rejoined for "the duration of the war."

At the time when I entered the Navy, officers of all ranks had to provide bedding, cabin utensils, baths, etc., and medical officers, in addition, had to provide all their own surgical instruments, a scale of which was issued to the successful candidates, who, after a brief interval following the examination, were ordered to join the R. N. Hospital at Haslar. When under instruction we were always spoken of as "the Batch."

The amount of gear which an officer had to take with him when moving from one ship to another would fill a good-sized lorry, so that it will be readily realised that when the Admiralty undertook to provide cabin furniture, etc., at a small charge, the change was very welcome. At Haslar we

underwent a four months' course of instruction in naval hygiene, construction and ventilation of ships, military surgery, etc., subjects not taught in the ordinary medical schools.

The introductory address to us as newly joined surgeons was delivered by the Professor of Naval Hygiene, Fleet-Surgeon Walter Reid (later on Inspector-General, the equivalent of the present-day rank of Surgeon Rear-Admiral). His address was a very inspiring one. Amongst other things he drew our attention to the fact that we were now members of two noble professions, a point which we must never lose sight of, and that whilst living up to the best traditions of the medical profession we must ever bear in mind that we were also naval officers, and always endeavour to live up to the high standard of honour and sense of duty which had always been the characteristics of naval officers. He recalled to mind a number of brilliant men risen to eminence and fame, who had served for longer or shorter periods as medical officers in the Royal Navy. Some had left the service on account of ill-health, some for other reasons. Amongst such were Hooker, the great botanist and Director of Kew Gardens, Darwin, Huxley, and in more recent times Sir Spencer Wells, Sir Dyce Duckworth and Sir Andrew Clark.

The period spent at Haslar was a very happy one. We had just as much work to do as would give a zest to life, and at the same time we absorbed a good deal of the spirit of the Service (not alcoholic *bien entendu*), which when our period of instruction was over, rendered us less likely to fall into the many pitfalls which beset the path of a landsman when first he goes to sea. Part of our duty whilst under instruction was to keep a Service journal or log, recording work done, and commentaries on professional subjects, and if one had a taste for natural history, a thesis on some subject connected therewith. I took pains to see, that if my log was not brilliant, at any rate it would not contain anything controversial. Now I should mention that in my "Batch" was a Scotsman who regarded himself as a rather superior person, and was inclined to be insubordinate. His name was not *Peter*, but for obvious reasons that name will serve to distinguish him. Unfortunately, amongst the Powers that be were several people who

confused me with *Peter*. When everything was ready for the "Batch" to proceed on leave, I was sent for by Inspector-General Doyle Money Shaw, C.B., a very imposing personage, with a row of medal ribands quite exceptional in those days. I was roundly dressed down for writing sarcastic remarks about the course of instruction and the Staff, and, as a punishment, was told that my leave would be stopped until I had rewritten my journal to the satisfaction of my superiors.

I was dumbfounded until the Inspector-General finished up by saying, "Now, *Peter*, you are starting on your naval career, and I trust that this lesson will be a life-long warning not to speak disrespectfully of your seniors."

"But, Sir," I ventured to remark, "I am not *Peter*, and I don't think that anything I have written could have given offence to anyone," and then he discovered that he had admonished the wrong man. I was allowed to depart in peace, and proceeded on leave, the real culprit remaining behind to expiate his "crime."

I have often wondered how many mistakes of this kind have occurred, and as a consequence innocent persons have been blamed through accidents arising from mistaken identity. I certainly suffered on at least three other occasions during my career in the Service, one of which was happily corrected, though only after many months' delay and much patient work done by friends, to whom I shall always be grateful.

Another of these mistakes lost me a good appointment, and a third the "pine-apple" skull of a native who had been eaten while we were lying not far from the scene of the cannibal feast, but of this I shall have more to say later.

Another thing I should have mentioned which we were taught at Haslar, was how to write an official letter, width of margins, paragraphs, etc., and last but not least, how to end it. This instruction was by no means unnecessary, as one member of the batch on one occasion declined to sign himself "Your obedient servant," although it was pointed out that even the most exalted officers frequently signed themselves thus to people under their command.

It may not be generally known that at the beginning of the last century, official letters frequently ended in some such

way as "your affectionate friend," and on one occasion an officer who was displeased with the treatment he had received from the Admiralty signed himself, "No longer your affectionate friend," after which a stereotyped form of ending official letters was adopted. The modern practice of "submitting" on "Reference sheets" has in many instances shortened letter-writing by enabling the writer, without disrespect, to omit the preamble "I have the honour," etc.

Haslar Hospital\* was for a long time the largest building in England; if no longer the largest building I think it is still the largest hospital. When one thinks of our naval history it is strange that no proper provision was made for the reception of the sick and wounded until the three great naval hospitals of Haslar, Plymouth and Chatham were built in the 18th century.

It is true that as far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Drake and Hawkins, after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, succeeded in getting an Act of Parliament passed by which every parish had to pay a certain sum for the maintenance of disabled seamen born within the county. This was the origin of the "Chatham Chest Fund."

In 1604 Sir Robert Mansell started a sort of health insurance scheme in the Fleet, by which seamen had 6d. per month stopped out of their pay, and the sum thus provided was available for the sick and hurt. In the reign of Charles I civil hospitals throughout the country had to reserve accommodation for the sick and wounded of the Fleet. When civil hospitals were not available, sailors were sent to private lodgings, and even into public houses for treatment.

In 1774† the Navy Board pointed out the need for hospitals for the navy. The reasons being :—

"the want of such hospitals is so sensibly felt, and Your Majesty's Service suffers so greatly from the loss of seamen either by death or desertion, who are sent on shore for the cure of their distempers, that we think it our duty humbly to renew our former application made to Your Majesty on that subject (26th Oct., 1741), upon the frequent complaints that we received of the great disorders and irregularities committed at the place where the sick men are lodged, near Gosport. We ordered

\* For much of this information I am indebted to "Haslar Hospital," by Fleet-Surgeon W. Tait, R.N. Griffin, Portsmouth.

† Quoted by Fleet-Surgeon Tait, R.N.

Sir John Belcher to send one of his chief officers to visit the sick men there. He found such a scene of drunkenness, as is expressed in the report he made to the Admiral. . . . If it is thought too great an undertaking to erect hospitals at all the three above mentioned ports, we do humbly propose that one may be built at the port of Portsmouth, capable of receiving 1,500 patients, which may be completely done for £38,000 as appears by an estimate and plans annexed to the former memorial."

John, 4th Earl of Sandwich, who was then First Lord of the Admiralty, succeeded in getting a vote passed and the land for Haslar Hospital was purchased in 1745. In 1746 the foundations were laid and the building completed in 1762. The architect was Mr John Turner who modelled his plans on Greenwich Palace, designed for Charles II by Inigo Jones.

It was originally intended to have a quadrilateral building with each side composed of two blocks separated by a space of 34 feet. The S.W. side was never completed, but in its place a massive iron railing 12 feet high was erected. This railing as well as a deep ditch\* at the edge of the grounds and the high walls were for the purpose of preventing men from escaping. Up till 1815 men were impressed for service in the Royal Navy. Many of these men forced to serve their King and Country in the days of press-gangs, according to Marryat, fought "as hard not to be forced into the Service as they did for the honour of their country after they were fairly embarked in it." One must, however, admit that very many did their best to escape.

Dr Johnson, whose opinion of life at sea is well known, said "No man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into jail; for being in a ship is being in jail, with the chance of being drowned." Dr Johnson appears to have overlooked the fact that at that time being in jail did not always prevent a man from being taken out in order to serve on board men-of-war.

Times are happily changed, and to-day those who are fit enough to be considered worthy of serving in the Royal Navy regard themselves as exceedingly fortunate.

Even the prison-like bars of the lower wards, as well as the high walls and railings did not always prevent escapes. When

\* The gardens allotted to officers on the staff who have official residences are on the site of where this ditch was, and are still known as the "Ditch gardens," though there is now no trace of any such ditch.

men are determined to escape, they will generally find ways and means of doing so. Men even used to gain access to the sewers and thus escape, until this was discovered, and on a Sunday night in 1796 it is recounted that four men got away "by lowering themselves down through the bogs, into the main drain of the hospital, and out into the Creek." "A sentry was placed at the mouth of the drain, and caught one man the first night."

The Governor of the hospital, for they had a naval governor in those days, said that he was confident that quantities of liquor had been smuggled in (by means of the sewer), and many men had escaped.

It used to be a tradition at Haslar that just as eight-ninths of an iceberg are under water, so it is that there are more bricks below the surface of the ground than above it; this of course is an exaggeration, but nevertheless the foundations are extremely solid and the lower walls excessively thick. Below the ground floor are cellars with groined arches supporting a floor of brick and concrete.

During the period that I was serving at Haslar as Assistant Instructor to surgeons on entry, the modernisation of the hospital was begun. Teak floors were being substituted for white deal, the windows were splayed to give more light, the walls rendered smooth and impervious, superfluous corners which might harbour dust were rounded off or abolished, and an up-to-date operating theatre built.

Naval hospitals, in the sixties of last century, were actually better than the London hospitals at that time. Fleet Surgeon Tait, in his most interesting "History of Haslar," quotes from a report issued by a Civil Commission appointed to inquire into the condition of naval hospitals, which was presented to Parliament on 20th July, 1869. In this it says :—

"Speaking in general terms, the management of the large naval hospitals is in all respects admirable, to secure the comfort and well-being of the patients. They (the Establishments) represent the perfection of intelligent hospital construction and administration, which are unattainable in our London hospitals," and farther on in the same report it says : "nor would it be becoming of us as officers of the Metropolitan

Charities, to write any report on the naval hospitals without recording distinctly our opinion that their medical arrangements are in all respects admirable, and such as voluntary foundations would willingly copy, if their circumstances permitted."

In the early days of Haslar the medical officers were civilians who were allowed to add to their meagre salaries by private practice to the detriment of their official duties, and in 1797 an order was issued forbidding private practice, but prior to the promulgation of this order, some of them had amassed considerable fortunes.

John Howard, the prison reformer, visited Haslar in 1788, and reported as follows :—" All the nurses are women, which is very proper, as they are more cleanly and tender ; and they more easily pacify the patients, who are seafaring men."

Apparently they did not always succeed in pacifying the men, for one Nurse Olaye complained of " having been beat by a patient," and in June, 1798, another nurse was nearly beaten to death. It is only fair to say that seamen as a class are not un-chivalrous and it is probable that the two cases cited were very exceptional.

I cannot refrain from making one more quotation from Tait's History, also with reference to John Howard's visit. It refers to the rules respecting ventilation in the wards :—

" In the fever, flux, and small-pox wards a small chink of the upper part of some one or more of the windows is constantly to be left open, so as at night gently to move the flame of a candle, standing on a table, unless otherwise ordered by the physician."

Surgeon Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Gimlette, K.C.B. has done much towards bringing to light facts connected with the early history of Haslar, and Fleet Surgeon Tait duly acknowledges this in the preface to his history.

Space will not admit my mentioning more than four out of many distinguished officers at Haslar, and those four were all on the teaching staff of the Naval Medical School, and with them I was more closely associated than with anyone else.

They were Inspector General Walter Reid, Fleet Surgeon

Gilbert Kirker, Inspector General R. W. Coppinger and Surg : Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Desmond Gimlette, K.C.B.

There was no special naval medical school until the end of February, 1881, when Walter Reid (then Staff Surgeon) was suddenly called upon to start a school at Haslar on similar lines to the Army one at Netley, but with special attention to those subjects peculiar to life at sea.

The military portion of the subjects taught is equally applicable to both the Navy and Army, as in every great war a naval brigade has taken part and performed the same duties as artillery and infantry.

The first course was naturally conducted under difficulties, but with the resourcefulness with which he was endowed, Reid made it quite a success, and as time went on it became more and more useful. In it were taught subjects more or less unknown, or possibly, rather those for which there is not much time for inclusion in the ordinary curriculum in the *civil* medical schools.

By the time\* I became Assistant Instructor at Haslar, great strides had been made, not only in bacteriology but also in the study of tropical diseases.

Those unacquainted with service conditions may ask, why should it be necessary to have a naval medical school ?

The questioners are apt to consider that a medical man, provided he has the necessary qualifications, could be made interchangeable with the Navy, Army or Air Force. Apart from that indispensable quality, *esprit de corps*, by which a man is proud of his Service and its traditions, there are great differences in the conditions of service, and the psychology and temperament of the personnel in each arm of the Service has to be studied. Anyone who would try to produce by a process of mass-production a medical officer who would take the same interest in whatever service he might happen for the moment to find himself, must have singularly little imagination. A medical officer who joins any one of the great Services usually does so because he is imbued with the spirit of that particular Service of which he desires to become an integral part. Otherwise he would be a mere mercenary,

\* 1894-1899.

with no broader outlook than the money inducements which such a mode of life holds out.

If he joins a Service, for which he has a liking, he does so with the view of making it his life's career, and hopes to rise and attain distinction in it; he could never take the same interest in it, if for say three years he was in the Navy, the next three years in the Army, and possibly after that in the Air Force. He would be no man's child, or would become what in naval parlance is called a "handy-billy."\*

In the naval medical school he was taught many things, besides naval hygiene and military surgery, which otherwise would only have been learnt in the dear school of experience, and in the learning of which he would possibly have become "disgruntled." If, for reasons of economy, it should be thought desirable to give up the naval medical school, the slight monetary saving thereby effected would never compensate for the disadvantages which would arise therefrom.

Fleet-Surgeon Reid was a Scotsman with a singular charm of manner, whose opinion on any subject was always received with respect; the intimate friend of many naval officers who had earned distinction in the era before steam had almost entirely superseded sails, he had many interesting stories to relate. His lectures on naval hygiene were both scholarly and interesting, with at times just a suspicion of dry humour.

Having had considerable practical experience at sea in many different types of ship in all parts of the world including the West Coast of Africa (he had the Ashanti war medal), he told us just what we, as landsmen, required to know. Latterly he was rather deaf, whether as a result of fever, or (as is often the case with naval officers) gunfire, I cannot say, but this infirmity seriously handicapped him in his work.

As a golfer he was widely known, and it was under his masterly guidance that several service golf courses (including Campamento near Gib. and Haslar,) were so well laid out.

Apropos of golf, a contemporary of Inspector General W. Reid, *viz.*, Fleet-Surgeon Thomas Browne was one day in 1892 playing on the United Service Golf Links, at Haslar,

\* This is, strictly speaking, what is known as a "watch-tackle," but in the language of metaphor, something which passes from one hand to another.

when he invented “ Bogey.” When Inspector General Thomas Browne, R.N. died at Great Yarmouth in 1926, aged eighty-four, “ Peter Simple ” drew attention to this in the “ Morning Post,” and stated that when “ Bogey ” was invented, another member of the U.S. Golf Club at once said, “ Bogey must have rank. He shall be *Colonel* Bogey.” As far as I can recollect, that other member who gave “ Bogey ” a title, was Colonel Dumbleton, R.E., who was a great friend of Walter Reid.

Scotsmen who have succeeded in life have always or nearly always been blessed with the gift of being able to speak plainly and directly without giving offence, Walter Reid was one of these. On one occasion, when he was serving with Admiral Sir Michael Culme-Seymour, who was commanding the old Channel Fleet, that officer, who had a rather overbearing and brusque manner, complained that he had consulted all sorts and conditions of medical men, but no one could relieve the trouble which he suffered in his feet. Walter Reid thereupon told him that “ when people arrive at your age, it is an acknowledged fact that if they are not wrong in the head they are wrong in the feet. You, Sir, should feel thankful that it is your lower extremity which is affected.”

Gilbert Kirker entered the Royal Navy as a Surgeon in October, 1879 ; prior to joining the Service he had had a distinguished record at the Queen’s College, Belfast, where he gained several scholarships and graduated with honours.

When the Russo-Turkish war broke out in April, 1877, the sufferings of the Turkish army were so great that a philanthropic society known as the Stafford House Committee decided to send out surgeons for the relief of the sick and wounded.

Gilbert Kirker was one of those selected, and was with the Turkish army for six months, most of the time in a large military hospital at Adrianople. With a view to showing the conditions existing during this war, it will be necessary to give extracts from letters and despatches published at that time.

First, one must bear in mind, that just as certain States in South America are liable to suffer from periodical revolutions, and the neighbourhood of Vesuvius from occasional

eruptions, so the Balkans are liable to war. That of 1877-78 was Turkey's tenth war, and was due, it was said, to the atrocities attending the quelling of a Bulgarian rebellion in 1876. *La raison du plus fort est toujours la meilleure*. Whenever one side or the other, be it Christian or Mussulman, became the stronger, the weaker suffered. It has always been so, whether in Armenia, Bulgaria, Crete or Turkey.

Some of our consuls, in their despatches, have given graphic accounts of the scandalous treatment of Turks by the Russians and Bulgarians, and they usually take great pains to mention the religious faith of the offenders.

People who know the Near East are by no means certain that the "Unspeakable Turk," who no doubt has been responsible for many atrocious crimes, has not at times indulged in these acts by way of reprisals for acts committed by those who profess and call themselves Christians.

A letter from Mr Edmund Calvert, Acting Consul at Adrianople, dated 15th August, 1878, to which I had access in the Public Records Office, mentions the scandalous treatment of Turks in territory occupied by the Russians, and how the Russo-Bulgarian superintendent of Police (Major Hadji Mitkail) abused his position and connived at robbery carried out by the Zaptiehs (gendarmes) under his command.

One story amongst many will serve to illustrate conditions which existed under his regime. On the 10th June, 1878, a party of Bulgarians kidnapped a Turk possessing some means, from the village of Malakotch (12 hours N.E. of Adrianople); two days afterwards, they sent in to his family one of his ears which they had cut off, and at the same time demanded 12,000 piastres\* as ransom. The villagers sent 2,000 piastres, which was all they could collect, but the Bulgarians sent another message to the effect that, unless the remaining 10,000 piastres were paid, they would destroy the village. The villagers represented the matter to the officer in command of a detachment stationed at Goihlar, half-an-hour from Malakotch, but the only comfort they received from that quarter was the advice that they should find the sum demanded, when he, the officer, would provide a soldier to accompany their

\* 100 Piastres = 1 Gold Medjidie, which used to be worth 18/6.

messenger, and ascertain whether the kidnapped man was still alive ; not content with this reply they sent a deputation to Adrianople but it also returned without any satisfaction. Another letter from the same source, dated 26th December, 1878, describes the conditions under which Gilbert Kirker and others of the Stafford House Committee were doing their work :—

“ Both military and commercial affairs are nearly at a standstill at present owing to the cold and bad weather. . . Large re-inforcements of troops are being sent to the front. The unfortunate soldiers have great misery to endure on the journey. Owing to the insufficiency of water on the line, the journey from Yamboli to Tatar Bazardjik occupies 30 hours, and the troops travel in open trucks and are poorly clad and almost without food. From every military train that arrives here, dead bodies of men who have died of cold are taken out. The re-inforcements are chiefly composed of young recruits.”

The evacuation of the wounded from Adrianople on the eve of its occupation by the Russians was a task of considerable difficulty. Dr McIvor, one of the staff, reported\* “ all our servants left with the regiment of soldiers quartered in another part of the barracks. I proceeded immediately to the Commandant (Ahmet Eyoub Pacha), and asked him for means to transport our wounded to the railway station, a distance of three miles. He promised to send some if possible. After waiting two hours we sent a second time to him, receiving the same reply. As the day was now advanced, and still no appearance of ‘ arabas,’ we were obliged to proceed to the surrounding districts to search for them, and after much difficulty succeeded in obtaining twelve ; into these we put all those patients who were unable to walk, and convoyed the remainder on foot to the station. After having disposed of our wounded, we removed the greater part of our medical stores to the British Consulate, and it being now night we were unable to remove the remainder. For our ambulance wagon and horses we could not procure transport by rail, and at 12 o’clock at night we sent them by road in care of our personal servants. The Medical Staff, owing to the kindness of the

\* Stafford House Committee, Report and Record.

Vali, were all able to obtain places in the same carriage as himself, and after a journey of four days and five nights we arrived at Stamboul safely. At Tchorlou, Dr Kirker performed a Symes amputation of the foot with instruments contained in a small pocket-case. The doctors went into the fields, caught the oxen, yoked them up, and then carried down the wounded from the wards themselves. All the Turkish staff had fled. Firing from windows on the flying Turkish population was going on, and pillage on all sides, as they left ! ”

During this war, antiseptic surgery was in its infancy. In hospitals at home, operations were performed under a jet of steam saturated with carbolic acid. For this purpose steam vaporisers known as Lister's Sprays were employed ; they were cumbersome things, quite unsuitable for conditions such as existed in a war in the Balkans. Troops ill fed, scantily clothed, suffering from lowered vitality through prolonged exposure, weak from loss of blood, and generally verminous were not the best subjects for treatment by conservative surgery. The Stafford House Hospitals were scrupulously clean, and cleanliness together with rest and food effected marvellous improvements in what would have appeared hopeless cases. Yet, despite what the celebrated French surgeon, Dupuytren said, *viz.*, “ that he who attempts to save limbs loses lives,” conservative surgery was wonderfully successful, and many a Turkish soldier recovered without the loss of a limb. The antiseptics consisted of solutions of carbolic acid and dressings impregnated with the same. Possibly many limbs were spared out of respect for the Turks, who are most reluctant to undergo amputation. They could, however, often be persuaded to undergo excision of a joint, when it was made clear to them that thereby the limbs might not only be saved but rendered useful to them. With regard to this objection to amputation, Dr Mackellar\* writes as follows :—

“ The Turk, aware of the promise of the Prophet that the soldier falling gloriously in battle against the enemies of his religion, his Padishah and his country, should be at once and without intervening Purgatory translated to the Paradise

\* Stafford House Committee, Report and Record.

furnished with the most beautiful of houris for his special enjoyment and delectation, has a very natural horror to enter such an abode of bliss with any physical defect tending to disqualify him in the minds of the fair ones. Again, mutilation by loss of limb is one of the old Mohammedan forms of punishment ; therefore the Mussulman soldier is loth to be despised as a criminal when he ought rather to be admired as a hero."

After Gilbert Kirker left Turkey in February 1878 he returned to England and received a letter of thanks from the Stafford House Committee for his services, and after the conclusion of the war he received the Turkish war medal.

When he entered the Royal Navy, the Naval Medical School at Haslar had not yet been started. Newly entered surgeons R.N., still went to the Army Medical School at Netley, where they underwent the same course of study as officers on probation in the Indian Medical Service and Army Medical Staff as it was then called. Kirker here gained further academic distinctions, receiving the Parkes Memorial bronze medal and special commendation for proficiency in military surgery.

During his career in the Royal Navy, he saw service during the first Egyptian campaign of 1882, being landed from H.M.S. *Iris* for service with the naval brigade at Port Said.

He contributed many scientific papers, chiefly in connection with the effects of the cylindro-conoidal rifle bullet, and in his paper, read at the International Medical Congress of 1881, held in London, "Comparison between the wounds of the old round ball, and the modern rifle bullet," he forestalled so-called "discoveries" made many years later during the South African War.

He also invented a new form of stretcher for the transport of wounded afloat, which was adopted by the Admiralty.

For nearly six years he was Assistant-Instructor to surgeons on entry at Haslar ; during this period he lectured on military surgery, and public health work, more especially with regard to naval hygiene. He received the "Gilbert Blane Gold Medal" in 1892, for his Service journal.

Had he lived a little longer, he would no doubt have

received some tangible recognition in the shape of a decoration for his valuable services, but, alas, his career was cut short by death, "attributable to the Service," as it is put officially. A week before this occurred he was performing an operation, at which he pricked his finger. Symptoms of blood poisoning and acute nephritis immediately followed, and he passed away on 24th November, 1903, aged 51.

Inspector-General Richard W. Coppinger, M.D., came of a well-known Irish family. He received his medical education at what in his time was known as the Queen's University, taking the degree of M.D. in 1870, and the same year (12 Nov.) he entered the Royal Navy as a surgeon. In April, 1875, he was appointed to H.M.S. *Discovery*, which, with the *Alert*, was commissioned for the 1875-76 Arctic Expedition.

All the officers who took part in the expedition were specially selected and all or nearly all, later in their careers, attained to the highest positions in their various branches of the Navy. This expedition succeeded in approaching nearer to the North Pole than had been attained by any previous expedition, viz. lat.  $83^{\circ} 20' 26''$  N. Surgeon Coppinger, as he then was, went with Lieut. Lewis A. Beaumont (afterwards Admiral Sir Lewis Beaumont), each in charge of a sledge, to explore the north shores of Greenland, and of the 18 men who accompanied them, 14 returned, after enduring great hardships and experiencing a temperature of  $-45^{\circ}\text{F.}$ , which at first tried them severely, but with indomitable pluck, they overcame all difficulties.

Each man's share of the weight to be dragged was 150 pounds, not apparently an excessive weight, but owing to the hummocks this proved very arduous, and too much for some, and four days after starting they were forced to rest for a few days before proceeding further.

In May, Coppinger received orders from the *Alert* to proceed to Polaris Bay and examine "all cairns erected by Captain Hall of the U.S. ship *Polaris*." He found that the coast-line for nearly the entire distance to Cape Stanton was formed either by very steep snow slopes or precipitous cliffs, the bases of which receive the direct and unchecked pressure of the northern pack as it drifts from the north westward and

strikes the coast nearly at right angles. The chaos among the floebergs near the shore was said to be indescribable. It took seven days to move forward only 20 miles.

Coppinger found the cairn erected by Captain Hall, and brought back the record it contained, leaving a copy in its stead with these words :—

“ Sacred to the Memory of Captain C. F. Hall, of the U.S. ship *Polaris*, who sacrificed his life in the advancement of Science on Nov. 8th, 1871.

This Tablet has been erected by the British Polar Expedition of 1875, who, following in his footsteps have profited by his experience.”

Captain (later Admiral) Nares quoted Coppinger’s report, which was as follows :

“The point of Newman’s Bay which I reached after crossing the land from Repulse Harbour, proved to be about five miles to the eastward of Cape Brevoort, therefore after coasting about two miles to the westward, I came to the position of Captain Hall’s cairn. Here I found the record in a good state of preservation, buried 10 feet East (true) of a stone at the margin of the cairn on which was cut ‘ 10 ft. E.’ ” Having taken the original document he left a copy, together with a brief account of his past and projected movements.

The party proceeded from Hall’s Cairn to the boat camp beyond the mouth of Newman Bay. They found the boat camp  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Cape Summer and  $5\frac{1}{2}$  miles from Hall’s Cairn.

Here they experienced a southerly gale which lasted the greater part of their 40 hours’ stay. One tent was found collapsed and frozen to the ground, the whale-boat bottom upwards was lashed down to heavy stones and frozen in the mud. The stores were but little affected by the weather. About 20 lbs. of biscuit discovered lying loose in the lockers, were quite in good condition. A chronometer which they found at the American boat camp, after 4 years’ exposure to the vicissitudes of Arctic temperatures, kept excellent time from the period of its arrival on board the *Discovery* until that ship returned to England during Nov., 1876.

A bag of wheat, found at *Polaris* Bay, was sent to the Arctic

regions from the Smithsonian Institute at Washington for the purpose of ascertaining the power of cereals to resist the extremes of cold. After an exposure for at least four successive winters and three summers at Polaris Bay, out of a small sample tried at Kew by Sir Joseph Hooker (formerly Surgeon R.N.) 62% germinated.

Coppinger was frequently mentioned in Captain Sir George Nares' Report, not only on account of his medical work, but for his valuable reports on the geological formations in McCormick Valley. In these days of coal troubles, it may interest people to know that during the *Alert* and *Discovery* expedition, a coal seam 25 feet thick was found near the *Discovery's* winter quarters.

In April, 1876, Captain Nares, in his orders, said :—

" Surgeon Coppinger, in addition to his medical duties, will take executive command of the two sledges to provide provisions for the formation of a depôt for those crossing Robeson Channel to explore the coast of Greenland towards the N. and Eastward."

Sir George Nares, in recognition of his valuable services with the sledges, presented him with a silk sledge flag as a memento.

Captain Nares, in his report, alludes in detail to the services of all the various officers, and mentions the valuable services of the medical officers, including R. W. Coppinger, who received special promotion to the rank of staff surgeon, and the Arctic medal.

After the Arctic voyage was over, Coppinger served for four years (1878-1882) in H.M.S. *Alert* when that ship was employed on a surveying and exploring expedition, during which period he was entrusted with the work of collecting natural history objects from regions mostly unknown to science. The work which he did is described in his book " The Cruise of the *Alert*," (Four years in Patagonian, Polynesian and Mascarene waters), which at one time was, and probably still is supplied to all libraries in H.M. ships. Mount Coppinger and Cape Coppinger, in Greenland, were named after him.

Later on he served as Principal Medical Officer in the

*Nelson*, flagship on the Australian station, and in 1889 was appointed on the Surgical Staff at Haslar, and, afterwards, became Instructor to Surgeons on Entry, R.N.

It was then that I became associated with him as the Junior Instructor, and got to know how far he was in advance of his contemporaries in scientific knowledge, more particularly in bacteriology, microscopy and engineering. An engineer officer with whom I served, and who had been shipmates with Coppinger, said he had never met any officer outside his own branch who had a better knowledge of engineering than he had.

During his career in the Navy, he had the tempting offer of a Professorship in his old University in Dublin, but he had made the Service his career, and refused to desert it.

Although he gained some seven years in seniority by his special promotion, this was not an unmixed blessing, for after he had completed three years as Inspector General at Haslar, there was no higher or other appointment available, and to his great grief he was forced to retire when still in his intellectual prime and in full vigour of body.

He died on 2nd April, 1910, from the effects of an accident when riding a motor bicycle, which he was trying to get into working order for one of his midshipman sons, who was shortly expected home on leave.

Surgeon Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Gimlette, K.C.B., the son of a naval medical officer, entered the Royal Navy at the same time as Gilbert Kirker.

Three years after his entry into the Service he was appointed to the *Seahorse*, took part in the first Egyptian Campaign 1882, for which he received the Egyptian medal and Khedive's bronze star. He was next appointed to the *Euryalus* flagship of Rear-Admiral Sir W. Hewett, V.C., K.C.B. He was landed from the *Euryalus* with the Naval Brigade in the Soudan in 1884, present at the battles of El-Teb and Tamai, was mentioned in despatches "for conspicuous zeal as well as for personal coolness during the action at Teb on 29th February, 1884, where his attention to the wounded was beyond praise." For this he received two additional clasps to his medal, and on 1st April, 1885, he was promoted

Staff Surgeon, awarded Gilbert Blane Gold Medal, 1887; C.B., 1907; K.C.B., 1911.

His promotion to Staff Surgeon at the early age of 27 was unprecedented. It had its drawbacks as well as its privileges, for as a result of it he had, just as was the case with Coppinger, to retire at the early age of 56, having held for three years the highest appointment attainable (Medical Director-Generalship excepted). The average age for promotion to Staff-Surgeon was 36, for twelve years had to be passed as Surgeon and twenty years as Surgeon and Staff-Surgeon before the rank of Fleet-Surgeon (now Surgeon-Commander) was reached.

He was for five years on the teaching staff of the Naval Medical School, during three of which I acted as Assistant Instructor, and it was during this period that he first took up the study of the history of Haslar.

In 1884, when still only a Surgeon, he had the good fortune to be taken by Admiral Hewett as medical officer on the staff of the mission bearing an autograph letter from Queen Victoria to King John of Abyssinia. King John had many titles, "King of Kings" being one, "Negus Negusti" another, "Lion of Juda," and "King of Zion," but what I think entitles him to special attention is his claim (which I believe can be substantiated) to have been descended from King Solomon through the Queen of Sheba. At any rate, when the mission was introduced into the presence chamber by Ras Allula, King John "was seated on a throne covered with violet satin cloth, and supported on either side by pillows of the same rich stuff, with the *Cross of Solomon* worked in gold thereon."

Now he would not have presumed to allow the cross of Solomon to be on his cushions had he not been descended from that wisest and most uxorious of monarchs!

It was in 1910, one Saturday forenoon during the time that Sir Thomas Gimlette was in charge of the R.N. Hospital, Haslar, that a regrettable but nevertheless unavoidable incident occurred. H.M. King Edward was on a visit to Portsmouth, and suddenly without any warning visited the hospital to see it in its ordinary working dress. The hospital being at all

times ready for inspection this surprise visit was welcomed. All went well until His Majesty expressed a wish to visit one of the upper wards. He saw a lift and asked if he could go up in it. It is difficult to say "No" when your King expresses a wish, for a King's wish should, to all loyal subjects be a command.

Inspector-General Gimlette (as he was then) pointed out to King Edward that the lift was a food lift to the kitchen and *not* intended for passengers, in fact he did not think it suitable for His Majesty. Nevertheless the King insisted, and the lift started on its upward journey and had only gone a few yards when it stopped dead, and refused to move either up or down.

Inspector-General Gimlette's feelings can be better imagined than described! King Edward, Queen Alexandra, the Prince of Wales (now H.M. King George V), and Prince Edward and himself being prisoners together for about ten minutes until the lift was set going, and when it released His Majesty it was not Edward the Peacemaker but a very irate monarch who emerged! His Majesty quickly returned to good humour and was pleased to talk to several of the convalescent patients. The incident had the good effect of causing five large lifts each capable of carrying a patient in a bed or stretcher to be constructed without further delay. These had been pressed for during the previous two years, but the stereotyped reply had always been "still under consideration." \*

During the period that I was at Haslar; I always took my leave during the late autumn or winter, and on one of these occasions, when out shooting with the late Mr W. E. George of Bristol, he told me of a then recent incident which he said was one of the best examples of the truth of the saying "In vino veritas" that he had ever known.

A detached squadron under the command of Commodore Bainbridge visited Avonmouth. The Worshipful Company of Merchant Venturers of Bristol, in honour of the occasion, invited the Commodore and Officers to a banquet. The

\* This incident has been authenticated by Surgeon Rear-Admiral Sir Thomas Gimlette.

second in command, Commander X . . . . . was deputed to represent the Commodore and apologize for his absence; this he did, explaining quite clearly how very much his senior officer regretted his inability to be present, and felt sure that everyone would realise that owing to his responsible position the burden of State affairs was very heavy. The Worshipful Master of the Merchant Venturers then said, that much as he regretted the absence of the Commodore, on behalf of himself and his company he was glad to be able to welcome those representatives of the Navy who were able to be present.

Later in the evening, when replying to the toast of the Navy, Commander X . . . . . who by this time was glowing, not only with the milk of human kindness but with a certain amount of 'Bristol Cream,' thanked his hosts for the way in which they had proposed the toast and also for the hospitality and hearty welcome which they had extended to the Fleet. He then went on to say that had it not been for the fact that his senior officer was very reserved and not at all fond of public functions, he himself would have missed one of the jolliest and most enjoyable dinners at which he had ever had the good fortune to be present !

## CHAPTER V

1889-1890

SERVICE AFLOAT — SPITHEAD — KAISER WILHELM —  
NAVAL MANŒUVRES '89 — GUNS THEN AND NOW —  
ADMIRAL TRYON'S PROCLAMATION — H.M.S. *DUKE OF*  
*WELLINGTON* — CAPTAIN ARRESTED BY WRIT OF  
HABEAS CORPUS — CONVICT GUARD IN PORTSMOUTH  
DOCKYARD — CHARACTERS — BELL MUSIC HALL — OLD  
NAVAL EXERCISES.

IN July, after leaving Haslar, I was appointed to H.M.S. *Howe*, one of the latest of the "Admiral" Class of which the *Collingwood*, the first of the series, was launched in November, 1882. The *Howe*, launched three years later, was an improved *Collingwood* (slightly inferior to the *Anson* of the same class) and commissioned for the first time for the 1889 naval review and manœuvres. Her armament consisted of four 13·5-inch 67-ton guns mounted "en barbette," and six 6-inch 6-ton guns as secondary armament, in addition to which were nineteen q.f. and seven machine guns. I mention this, as the armament of the *Howe* and *Anson* was much commented on at the time when the former was first commissioned, and striking comparisons were drawn between her guns and those of the *Victory*. The *Victory*'s heaviest gun—the long 32 pdr.— was 6·4 inches in calibre, firing a round shot, weighing as the name of the gun implies, 32 lbs., and the charge of powder 10 lbs. 10 oz., as compared with the 520 lb. charge required for the *Howe*'s 13·5-inch gun and 1250 lb. projectile.

The *Queen Elizabeth* Class, which played so important a part in the battle of Jutland, had as their armament eight 15-inch, twelve 6-inch, and two 3-inch high angle guns. The difference in displacement of the ships is even more remark-

able, that of the *Queen Elizabeth* being 27,500 tons, whereas that of the *Howe* was only 10,300.

The executive officers of the *Howe* consisted, amongst others, of:—

Captain C. Compton Domville, afterwards Admiral Sir Compton Domville, G.C.B., etc., C. in C. of the Mediterranean Fleet; Commander F. C. Bridgeman, later Admiral Sir Francis Bridgeman, G. C. B., etc., First Lord of the Admiralty, 1911-1912.

Lieut.-Commander J. R. Jellicoe, afterwards Earl Jellicoe of Scapa O.M., G.C.B., etc., and the following, all of whom reached flag rank on the active list:—

Lieuts. C. G. Eyres, Stuart Nicholson, C. G. F. M. Cradock (afterwards Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock, who was lost in the battle of Coronel on 1st November, 1914, when *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* were sunk,) and lastly G. P. W. Hope, acting sub-lieutenant, afterwards Captain of *Queen Elizabeth* during part of the Dardanelles campaign, and for some time Director of Operations Division at the Admiralty, and with Admiral Lord Wester-Wemyss, was one of those present when the Armistice was signed on the morning of 11th November, 1918.

Amongst the junior officers there were others, notably F. L. Field, then a midshipman, who have attained high rank, but I think I have quoted sufficient names to show that the *Howe* was considered a very important ship, and I considered myself very fortunate in being appointed to her. Later on, when the manœuvres began, Prince George (now H.M. King George V), was made an honorary member of the ward room mess, a privilege of which he often availed himself, his command H.M.T.B. No. 79 being attached to the *Howe*.

Admiral Sir John E. Commerell, V.C., G.C.B., flew his flag in the *Howe* for the review at Spithead. He won his V.C. during the Crimean War, when on 11th October, 1855, he landed on the Isthmus of Arabat, destroyed a quantity of Russian stores, and assisted in carrying away an exhausted wounded man from the pursuing Cossacks. As he was C. in C. at Portsmouth I had many opportunities of meeting him when I was serving in the *Duke of Wellington*. At that time,

# H.M.S. HOWE, 1889.

Or H Spreadbury, Or J H. Jarvis,  
Carpt. Jas Rice, Boats'n George Trice,



Lieut. W. E. Van Ingen, Ag. Engr. I. G. Liversidge, Actg. Payr. C. E. F. Webb

Lieut. F. G. Eyre, Lieut. S. Nicholson, Major H. E. Robbins, R. M. L. I., Lieut. C. G. F. M. Graddock, Lieut. J. A. Jellicoe, Fleet Engr. Turner, A. Engr. Morsey, Lieut. G. S. Shuteburgh,  
Surgn. O. W. Andrews, Revd. H. B. Harper, Commdr. Bridgeman Simpson, Capt. Compton-Domville, Fleet Payr. A. T. D. Nettleton, Commdr. N. D. L. Dickson,  
Midshipmen H. Edwards, H. J. Savill, C. H. Borrett, F. L. Field, S. H. Radcliffe, E. Henslowe.



changes were being made in saluting, and also with regard to smartness in uniform. It was not until 1889 that officers and men of the Navy could salute without taking off their hats or caps, and about this time it became an offence to wear unbuttoned any uniform coat except a mess-jacket, yet Admiral Commerell never succeeded in adapting himself to the new orders, and invariably saluted by raising his cap, and I never remember seeing him with his frock coat buttoned. He was a genial kindly officer and a charming host.

The date of the great naval review at Spithead was 5th August, '89. Kaiser Wilhelm II arrived on the eve of the review accompanied by eleven ships. He was then only 30 years of age, and received a hearty welcome, not only from his Royal Grandmother, but from all her subjects.

The two largest ships which accompanied him were the *Kaiser* and *Deutschland*, each 7,676 tons, 15 guns, and 638 men. The German ships always carried a bigger complement than corresponding English ships, *e.g.* the *Howe*, 10,300 tons had only a complement of 500. Amongst the German squadron was the *Niobe*, a training ship for young officers, many of whom renewed our acquaintance during the Great War.

The captain of the *Preussen* was Tirpitz, at that time not ennobled. Kaiser Wilhelm II, who on arrival was made an honorary Admiral of the Fleet, was genuinely fond of the sea. He gained a good grounding in seamanship on board the model frigate *Royal Louise*, which was built at Woolwich in 1832, presented to King Frederick William III by our King William IV, and navigated to the Havel off Potsdam by British naval officers.

The Kaiser, accompanied by a number of members of our own Royal Family, inspected the *Howe* and worked the guns in one of the barbettes. "A chiel's amang ye takin' notes."

Apropos of his honorary rank in the Royal Navy, the Kaiser, I believe was as proud of this as he was of his intimate knowledge of the inner life of the Service. On one occasion, at Malta, he had been gratifying his pride as a British admiral by inspecting the flagship of the Mediterranean fleet. He had completed his inspection and was going away, without

having, it was said, been offered any refreshment. Just as he was departing, he paused to ask "What was the length of the ship?" which, being interpreted, was a naval hint that the ship was a "long one," *i.e.*, one in which you had to wait a long time for a drink. When he saw that his joke had not mis-fired, he said, "No, thank you, I won't to-day, but I shall be glad if you will all drink my health to-night," a request which I am quite sure was carried out, though perhaps if he had been as well known then as he was later, the toast would not have met with quite the same cordial reception.

In 1889 the destroyer had not yet been introduced and the torpedo-boats which it was their rôle to destroy, performed the same functions, though naturally less effectively on account of their smaller size and the greater difficulty they experienced in keeping the sea in bad weather than is the case with the modern destroyer.

The tonnage of these torpedo-boats (T.B.'s) ranged between 32 and 125 and the Indicated Horse Power (I.H.P.) of these extremes was 450 and 1230 respectively. Lieut. H. B. Jackson (afterwards Admiral of the Fleet), commanded the largest of the T.B.'s and Lieut. H. R. H. Prince George's command had only 75 tons displacement. The modern T.B.'s have a displacement of 1300 tons, and flotilla leaders 1750 with I.H.P., 27,000 and 40,000 respectively.

Among the Lieutenants who were at this time serving in T.B.'s a surprisingly large number afterwards attained flag rank, and played important parts in the Great War. Possibly this was because a T.B. was the most important command available for junior officers and only those considered most capable were appointed to this type of vessel.

The manœuvres which followed the review at Spithead were on a very grand scale.

"War" was declared at 6.0 a.m. on the 15th August, and lasted a fortnight. The sides were "A" Fleet (British) under the command of Rear-Admiral Sir George Tryon, K.C.B., flagship *Hercules*, and base Milford Haven.

"B" Fleet (Achill or Attacking) under the command of Vice-Admiral John K. Baird, flagship *Northumberland*, with Queenstown and Berehaven for bases.

The respective fleets left Spithead on the 6th August about 9.0 a.m., went out past the Nab and round the Isle of Wight, passing Sandown at 11.0., where the royal yacht *Osborne*, accompanied by the Admiralty yacht *Enchantress* and C. in C.'s yacht *Fire Queen* were anchored.

The Kaiser, Prince of Wales, Prince Henry of Prussia, Prince Albert Victor of Wales and their suites were on board the *Osborne*.

Battleships and cruisers in succession fired two royal salutes each of 21 guns as they passed that ship in single column line ahead. The procession was five miles long, so the length of time that the saluting lasted can be calculated by those interested in arithmetical problems, the speed of the fleet being 10 knots.

Mr Bennett Burleigh, the well-known war correspondent, was on board the *Howe*, representing the "Daily Telegraph." His despatches made interesting reading, though at times rather highly coloured. The dramatic incidents which occurred almost immediately after "War" broke out, and of which he made the most, afforded him plenty of "copy." If the doings of the Navy in the Great War had been broadcasted in the same way that the capture of cities such as Belfast, Dublin and Waterford was done by the Press in 1889, we should possibly not have heard irresponsible people so frequently making fatuous remarks about the Navy and asking, "What is the Navy doing?"

Looking back on these manœuvres it may be of interest to recall the documents sent to the Mayor of Belfast when that city was captured by a squadron detached from "A" fleet.

H.M.S. *Hercules*, at MILFORD,  
Aug. 15, 1889.

"SIR,

War having regrettably broken out, it becomes my duty to prevent any naval resources that are within reach of my adversary being used for the purpose of damaging those interests it is my duty to protect. I desire to perform my task with as little inconvenience as possible to peaceful inhabitants, who take no active part in the war, and to protect private property that cannot be turned to war purposes, but some loss and inconvenience is inseparable from the conditions of war. I need not dwell further on this subject beyond mentioning that it is not my present intention to interfere with civil authorities or to advise

them of any of their responsibilities, but I remind you that any irregular interference with my officers or men will be met at once with the severest punishment.

"My advance squadron has directions which will be carried out, as to the docks and shipping in port, and if the presence of the Fleet is not more severely felt, it is due to forbearance.

I have the honour, etc., etc.,

(Signed) G. TRYON,

Rear-Admiral, Commanding "A" Fleet."

"TO HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR OF BELFAST."

In the evening a second communication was sent to the Mayor of Belfast, as follows :—

H.M.S. *Hotspur*, Belfast Lough,  
15th August, 1889.

"SIR.

With reference to the letter from Rear-Admiral Tryon, K.C.B., commanding "A" Fleet, which has been delivered to you by an officer commanding one of the cruisers of the advance squadron under my command I have the honour to acquaint you that the destruction of docks and shipping therein indicated is to be considered as having been carried out, and that I am now proceeding to sea.

I have the honour, etc., etc.,

(Signed) HENRY ROYSE,

Captain and Senior Officer."

"TO HIS WORSHIP THE MAYOR OF BELFAST."

There were many dramatic captures on both sides ; Edinburgh was taken by the "B" Fleet, who also bombarded Scarborough and other towns. Scarborough being an undefended place, showed that Admiral Baird, with prophetic intuition, carried out his idea of what a real enemy might do and later actually did.

After a fierce battle, we captured three ships off Ushant, and these prizes were escorted to Plymouth, and on the way there, on Sunday morning at divine service, our chaplain selected Hymn No. 175, A. & M.

"Conquering Kings their titles take

From the foes they captive make !"

but I doubt whether the congregation, who sang so lustily (as is always the case in the Navy), paid much heed to the moral pointed out in the verses they sang. I am afraid they regarded the hymn more as a topical allusion, something after the nature of the magic lantern display described by Mark Twain, in which the musician attached to the show, played what he considered appropriate music as each picture was shown.

For example, when exhibiting a picture of the "Raising of Lazarus," the musician struck up "Come Rouse up Mr Riley," and for the picture of the "Homecoming of the Prodigal Son," the accompanying music was the air of "Johnny comes marching home!" Others mentioned are almost too profane for me to quote.

Mr W. H. White, Chief Constructor of the Navy, and the designer of the "Admiral" class of ships, went to sea with us. We encountered bad weather on several occasions and he was able thereby to discover weak points in the ship's design, as we shipped a good deal of water in the forward barbette.

Mr Bennett Burleigh and our major of Marines had both taken part in the Egyptian campaign which ended with the battle of Tel el Kebir. I am afraid these two reminded us of Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," in which it says :

"Soothed with the sound the King grew vain,  
Fought all his battles o'er again,  
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew  
the slain."

Our Marine officer, Major R——, had served most, if not all his time, ashore with the Marine Battalion in Ireland during the Fenian troubles, and also as already stated, in Egypt. He always wore spurs in mess dress, which is not customary when serving afloat, and boasted that he knew nothing of the sea side of a marine's life.

After the paying off of the *Howe* at the conclusion of the manœuvres, I served for nearly a year in the *Duke of Wellington*. She only did one short spell of service as a sea-going ship, when, as the first 3-decker which was fitted with engines, she took part in the Baltic during the Russian war 1854-55.

My cabin was on the orlop deck, which was the lowest of five decks, and when in fighting trim this deck would have been below the water line ; but as she was then only a Depôt or Receiving ship, flying the flag of the C. in C. at Portsmouth, this was not a matter of great consequence, excepting that in winter the only possible way of heating the cabin was by means of a hot shot standing in a specially constructed iron holder and known as a "bogey."

The officer in command was Captain Robert Woodward,

C.B., who with his family occupied the Admiral's quarters. There were not many ships in which an officer was permitted to have his wife and family living on board, but in my career I served in two of them, viz., the *Duke*, (as the *Duke of Wellington* was familiarly called), and the *Tamar*, Commodore's ship at Hong Kong, and in both instances the children were apt to take advantage of their father's omnipotent position, but nevertheless did not always escape chastisement from the officers, when they made their presence unduly felt.

Captain Woodward was sent to the *Duke* for the purpose of restoring order from chaos. He certainly succeeded, for when I was on board, she was a model of what a well-ordered man-of-war should be, but prior to Captain Woodward's time, I had heard that at night time it was not safe for an officer to walk along the mess deck.

Captain Woodward, familiarly known by officers as "Bobby" and by men as "Bully" Woodward, was very kind-hearted, very impulsive, and notorious for his command of bad language, which apparently he used quite unconsciously. On one occasion I remember he fired off expletive after expletive against a luckless offender who was brought before him for using some of the very same expressions with which he was being admonished. On one occasion he said to a man brought up before him "you are a thief and a d—son of a — and what's more, you are a ———."

When the man remonstrated that he wasn't, the Captain said, "I'm sorry, but you look just like one."

This was something like the quartermaster of a mail steamer, who, when pestered by a fussy passenger, told her to go to Hell. On being reported to the Captain he was ordered to go and apologise to the lady, which he did as follows. "Are you the lady I told to go to Hell?" and on learning that she was, he replied, "Well, you needn't."

The Marine officer was rather an irascible personage, and often tried to emulate the Captain as regards flow of language, but what was tolerated or even enjoyed from one, gave rise to the greatest ill-feeling when it proceeded from the other; truly a case of "one man may steal a horse and another may not even look over a hedge."

Captain Woodward had a distinguished record of war service. He served as "Mate" (modern Sub-lieutenant) in the *Nimrod* during the second China war, and after taking part in the operations against Canton in 1857, was landed at the attack and capture of the Taku Forts. He was in command of the *Turquoise* in the Soudan campaign 1884-85, after which he went on to Burmah commanding the Naval Brigade which went up the Irrawaddy to Mandalay, the seat of King Theebaw's palace and stronghold.

He had the unpleasant but unique experience, when I was serving with him, of being committed to gaol for contempt of court; the circumstances under which this happened were as follows:—

A soldier named Floyd, who was a deserter from the army, was arrested in mistake for a naval deserter named Thomson, who had deserted from the *Calliope*. After being taken on board the *Duke of Wellington* Floyd did not make any protest against the mistake in identity which had occurred. To the best of my recollection, I was the medical officer on duty who passed Floyd as "fit to undergo the punishment" mentioned in the committal warrant.

After his imprisonment he protested that he was not a deserter from the *Calliope*, and that he had never even been in the Navy. A writ of *Habeas Corpus* was served on Captain Woodward, which he indignantly tore up, as he "was not going to be treated with such impertinence on his own quarter deck." This ended in his being committed to Winchester gaol for contempt of court, on a charge of having neglected to make a proper answer to a writ of *Habeas Corpus* issued by the Court of Queen's Bench.

The Commander-in-Chief (Admiral Sir John Commerell, V.C., G.C.B., etc.), had to bail him out, and on the 30th June, 1890, he was fined £50 and costs. Whether or not it was a trick on the part of Floyd to obtain compensation, I am unable to say. There is no doubt that the affair was a regrettable incident. It did not, however, affect Captain Woodward's subsequent career; in any case he would have retired on completing his time in the *Duke*. He retired with the rank

of rear-admiral, and was subsequently promoted to that of vice-admiral on the retired list.

In those days, the big docks built under the Naval Defence Act of 1887, were being constructed by gangs of convicts dressed in yellow and black jerseys, shorts, bearing broad arrows, and a sort of Glengarry cap, also ornamented with the same strange device. Lieut. Ethelston, who at this time was serving in the *Duke*, when ashore in the dockyard one day recognised a convict who was "doing time" for forging his signature; although the signature was an excellent reproduction, he had overlooked the fact that the name did not end with an "e" and so the fraud was detected.

The Garrison had to furnish guards for the convict labour, and the guard room where officers employed on this duty passed their time (Micawber-like, waiting for something to turn up), had its walls—like other famous guard rooms, e.g., Gib. and Malta—adorned with works of art of a fresco nature. The marine officers of the *Duke* had to do their share of convict guard. One of them, named Thring (son of the famous headmaster of Uppingham) a remarkably good caricaturist, had executed a drawing of his superior officer (a certain Colonel Campbell) representing him in the act of inspecting the "liberty men" of the detachment before they went ashore. The drawing was singularly true to life, and it showed the old Colonel addressing the men with these words, which he never failed to use on these occasions:—

"If I give you leave to go ashore, remember, neat and tidy, stick and gloves, no slumminess, d'yer understand?"

One day the Colonel warned the subalterns that in the afternoon he proposed to visit the guard room, and Thring and his confederate and fellow subaltern (Noel Smith) who apparently had dropped in to see him when the visit took place, were in terror lest the fresco should be discovered, so it was arranged that when the Colonel came, one of them must always be between him and the wall. The manœuvre was well conceived and brilliantly executed.

Our chaplain was another character, he was rather a gloomy sort of person and known throughout the Service as "Dismal Jimmy," but what perhaps entitled him to notoriety

more particularly was the inordinate length of his beard, which, like that of Aaron, reached at one time to his waist. He was frequently requested to endeavour to comply more closely with the Queen's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions on the subject of what in modern slang is often spoken of as "face fungus." He refused, and the Commander-in-Chief, Sir George Ommaney Wills, gave him a direct order to have his beard clipped in accordance with the "printed instructions." This he flatly declined to do, on the ground that the removal of his beard to any great extent would be injurious to his health; whereupon the C. in C. ordered him to be surveyed. He was duly surveyed, one of the Board being no less a personage than Inspector-General Sir James Nicholas Dick, K.C.B., (later Medical Director-General of the Navy,) who at that time was Inspector General at Haslar Hospital. The Board decided that the beard might be reduced by 24 inches without the owner of it running any grave risk, and the finding having been duly promulgated, the beard was shortened.

When I was shipmates with the "dismal one," his beard had to be tucked inside his coat in windy weather, and I often wondered what it was like before it was shortened.

His sermons were not always such as should be broadcasted, but at that time there was no danger of this, as wireless had not yet been introduced, and ladies (friends and relations of officers) were at times permitted to attend divine service on board. On one occasion Captain Woodward warned him against preaching any of his unsavoury sermons as ladies were coming off to the ship for "church," and he was given an order not to mention such things as he was wont to do. The ladies came on board, and he (the chaplain) emulating Daniel in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, was more defiant than ever, much to the annoyance of the Captain. I, being present, was in terror lest during the sermon I should have to render "first aid" on account of symptoms induced by extreme mental agitation occurring in the Captain.

There were amongst the ward room officers one or two who afterwards became famous; these were usually young officers sent to the ship in order that they might draw full

pay whilst awaiting some more suitable appointment. Amongst them I remember Alfred P. Ethelston (already mentioned). A more charming messmate I never met. I shall always look back with pleasure to the very many pleasant days we spent together at the rifle range at Brown-down camp, when the ship's company was going through its musketry course. He was a U.S. Rugby football player, and his great friend was Sir Robert Arbuthnot, then a lieutenant serving in the *Vernon*, who was also a distinguished "Rugger" player.

Ethelston and Arbuthnot were like David and Jonathan, and like Saul and Jonathan both died in battle, though not together, for there was a long interval between their deaths, Ethelston as Commander of the Naval Brigade fell gloriously at Graspan in the South African War, and Arbuthnot, as a Rear-Admiral, was killed in the battle of Jutland, when the *Defence* was lost.

Some of the other officers were passing their concluding days in the Service by putting in their time for pension on board harbour ships like the *Duke*. One of these, a notorious grouser, whose last sea-going ship was the old paddle-ship *Valorous* was never tired of abusing the Service, and used to say that as soon as he had got his time in for pension, he intended to walk round the country carrying an oar, and when at last the time would come, as come it surely must, when someone so unfamiliar with the sea would stop him to inquire what manner of thing it was that he carried, he would then and there settle down in full assurance that there was no one living in that place who knew anything of the sea. I met him some years afterwards, when the Fleet put into a well-known port on the south coast, and inquired where he was living.

"Ah, I am living in a house I have bought down here. You must come and see me!" When I heard that he had actually settled in a place which was so frequently visited by men-of-war, I was sorely tempted to remind him of his oft repeated intentions prior to his retirement, but I refrained from making any comment, though it was pain and grief to me.





THE FIGHT NEAR THE "CAMBER" AT PORTSMOUTH.

Before leaving the subject of Portsmouth in the eighties, it would be an omission not to mention the old “ Blue Bell ” music hall, otherwise known as “ The Bell,” which was in Gunwharf road, on the site of the present gasworks.

When I first visited the “ Bell,” which was a favourite after-dinner resort of young naval officers, the proprietor was a Mr Barnard. The entertainment was of the old music hall variety type, songs interspersed with turns by dancers, acrobats, etc., but in the body of the hall sat a chairman (Mr Riley), who presided at a desk, and when the audience was getting out of hand, he would ring his bell, much as the chairman does in the Paris *Chambre des Deputés*.

The young naval officers, chiefly composed of those of the rank of lieutenant and under, who visited the “ Bell,” went there fully prepared for a fight, for which on occasion they may have been said to have asked. They occupied the boxes and a sort of gallery on the right side of the hall, and at times were so boisterous as frequently to require being called to order by Mr Riley, and if they had been particularly aggressive during the performance, a fight usually followed between them and the civilian population. On one occasion, the latter were determined to punish the naval element, and, at the close of the entertainment, a fierce fight ensued. The N.O.’s put up a brave resistance, but were overwhelmed by the more numerous attackers, who were armed with sticks and stones ; eventually the naval force was driven right down to the Camber, which is the small portion of Portsmouth Harbour allotted to the commercial side of the sea. Some of the combatants were thrown into the water and had to save themselves by swimming. Although there were a number of scalp wounds and bruises on various parts of their bodies, happily there were no fatal casualties.

One member of my batch who was returning to his place of duty after having passed a quiet evening amongst friends in Southsea, was approaching the Hard where the Gunwharf road emerges, when he was recognised as a naval officer by the enraged mob, and would have been badly handled had it not been for the timely aid of some bluejackets who were on their way back to their ships, but in spite of their valuable

aid he turned up next morning at duty with a black eye ! The " Bell " was burnt down on Christmas Day, 1891, and with it ended a class of entertainment attended by circumstances which in the present day would never be tolerated, for like Town and Gown rows at our ancient Universities, it had had its day.

In the summer of 1890 I was " lent " to the *Galatea*, (Captain Swinton Holland) for the manœuvres. The *Galatea* was one of the ships launched with *Aurora*, *Australia*, *Undaunted*, *Narcissus* and *Immortalité*, in 1886-7, which were known as " belted " cruisers. They were armed with ten 9·2-inch guns and twenty three machine guns and six torpedo tubes. Their speed was 17 knots and although good " sea-boats," never fulfilled all that was expected of them.

When the *Galatea* a contract-built ship was being constructed, it was found that the gun ports were too small for the guns, whereupon an ingenious workman attempted to remedy this defect by planing down the model guns to fit the ports ! Needless to say the fraud was detected in time.

The 1890 manœuvres were less dramatic than those of the preceding year, in fact, they were exceedingly dull ; we spent the whole time in the Bay of Biscay without seeing a single enemy ship. We had frequent coalings, and they took a much longer time than was the case in later years, when the speed attained was truly remarkable. Coaling, with all its attendant discomforts, frequently lasted two days without any cessation. It was due not so much to the fact that " coalings " were not at that time so well organised, as it was to lack of facilities in the ships.

Those who go down to the sea in modern oil-fuel ships ought to appreciate the comfort of having their fuel pumped in, instead of enduring the many disagreeable concomitants of coaling.

The sailors, however, despite all the dirt, discomfort and hard work entailed, were never so happy or contented as during a really hard day, for, like Mark Tapley, they are always most cheerful when circumstances are most depressing.

Prior to the " declaration of war " we were frequently exercised at " action stations," and practised " striking down

wounded," and many were the devices invented for this purpose, varying from ship's cots to hammocks and even arm-chairs. The Japanese navy learnt much from us, but I think we owe a debt of gratitude to them for their simple yet effective methods devised during the Russo-Japanese war for lowering the wounded, lashed up in bamboo stretchers, by means of which even ammunition hoists are now made available.

We still carried out exercises once a week for "repelling boarders," at which the "idlers" and "working idlers" were armed with boarding pikes and tomahawks respectively. The term "idler" was applied to hands other than seamen, marines and stokers. "Working idlers" including armourers, shipwrights and painters. "excused idlers"—such as sick berth staff. It was well that the shipwrights and armourers were called "working idlers," for they were then, as now, amongst the busiest people in the ship. The term "idler" has now been replaced by the word "dayman."

The question used to be asked in jest, as to whether the chaplain or the marine officer had the easiest time, and the correct answer was, "the marine officer, for although, like the chaplain, he had nothing to do, he had at any rate two to help him!"

The Surgeon, too, in the old naval song:—

"Come all hands ahoy to the anchor

From friends and relations we part,"\*

was described as a lazy land-lubber, a nice piece of alliteration, but as untrue as the gibes at the chaplain and marine officer. We are all aware of the uselessness of the fifth wheel of a coach, but the fifth wheel of a motor-car proves invaluable in time of need, and so does the medical officer. We heard no complaints about him in war time or at any rate where fighting was taking place.

"God and the Doctor men both alike adore

When trouble comes but not before."

We still carried out another old time exercise known as "Man and arm Boat," a relic of the old "cutting out expeditions" so graphically described by Marryat in "Peter Simple."

\* *Vide* appendix.

When "Man and arm Boat" was ordered, there would be a scurry to one's appointed station, and some six or eight boats including the sailing launch, sailing and steam pinnaces, cutters and whaler, would go away, each in charge of a commissioned officer, officers wearing swords and carrying pistols (*i.e.* revolvers), and men armed with cutlasses, rifles and tomahawks. The bigger boats would carry a 9 pdr. or machine gun, and each boat had a compass, supplies of ammunition, food and water, except the whaler, which was in charge of a surgeon,\* accompanied by a member of the sick berth staff, and carrying stretchers, splints, bandages, tourniquets, medical comforts and even cases containing instruments for major operations.

The instruments for major operations were evidently for dramatic effect, as they certainly would have been of little use at sea in an open boat.

As soon as the boats were all ready they were sent away, and when the senior officer was satisfied that they had gone a sufficient distance, the "recall" would be hoisted and all would race back to the ship. The whaler usually got back first, as she was lighter and more suitable for racing.

These picturesque exercises, together with such weapons as boarding spikes and tomahawks, survived for many years, in fact long after they had ceased to be of any practical utility, and thinking officers had realised that under the conditions of modern warfare such exercises could serve no more useful purpose than as a diversion from the ordinary drills.

At the end of these manœuvres, all ships were ordered to declare a definite number of imaginary casualties, including killed and wounded. Accordingly, certain men were told off to represent dead and wounded which had to be duly landed, and sent to the R.N. Hospitals. This was in order to test the medical arrangements ashore and afloat.

I remember being much amused at hearing the boatswain's mate pipe "Dead and wounded to muster on upper deck," prior to their being sent ashore. The wounded had to have

\* Medical officers above the rank of surgeon, where, as in big ships, there are always two or more medical officers, did not take part in this exercise.

labels bearing their names, official numbers, rank or rating and the nature of injury, and be appropriately dressed and fixed up with splints and bandages.

On arrival in hospital they were duly detailed for beds. Neither "dead" nor "wounded," other than "walking cases" were allowed to walk to hospital from the landing place, so that the exercise was a valuable test of existing organisation.

Another peace-time exercise which has been practised from time immemorial, is that known as "Night Quarters." The King's Regulations and Admiralty Instructions, the naval equivalent of the Law of the Medes and Persians, require that every ship shall go at least once a quarter to "action stations" during the night; the exercise must always be of the nature of a surprise, otherwise its object is defeated. No word ever leaked out as to when "Night Quarters" would take place, but occasionally it was noticed by observant people that the commander had sent for the bugler after evening quarters, and from this it would be inferred that one might expect a rude awakening if one turned in before midnight. When exercises of this sort have to be carried out, a captain who is considerate always endeavours to avoid making them more irksome than necessary; consequently, "Night Quarters" would generally be sounded off as soon as those relieved from the first watch (8 till midnight), had turned in, but were not yet asleep. On the sound of the bugle, everyone had to turn out, and those who slept in hammocks had to lash up their hammocks with not less than three turns (the ordinary number being seven), trice it up to the beams, and proceed to their action station. After this had been done, and fire-hoses, etc. properly rigged, the guns were got ready for action, and then, as soon as the captain had gone round and was satisfied that everything was in order, hammocks properly lashed up, night sights on guns, etc., the bugle would sound the comforting notes "Secure" and "Return stores." As soon as these last orders were carried out, those not on watch turned in once more and everyone was soon fast asleep. The whole evolution generally lasted from fifteen minutes to half an hour.

Apropos of Fleet exercises, on Monday mornings when in harbour, after sail drill had ceased to be possible for the good reason that there were no sails, masts or yards to shift, lower, etc., it was customary to have some "surprise" exercises. A commander had to be prepared for an infinite number of evolutions. All eyes would be fixed on the flagship for the signal to appear indicating the particular exercise to be carried out. It might take the form of placing a "collision mat" under the bottom of the ship over an imaginary hole, "away life-boat," "out torpedo-nets," or "laying out a kedge anchor." On one occasion, the evolution which was ordered was that last mentioned. Anchors being heavy things, one ingenious commander, in order to attain greater speed in this evolution, had a replica of a kedge anchor made of wood and so admirably painted that it was indistinguishable from the genuine article. When this evolution, therefore, was ordered, his ship was easily first. The evolution had been smartly carried out, and all had gone as merrily as a marriage-bell, until one observer on board the flag-ship remarked that the anchor had not sunk when laid out !

I have heard of an American who painted a block of wood to imitate marble, and carried out the painting so effectively that it actually sank in water (American water), but, unfortunately, despite the skill of the artist who painted the anchor, the blue waters of the Mediterranean refused to be taken in, or, should I say, to take it in ?

## CHAPTER VI.

APPOINTED TO *HECLA* — LOSS OF *SERPENT* — GIBRALTAR —  
COLLISION AT SEA — TORPEDO AND MINING COURSES  
— NIGHT ATTACK — VILLAGE HAMPDEN — CAPTAIN  
JEFFREYS — BRIGANDS — ENGLISHMAN AND THE UNION  
JACK — ARMAMENT OF *HECLA* — CORFU — SHOOTING  
IN ALBANIA — ATTACKS BY SHEEP DOGS.

THE *Galatea* was paid off about the middle of September and I returned for a few weeks to the *Duke of Wellington*, and was appointed to the *Hecla* on 28th October, 1890. On the 5th November we left Portsmouth in very rough weather, arrived at Plymouth, and there met the *Ringdove*, which, after 24 hours in the Channel, had been obliged to put back on account of stress of weather. I little thought, when visiting this ship, to renew the acquaintance of an old messmate (C. E. F. Webb), that I was destined later on to go to that ship, and spend three very happy years with him there.

On the 8th November we sailed for Gibraltar, and on the same day, the *Serpent*, a torpedo-gunboat (1,770 tons, Commander Harry L. Ross), left for service on the West Coast of Africa, which she never reached, as three days later she was lost through striking a rock near Corcubion Bay, 5 miles N. of Cape Villano and 20 N. of Cape Finisterre.

We encountered exceptionally heavy weather in the " Bay," lost two of our boats, and never sighted land till we were well south of Finisterre. On arrival at Gibraltar we were informed that the *Serpent* had been lost with all hands, and inquiries were made as to whether we had sighted her during the trip. Later, we learnt that three men had been saved, one of whom, an A.B. named Onesiphorus Luxon, had been wrecked on two previous occasions, the last being when the gunboat " Lily "

was lost off the coast of Labrador. After these experiences he would have been regarded as a Jonah, and would not have been welcomed as a shipmate had he continued to serve. Happily, he did not, and after he retired from sea service, he appeared at one or more music halls, and his miraculous escapes from drowning, became, at any rate for a time, a source of income.

Arriving in Gibraltar, after having left the dull grey skies and cold and damp of an English autumn to find bright sunshine and a genial climate, trees not leafless, and gardens with roses and other flowers still in bloom, made one inclined to parody the words of Browning, and rejoice "to be in Gib. now that November's here."

Previous to reaching Gibraltar I had never been further afield than Antwerp, and the sight of paper narcissi in November, growing wild on the Rock, filled me with delight. The cosmopolitan nature of the crowds in the streets, too, where East and West appear to meet, in defiance of all that has been said to the contrary, made an impression which can never be effaced.

Although Gibraltar is so near home, and, as the Spaniards say, has been in "temporary occupation" by the English for some  $2\frac{1}{4}$  centuries, it still strikes the stranger as being more Spanish than English.

After leaving Gib. on our way to Malta, we had a collision when off the Island of Pantellaria\* with a steamer (*Fairfield*) homeward bound. We lost several of our boats, which, considering we had already lost two when in the Bay, might have been serious had we been holed below the water-line. As it was, our damage was not very great, though from the force of the impact many thought that we could not escape serious injuries. Some, including our Paymaster, were even prepared to abandon ship; shortly after the collision he appeared on deck with a bag full of sovereigns. Our damage, although not endangering the safety of the ship, was, however, sufficient to necessitate our being taken in hand by the dockyard on arrival at Malta.

\* In those days the island of Pantellaria was used as a penal settlement by the Italian Government.

The *Hecla* was built at Belfast, and originally intended for service as a passenger ship. What, under her normal conditions, would have been the saloon in a liner, became the wardroom officers' mess. As we had no midshipmen, any junior officers who would under ordinary circumstances have been in a gun-room, were allowed to mess in the wardroom. This led, later on, to an assistant-engineer who was in a ship with a gun-room mess, being sent to us because he had refused to attend Divine service, and consequently was considered an improper person to associate with midshipmen. This young officer, the son of a country parson, was quite inoffensive, and an excellent fellow at heart, but was determined at all costs to play the part of

“some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,

The little tyrant of his (ships) withstood,”

so his captain, rather than try him by court-martial, arranged for him to be sent to us. At first he refused to attend “Church” on board, but eventually did, but sat throughout the service, whereupon he was ordered to stand, kneel or sit as the circumstances necessitated; in fact, he “must follow the motions of the senior officer.” Finding that he had not received the martyr's crown, he next sought some new way of asserting his independence. Being a gun-room officer, his wine bill was limited to a certain sum, and although not at all addicted to alcoholic excess, he promptly exceeded his wine bill, in order to assert his independence, and was then ordered by the captain to comply with the regulations. The next month, he complied with them so far as the amount was concerned, but instead of having it spread out over the whole month, expended it all in two or three days, and passed the remainder of the month as a total abstainer! Like the little boy to whom it was desirable to speak roughly, “he only did it to annoy.”

During the period I was in the *Hecla*, we had no less than three captains, the first being Edwin Payne-Gallwey. Next there was an interregnum with Commander Frederick Campbell in command, and then Captain John Durnford (afterwards Admiral Sir John Durnford), who at the end of his career became President of the R. N. College, Greenwich, after

having been C. in C. on the Cape Station and a Lord of the Admiralty.

Captain Jefferys had preceded Captain Galwey, and when I joined I heard many stories respecting the manner in which he maintained discipline. One which had its amusing side ended unhappily. Captain Jefferys occupied an upper-deck cabin, and one Christmas eve some of the sailors thought that at the season of Peace and Goodwill they might placate his wrath by an improvisation of the waits. Accordingly, a few of them mustered outside his cabin and began singing—

“ Good old Jeff has gone to rest,”

and had only got as far as the second line when the Captain, in high dudgeon, came out, had the names of the singers taken, and, sad to relate, they were all obliged to eat the bread and water of affliction, and meditate in solitary confinement on the truth of Burns’ saying :

“ The best-laid plans o’ mice and men

Gang aft agley,

And lea’e us nought but grief and pain

For promised joy.”

The *Hecla*, I should have said, was a sea-going torpedo-depot ship, enjoying the unique privilege of wintering in the Mediterranean and returning home in the summer.

The winter was spent in places such as Port Platia\* and Volo, where by permission of the Greek Government, torpedo and mine-laying operations could be carried out. Platia, though far removed from civilisation, afforded good rough shooting, and twice during the winter we had breaks in the course of instruction, when we went to Salonika and Corfu in order to give leave to the ship’s company.

Christmas 1890 was spent at Salonika, and twenty-five years later I spent another Christmas there during the interval between the evacuation of Suvla and the final evacuation of the Gallipoli Peninsula on the 8-9 January, 1916. At Christmas 1890, Salonika was covered with deep snow, and I remember my surprise at seeing strings of camels under such weather conditions, as until then I had always in my imagination

\* Not to be confused with the Platea so celebrated in Greek History which is situated 6½ miles S. of Thebes, at the foot of Cithæron.

associated them with hot countries and scorching desert sand. In 1916 there were no camels, but instead all the pomp and circumstance of war. English, French and Serbian troops were everywhere in evidence, and Greek troops occupying their own barracks in the town, with convoys of ammunition and supply waggons coming and going.

In 1890 brigandage was rife, and everyone proceeding ashore was warned against going out into the country alone and unarmed. Some of the brigand stories then current were terrible. One which made a great impression on me related to the capture of two little children, belonging to fairly well-to-do people in Salonika. These children were captured in broad daylight and carried off; a few days later, a large sum of money was demanded as a ransom, and the parents were at the same time informed that unless they paid up, the children would be put to death. There was no other alternative. Whether through inability to raise the whole sum or for reasons of economy, only half the sum demanded was sent, and a few days later one of the children was sent back with the head of the other sewn up in a sack.

Another brigand story which I heard from Mr Cummings when at Volo, shows the state of terrorism and anarchy which existed in the southern provinces of Turkey for quite a long time after the cessation of hostilities between Russia and Turkey. Mr Cummings was in partnership on a farm with Colonel Synge, who had married a Greek wife and usually lived somewhere near Berroia in Macedonia.

In February, 1880, the latter had, at the request of the British Ambassador at Constantinople, been to the Bulgarian frontier to distribute food and clothing to destitute refugees. He was evidently, therefore, of sufficient importance to warrant a big sum being paid for his ransom if he could be carried off. On the 19th February, just as he had returned from his errand of mercy, he and two of his horses were seized at Tricovitza in the district of Karaferia and carried off by a notorious brigand chief named Niko and his band of 25 "Hodouts" who are discharged or deserted Albanian irregulars. Colonel Synge somehow or other managed to get a message sent to Mr Blunt, the Consul at Salonica, imploring him to open up

negotiations for his release, but on no account to allow troops to be sent in pursuit of the brigands. Mr Blunt followed the instructions, for he knew quite well that a ruffian such as Niko, would have no hesitation in murdering his prisoner if he saw the prospect of losing the ransom and of being himself taken prisoner. After some three weeks of suspense Mr. Blunt succeeded in negotiating with Niko for the release of Colonel Synge, the price being £1,100 and a couple of malefactors thrown in.

Niko had asked more at first, and also demanded that one of the thieves to be released should be his own brother, but in the end he waived his demand as regards his brother, and accepted the sum as stated. According to Mr Cummings, the "honest" brigands only received £400 of the sum paid, the remainder going to certain highly-placed officials.

I cannot of course vouch for the truth of this last statement, but he always assured me that he knew for a fact one of the persons who shared the spoil, and that the money, paid in marked sovereigns, was traced to this person's account in a certain bank. The English Government is said to have deducted the £1,100 from the tribute money paid for Cyprus, but of this also I have no precise information.

When I knew Mr Cummings he was living with his family some 3,000 feet or more up on the slopes of Mt. Pelion, in a house named Craigsides. He had two little daughters, who had never been out of the Levant and had native nurses, yet they spoke with a strong Scottish accent.

On the occasion of our first visit to Volo, an English resident came off to pay his respects to the Captain, in a boat flying a Union Jack. Thinking that it was someone coming off on a visit of ceremony, to make an official call, he was duly received, and when it was discovered that he was merely an Englishman living ashore who wanted to visit the ship, he was politely informed that he was not entitled to fly that flag.

He thereupon assumed a defiant attitude of the *Civis Britannicus sum* kind, and protested that he should continue to do so when and where he pleased. He was then told that if he wished to use an English flag, he was quite at liberty to fly a "Pilot Jack," i.e., a Union Jack with a white border, or a

red ensign, but if he again flew a Union Jack when afloat, it would be confiscated. He left in high dudgeon, feeling very aggrieved.

To some people, ignorant of rules and regulations, it appears a hardship that they are not allowed to fly their national flag how and when they like. The French have no pitfalls of this kind ; as everyone knows, they have only one flag, which serves at once as the National emblem for man-of-war and merchant ship alike. Americans have their ensign, which is the same for man-of-war or humble coasting vessel, but they, too, have their Jack, which is flown on a jackstaff on a man-of-war in harbour, in the same way as our Union flag is flown on our ships of war, but no American would think of flying the American Jack when in a private boat.

On several occasions when in Greece, my medical services were requisitioned.

Once, at Volo, I was asked by the Consul (Mr Merlin) to visit a man who was said to be dying. I was shown into a room with five Greek and Austrian doctors. The confusion of tongues which occurred during the building operations of the Tower of Babel could not have been more pronounced. My interpreter knew very little English and when at a loss for a word would address me in German. Then someone else would question me in French, and another in Greek. Throughout the consultation the Greeks smoked cigarettes, which they lighted from a brasier containing burning charcoal. The people paid great respect to what I said, and wept profusely when I told them that I took a serious view of the old man's illness. I was told afterwards, but cannot vouch for the accuracy of the statement, that at that time Greek doctors always deserted a patient as soon as they thought him about to die.

If the patient died whilst under medical treatment, the friends of the deceased, it was said, were apt to assassinate the medical practitioner, who they blamed for his death. So when the doctors leave, the people invariably get alarmed, but you can scarcely blame the doctors for deserting a sinking patient, any more than you can blame rats for leaving a ship

in a similar condition, as in both instances, if they remain, it means their death.

After the consultation, sweetmeats of the consistency of jam were brought round, and eaten with spoons by all present, and afterwards we were given cold water to drink, to take away the sweet taste, and offered Turkish coffee and rahat loukoum.

On other occasions I had to go to Astakos from Platia to see patients suffering from eye trouble (ulcers of the cornea), and such was the faith they displayed in English doctors that they even brought people to me who had been blind from birth !

On two occasions I visited Astakos\* and was presented to the Mayor and other equally important personages ! For these services I was rewarded by the people with bunches of flowers, and I returned to my boat followed by a long procession.

When in Greece, I assisted (as they say in France), at more than one Greek funeral. On one occasion, at Patras, I saw that of a Greek military officer. The corpse, carried on a carriage, was sitting up in the coffin, with his uniform cap on his head, and the lid of the coffin was carried in front.

I saw a woman similarly taken to her last resting place, sitting up in her coffin and her hair streaming down her back. The "Poppo" or priest, with an acolyte, precedes the coffin. These funerals took place many years ago, but I believe that even to-day the custom still prevails of leaving the coffin open until the actual burial takes place.

Before taking leave of the *Hecla* it should be mentioned that, although launched as far back as 1878, she is "still going" as destroyer depôt ship in 1926. Never intended as a fighting ship, she was armed for self-defence. "*Cet animal n'est pas méchant, quand l'on attaque il se défend.*"

Her armament in 1890 was curious, and consisted of :— four 64 pdr. M.L. (muzzle loading guns), one 5-inch B.L. (breech loading gun), and one 40 pdr. (truck gun ; ) this last was nicknamed "Nelson."

\* Astakos (probably the ancient Astacus) is generally called Dragomestre or Tragamesti. We got most of our supplies from this place.

At General Quarters I well remember hearing the officer in charge (Lieut. A. T. T.) giving his orders : " Speed of the ship 8 knots, speed of the enemy 8 knots in the opposite direction," " elevate and lower," " two hand spikes right " (or left, as the case might be), " commence." I don't think, at that period, there was any ship in the service, other than the *Victory* in Portsmouth harbour, which had a truck gun, and certainly there was no other ship which carried out gunnery exercises with so ancient a piece of artillery.

We left Salonika on 26th Dec., 1890, and went to Volo, where we remained until the middle of March. All the time we were at Volo we had excellent shooting, with occasional long-distance excursions to Velestino, where we went after geese on the plains, famous for a great retreat of the Greeks in the Greco-Turkish War. There were plenty of wild geese, but they were extremely difficult to get. When I spent a day after them with Lieut. A. T. T. I realised fully the meaning of a " wild goose chase." We made use of the shepherds' shelters for cover, used special wired-cartridges loaded with swan shot, and though we could even hear the shots striking the geese, we never succeeded in bagging any.

One of the shooting expeditions, on which we went to Almyros Bay, some 15 miles from Volo, gave rise to a certain amount of correspondence. The *Hecla's* party consisting of Captain John Durnford, Lieutenants F. Campbell, A. Dodgson, A. T. Taylor and myself went to one part of Almyros Bay, and another party from the *Undaunted*, then commanded by Lord Charles Beresford, to another part of the same district. Lord Charles was exceedingly kind to junior officers—too kind we thought—and on this occasion he not only lent guns to those midshipmen who did not possess them but even supplied them with ammunition. They landed at a different point to us, and not getting as much shooting as they expected, made a raid, it was said, on a farm, and the occupant afterwards complained through the Consul that they not only shot some of his fowls but even got some of his buckets, and shot at these. Whether there was any truth in the allegation, I don't know, but the result was most mortifying to us, as after that we had no more shooting expeditions to Almyros Bay. We,

who considered we had proprietary rights in the shooting wherever we went nursed a grievance for many a long day against irresponsible midshipmen in general and the *Undaunted's* in particular.

It was during our stay at Volo that we heard many stories of the brigands, two of which I have already related. Volo is in Thessaly and a very suitable base for visiting the famous Vale of Tempe, but it was not possible for us to visit it without a guard of soldiers, which was not only costly but difficult to arrange, so the famous Vale was missed by us. We left Volo towards the middle of March and went to Corfu to give leave, arriving there just in time for what was, I suppose, the *mi-carême* carnival.

Corfu has often been described as the gem of the Mediterranean. I think the title is well deserved, as it certainly is a most lovely island, with its orange groves, cypresses, and olive-yards running right down to the water's edge, and the scenery with the snow-covered mountains of Albania in the distance could not fail to impress anyone with any sense of the beautiful.

The military occupation of countries by the Romans and the British, if of no other advantage (which of course is not the case), has always been of lasting benefit to the occupied territories on account of the good roads which were made. Corfu was no exception and has good roads even now, though it is some 60 odd years since we gave up the occupation of the Ionian Islands, which testify to the excellent work which was put into them, as little has been done in this respect since the British left.

Even the bench marks of the British Government surveyors can still be seen in places. The Spaniards have always left the roads around Gibraltar in a bad state of repair; this has been on account of the suspicion entertained by some of them that the British would sooner or later wish to make use of them for military purposes. They argue, that by keeping the roads, or what pass for roads, in as bad as state as possible, they will hinder the advance of artillery and supplies. But in these days of mechanical transport and "caterpillar"

tractors these bad roads would not offer the same difficulties as they did in olden days.

After six very pleasant days at Corfu we left for Port Platia, passing the Isles of Greece of which Byron sang, and saw the reputed site of "Sappho's leap," a rock on the island of Santa Maura.\* Port Platia is a land-locked harbour, very pleasant in winter but like an oven in summer, as when again visiting it later on in another ship I had good reason to realise.

Courses of instruction, lasting from two to three weeks were given to the battle-ships and cruisers of the Mediterranean Fleet, and the final course ended with a night attack by torpedo-boats on the ships at anchor in harbour. For this purpose the T.B.'s were sent to a rendezvous out of sight of the anchorage, in order that the attackers should not know what defensive preparations were being carried out.

The Greek coast near Port Platia has numerous islands, amongst them being Ithaca, the birthplace of Ulysses, and the scene, after his return from his wanderings, of so many of his most wonderful adventures. These islands, being not too far distant from Port Platia, enabled the attacking party to remain fairly close at hand, and yet out of sight. They were however determined to ascertain what sort of defences they would be up against. With this intent, two officers were landed at a point not far from Platia anchorage. Disguised as Greek shepherds they walked over one of the hills which surround Platia, passed all the "look outs" of the defenders, and when they had obtained all the information required they departed.

In this part of the world the only human beings met with are Greek shepherds. Those who know Greece will realise how perfect a disguise is the dress of a Greek shepherd with his shaggy sheepskin coat, white pleated kilt, rough leggings, turned up and tasselled shoes, a shepherd's crook in his hand, pistols and knives in his belt and a Zouave-like cap for head-dress.

\* Santa Maura is the same island as the ancient Leucadia. The story of Sappho's suicide out of unrequited love for Phaon is said to be a comparatively modern invention.

When the attack came off there were lively scenes at the boom defences, which were made up of spars and wire hawsers stretched across the harbour with attendant guard-boats. Both sides fought desperately, using boat stretchers or anything they could lay hands on for the purpose of driving off their opponents.

Captain Edwin Payne-Gallwey (like his brother Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey, author of "Letters to Young Shooters") was a great sportsman, and it was fortunate for the ship that subsequent captains were also fond of shooting. Provided that duty did not suffer, no difficulties were experienced in getting leave for shooting expeditions. In those days the wilds of Greece were not over-shot and in winter afforded plenty of woodcock, duck and snipe, not to speak of quail and hares in certain places.\* We nearly always had one organised shoot on Saturdays, and "invitations" for this were issued by some of the senior officers who regarded the shooting, as well as the steamboat that took us, as their own. As I was lucky enough to get invited on all occasions when duty permitted I had nothing to complain about, and these shoots were very enjoyable. Starting as a rule very early in the morning we would steam to some happy hunting ground, perhaps 15 or 20 miles away, and take material for a "pot mess," to be dispensed at lunch time. Those who were wise took garments and dry socks to change into when the sport was over, as our shooting usually necessitated a good deal of wading in swampy ground.

The chief drawback to the marshes was the presence of leeches in great abundance. It is not a pleasant thought when wading in a marsh to feel that you are acting as host to some half dozen or more leeches, who stick to you with the pertinacity that has become proverbial, unless, as seldom happens, you chance to carry some table salt with you in your pocket. Leeches were particularly troublesome when, towards the end of March, 1891, we had our concluding wild-fowl shoot. About three or four miles from Port Platia are two fairly

\* The local shikaris always maintain that red deer are to be found in the neighbourhood of Port Platia. I did once pick up antlers which had been shed, but never saw a deer.

large lakes separated by a ridge of hill running North and South. Four guns proceeded to the lakes on the eve of the shoot, taking with them a tent, two Berthon boats, and provisions on the backs of four pack mules, "donks" as our interpreter Spiro described them. These animals were hired at a cost of four drachmas apiece, and as a drachma, nominally 10d., was then not worth more than 5d., the price was not extortionate.

Next morning, the rest of the party left the ship at 7.30 and arrived at the lake at 8.30. Guns were stationed in all the most likely spots including the ridge which separated the lakes. I and two others went out in one of the Berthon boats, to be landed on a tuft of reeds. This we found too wet, as to stand up to one's knees in leech infested water is one thing, and up to one's waist another; so we landed and took our chance elsewhere. Nearly everyone got a fair amount of shooting. There were duck of various species including sheldrake, widgeon, and teal; the last had a habit when hard hit of diving and clinging with their beaks to the reeds under water. Several birds were lost in this way. Although our bag in the aggregate was a fairly big one, it was not so large as one would have expected it to be, with about 18 to 20 guns!

On one never-to-be-forgotten occasion, a picket boat conveyed us early in the morning to Butrinto, which is about ten miles distant from Corfu, and brought us back late at night. On this particular occasion the *Hecla* and *Collingwood*, of which Captain Penrose FitzGerald\* (or Tom Rough, as he was more familiarly called), was in command had arranged a shoot. I was one of five guns, which included Lieutenants Arthur Dodgson, A.T. Taylor, Chas. Le Mesurier† and Mr Reed, the torpedo gunner. We left the ship at daylight and crossed over to Albania, a party from the *Collingwood* leaving at about the same time. We had to get a permit before we went over to Albania, and this had to be viséd by the British consul. On a previous occasion, one of our party,

\* Afterwards Admiral Charles Penrose FitzGerald, author of "Hints on Boat Sailing," "Modern Naval Tactics," and "Life of Admiral Sir George Tryon, K.C.B."

† During the Great War as Commodore he commanded the Fourth Light-Cruiser Squadron flying his broad pennant on the *Calliope*.

who had been in Albania, found one day that he had a chance of getting over there again, to shoot pig, but had no time to obtain a "permit." He did not intend to be beaten by a trifle of that sort, so, with that resourcefulness for which the Royal Navy is rightly famed, he devised a passable "authorisation," the principal feature of which was the Royal Arms, obtained from the label of a bottle of Crosse and Blackwell's pickles !

Our first lieutenant, Charles Briggs (afterwards Admiral Sir Charles Briggs, K.C.B.), lent Mr Reed his central pin-fire gun, and cautioned him and all of us to be extremely careful not to shoot one of the Albanian sheep-dogs, as if we did, there would surely be trouble and probably fatal consequences.

On arrival at Butrinto we found that the *Collingwoods* had landed already, and although resembling Messrs. Keith and Prowse in that they had already secured the best places, they were unlike them as regards their willingness to part with or even share them, so accordingly we left a tempting snipe marsh just as firing appeared to have become "general" and the first casualty amongst the shooters had occurred, and proceeded to a covert some little distance away. Mr Reed went in to beat out a covert, and had not been away long before we heard two shots fired in rapid succession, followed by the howling of a dog, and the next item was the emergence of Mr Reed, "gashly white." "What has happened?" was the inquiry. "I've shot a dog," replied he. Then, after a brief consultation, we sought safety in flight, and left Spiro our interpreter to negotiate with the shepherds in case they appeared annoyed. Our flight entailed many perilous adventures, including swimming small rivers, but we got little shooting, and, weary and cold, we returned shortly after dark to the place appointed for embarkation. Then it was that we heard that the shepherds had intercepted the members of the rival party when going down to meet their boat; happily it included Captain FitzGerald, who after much parley conducted by Spiro the interpreter, compounded with the irate shepherds for the sum of four pounds paid in gold. We did not get back to our ship until

about 10 p.m. and then came in for a certain amount of chaff, but what was fun to our messmates might easily have been death to us.

With regard to the sum of £4 which was paid to the shepherds for the loss of their dog—Captain FitzGerald told us that you could buy a good “pig-dog” for 2/- in Albania. The reason why we had to pay £4 was because a sheep dog is one specially trained. The law is, that if you shoot a dog before it has bitten you, you pay a fine of not less than £3, whereas if it has bitten you before you shoot, the owner pays the injured person £3. Most people prefer not to risk being bitten!

On another occasion, when the ship was at Salonika, Lieut. (afterwards Captain) A. T. Taylor and I were held up by sheep-dogs when out shooting on the plains near the Vardar river. We had nothing but our scatter-guns with us, which we knew only too well must not be used against the dogs except as clubs. There were no stones available and we held the dogs at bay for what seemed an interminable time, until a small Greek shepherd boy called off the savage beasts by use of the mystic word *oxo*, which, needless to say, had nothing to do with a much advertised meat extract.

The Ionian Islands, occupied by Great Britain for over half a century, were finally annexed to Greece in 1864, but before the English departed all the fortifications were demolished, and when I visited Vido, the little island which protects the harbour of the town of Corfu, I was much interested to see everything just as it had been left after the demolition parties had done their work. The Corfiotes always professed great affection for the English, and it was a recognised custom for ships visiting the island to play a cricket match with the natives; possibly it was owing to our introducing cricket amongst them that our relations have always been so friendly.

When the question of turning Corfu over to Greece was first raised, it was pleaded that the Corfiotes are not really Greek. The island was for a long time under Venetian rule, and very Italian prior to the British occupation. It was rightly regarded as the key to the Adriatic, and for that reason the treaty between Great Britain, France, Russia and Greece

of the 29th March, 1864, insisted that the Islands of Corfu and Paxo, as well as their dependencies should after their union to the Hellenic kingdom enjoy the advantage of *perpetual neutrality*, his Majesty the King of the Hellenes, on his part engaging to maintain such neutrality, the Courts of Austria and Prussia (this was before the establishment of the German Empire), having assented to this.

Two writers in the Royal United Service Institution Journal\* mention a point which I had forgotten, viz :—that in Corfu the people in 1917-1918, were still making use of our weights and measures, “in spite of the demands of troops used to decimals.” The explanation may perhaps be found in the fact that the yard is some three inches less than the metre, and that there is a distinct profit to be obtained by selling sixteen ounces as half a kilogram.” Greece to-day is arranging for the adoption of the metric system.

Before leaving the *Hecla* it would not be right to omit to mention Captain John Durnford. When he joined the ship at Malta in November, 1890, it was his first command as a post captain. As commander of the sloop *Mariner* on the East Indies Station he had taken part in the Burmah Annexation War and served on the Staff of General Sir H. Prendergast, V.C., and also with the Naval Brigade; for these services, he was awarded the D.S.O. and mentioned in both naval and military despatches. Later he commanded an armed flotilla employed in Upper Burmah for the suppression of dacoity, and won the approbation of the Admiralty, of the Viceroy, and of the Secretary of State for India, and without apology I may add, had also won the love and respect of all with whom he had served both “fore and aft.” He joined the Navy in 1862 and so had experience of the Service as it was in the old sailing ship days as well as of those when steam had become the motive power. He was so true and just in all his dealings that he was known throughout the Service as “Honest John.” Conscientious and thorough in all he did, he was at once a splendid seaman and at the same time a

\* Lieut.-Colonel C. H. Straton and Captain F. C. Goodwin. “Corfu: A Glimpse in 1917-1918.” “Journal, R.U.S.I.,” May, 1919.

scientific officer, for, early in his career, he had specialised in torpedoes.

Captains, like everyone else, have their "characters," good and bad, passed on from ship to ship and these are more often than not true appreciations, so that when a new captain is appointed, the first question asked is always "what manner of man is he?" His reputation was irreproachable, he was, in short, a naval Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*. He was only 41 when he joined the *Hecla*, yet his deeply bronzed face was already lined with the wrinkles which thoughtfulness begets. Well above the average in height, he had a slight stoop, but was full of energy and zeal for whatever he had to do, whether it were duty or in taking part in one of the many shooting expeditions, some of which have already been mentioned. He was Junior Sea Lord in Lord Selbourne's Board of Admiralty, Commander in Chief on the Cape Station, 1904-7, and President of the R.N. College, Greenwich, '08-11. During part of this time, he was President of the Naval Committee appointed to inquire into the Naval Medical Service; and his sympathetic hearing on that committee had much to do in introducing important reforms in that branch of the Service.

There is no doubt that it was largely due to the influence of Captain Durnford that the *Hecla*, during his period of command, was one of the happiest ships afloat.

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## CHAPTER VII

APPOINTED TO *CORDELIA* — EXPLOSION ON BOARD — AUSTRALIAN HOSPITALITY — "LARRIKINS" — PORT ARTHUR AND CONVICT DAYS IN TASMANIA — HOBART — A COSTLY RIDE — NEW CALEDONIA — FRENCH PENAL SETTLEMENT — DISCOVERY OF NICKEL.

ON the 29th June, 1891, the *Cordelia* was carrying out quarterly target practice whilst on passage between Fiji and Nouméa, when a gunburst occurred which resulted in the death of two officers and four men. I mention this explosion because it was owing to it that towards the end of September I was appointed to that ship which was one of the "C" class of corvettes of which the *Calliope* was the most celebrated, in consequence of having steamed out of Apia harbour, Samoa, in the teeth of a hurricane.

I took passage in the P. and O. S.S. *Ballaarat* to join the *Cordelia* at Sydney. The voyage took seven weeks all but a day, and on my arrival at Sydney I found that the *Cordelia* had been ordered home and I was appointed to fill a vacancy in the gunboat *Ringdove* instead. One of the officers killed in the *Cordelia* was a subaltern of Marines with whom I had been shipmate in the *Duke of Wellington*. The remarkable thing about his death was, that no mark of injury was found upon him, and directly after the explosion he walked to the ward room, asked for a glass of water, which he drank, and then almost immediately expired.

He had been on the Australian Station some time, how long I don't exactly know, but at any rate it was sufficiently long to enable him to become very friendly with a certain family in which there were two very pretty daughters, whom I also knew. His death was a great grief to one of the sisters. Some six months after it had occurred his brother (a Lieutenant R.N.) had come out in a torpedo-gunboat, and was one

day doing his share of returning mess-calls, when it so happened that one of the houses at which he chanced to visit was that of the very family with which, quite unknown to him, his brother had, as we used to express it, a "hat peg." When his name was announced, it caused quite a sensation, but nothing like the shock experienced when he entered the drawing-room, for he so exactly resembled his dead brother in appearance and voice that one of the girls who had been particularly friendly with him fainted, believing that she had either seen a ghost, or one risen from the dead.

One of the marine artillerymen on board the *Cordelia* was fortunate enough to win the first prize in the Melbourne Cup sweepstakes—a sum amounting to thousands of pounds. He treated all his old messmates and friends to a great banquet, and shortly after his return home, retired to enjoy the blessings of the land and the fruits of his speculation.

Naval officers have always met with great kindness and hospitality in Australia, and in the nineties there appeared to be no limit to it. The pay of naval officers can never be described as excessive, but in those days, lieutenants and officers of that rank had considerably heavier expenses and very much less pay than artisans ashore; but as compensation we were made honorary members of all the best clubs, and there are few finer ones anywhere than the "Union" and the "Australian" clubs at Sydney. Senior officers chiefly frequented the "Union." The "Warrigal," a squatters'\* club, was also very popular and was much used by midshipmen and those who appreciated first-class cuisine.

Free railway passes were given which was a great privilege, especially to those who, after a long spell of hot weather in the "Islands" (South Sea Islands) were glad to get a few days' leave up country or in the Blue Mountains at Katoomba, where wealthy Australians would invite their naval friends to stay. I spent one Christmas at Katoomba, and was able to boast of

\* The old squatters were composed to a large extent of "younger sons" of well-known families at home. They chartered sailing ships, and took, besides their families, carriages, horses, furniture, etc., together with a retinue of faithful retainers willing to venture on the hazards of a perilous and long voyage and an unknown life at the end. They formed, it might be said, the aristocracy, in a very democratic country.

being glad of a fire in the evening, when, down at Sydney at that season, the temperature was somewhere about 80° in the shade, and the air oppressively damp.

On arriving at Sydney I was sent to the cruiser *Mildura*, to await the arrival of the *Ringdove* from the "Islands."

Most of the ships on the Australian stations were employed in protecting missionaries and British interests generally in the South Pacific islands. It is not, however, safe for the smaller ships to remain there during the hurricane season, which occurs during the Australian summer (English winter); the consequence is, that small ships never get any cool weather, unless, as generally happens during the last six months of a commission, they are sent to Tasmania or New Zealand to recruit the health of the ship's company.

The *Ringdove* arrived a week after I had landed at Sydney. She had had a most interesting time in New Guinea and the Solomon Islands, and was now due for a spell in harbour and her annual refit.

There is plenty in Sydney to interest a "new chum"—as new arrivals are termed in Australia,—not the least amongst many interesting things being the sailing races which take place on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays in Sydney harbour. The racing boats are broad and of shallow draught with a drop keel or fin. There are to-day many classes of racing boats, some of which, 16 feet in length, are called skiffs, though not the least like what we should describe as a skiff. In the nineties the racing boats were 18 ft. long, 8 ft. broad and 2 ft. draught, with drop keel as already mentioned. They were not wholly decked over, but had a sort of well in the centre, round which was a flat gunwale some ten inches wide, on which the crew of from 16 to 18 hands could sit, and when sailing with the wind abeam, they would lie out on the weather side and act as living outriggers. This they did by getting their feet under battens like parallel bars on each side of the boat, and so holding on.

The crews, not being seamen, often misapply nautical terms. To give only one example. It is usual for them to describe the mainsail as a "sheet," whereas a sheet to anyone familiar with sea terms means a *rope*. Just as some passengers



REGATTA DAY, SYDNEY HARBOUR.  
(By permission of the Agent General for New South Wales.)



in mail steamers who misapply nautical terms speak of an "accommodation" ladder as a "companion." The crews are remarkably well-drilled, but it is by no means rare for these boats to be capsized.

Sydney harbour is full of sharks, and even some distance up the Parramatta river one used to hear of children and dogs falling into the water and being snapped up by them, yet I never heard when in Australia of any of the people capsized from these racing boats being taken by a shark. Possibly their safety was due to the large number of them in the water and the commotion which they made in scrambling on to the bottom of their upturned boats, and thus frightening away the sharks. They are timid creatures, and Australians say that the white sail in the water frightens them away.

During sailing races a sharp look out was kept by the signal staff, and when a boat capsized, any man-of-war near the scene of the accident would at once send away a boat to rescue those in the water, but these services were seldom if ever appreciated. I have often heard the crews of man-of-war boats, when returning from one of these rescues, complaining that they had had nought but abuse for their pains, though if a fatality had occurred and no boat had been sent to their assistance there would have been a great outcry.

I myself was capsized in Farm Cove, Sydney, on the last day of December, 1891, when sailing with a brother-officer in our ward room skiff. We were soon picked up by a boat from the *Royalist*, and having heard so much about ground and hammerheaded sharks, which though unseen are ever near, we were truly relieved to be rescued.

Farm Cove, Sydney, is one of the most picturesque amongst the many beautiful bays and indentations of the shore comprised under the name of Sydney harbour. The *Ringdove*, being only a small ship, lay so close to the shore that coming down to the "man-of-war steps" we could blow a whistle when we wanted to hail the ship after dark. On one side of Farm Cove was Government House with its beautiful grounds and stately Norfolk Island pines, and on the north shore in the distance, Admiralty House was situated.

At the eastern extremity of Farm Cove was a rock known to us as "Larrikin Point," but its real name is "Mrs Macquarie's Chair."\* It was called "Larrikin Point" because it was the camping ground for some of the unemployed and unemployable of both sexes.

Our Gunner† rarely if ever went ashore. When I used to advise him for his health's sake to go for a walk, his invariable reply was that he could see all he wanted of life ashore from his observations with binoculars of the goings on at "Larrikin Point."‡ These unemployed led an *al fresco* gypsy sort of existence on the shore, and passed the night in a cave.

A park called "the Domain" which abutted on Woolloomooloo was infested with "hooligans" of the worst possible kind and it was said to be dangerous to go across it at night or to approach Farm Cove by a steep and lonely path known as the Tarpeian way. I passed through both hundreds of times, after midnight, and was never molested, but there is no question that people were at times robbed and ill-treated.

Gangs of "Larrikins" used to be spoken of as a "Push," and shortly before I arrived in Sydney a gang of seven, known as the "Surrey Hills Push" murdered a girl under peculiarly horrible circumstances. The judge who tried them was Sir William Windeyer, who passed the death sentence on them all, and they were duly executed. In consequence of this exemplary sentence, Sir William Windeyer had for several years to go under police protection, but his action put an end to further outrages of this kind.

The summer at Sydney is very much more trying than at some other places in Australia, as for instance Adelaide, where the temperature is many degrees higher, but the air dry. We occasionally got a hot N.W. wind at Sydney in the summer months; this N.W. wind was known as a "Brickfielder" from its peculiar parching heat. When it occurred it was usually followed by a cold wind known as a "Southerly

\* Mrs Macquarie was the wife of one of the earlier governors of New South Wales and this rock is usually incorrectly spoken of as "Lady Macquarie's Chair."

† Gunner R.N. is a warrant officer.

‡ Larrikin is an Australian word denoting a "rough" or "tough," *i.e.* a worthless fellow.

Buster,” which would come on very suddenly and bring clouds of dust which penetrated everywhere. These “ Southerly Busters ” are very violent, and attain a velocity of as much as 70 miles an hour ; one even of 90 miles has been recorded. When these winds begin to blow the fall in temperature is very rapid, a drop of 20° being by no means uncommon. They usually end up with a thunderstorm and heavy rain.

We remained in Sydney until the third week in March, when we left for Jervis Bay, which is some eighty odd miles south of Sydney. Jervis Bay in 1892 was absolutely wild, in fact in the same condition as Botany Bay must have been when Captain Cook first dropped anchor there in April, 1770.

We went there because it being so desolate and having so fine a harbour, enabled firing exercises and turning trials to be carried out without let or hindrance. At the present day, it has become an important naval station and depôt for the Royal Australian Navy. When “ working hours ” were over, we landed men for “ seining,” as the sandy beach was well adapted for that purpose.

After two days at Jervis Bay we left under sail and steam for Tasmania. The *Ringdove* (805 tons) was smaller as regards tonnage than a modern T.B. Destroyer, and was rigged as a barquentine, *i.e.*, square rigged on the foremast, and fore and aft rigged on the main and mizen masts.

The captain, although not actually sea-sick, suffered, like so many others, from headache and malaise when the sea was at all choppy, so whenever it was possible we sailed, or at any rate eased the engines by having plain sail less spanker in order to keep the ship as steady as possible. Some of our passages, as for instance, those from Auckland to the Cook Islands, Samoa, etc., were made entirely under sail.

In three days, after a stormy passage, we anchored in Opossum Bay, Port Arthur, so notorious as a penal depot in the old convict days. It is half a mile wide at its entrance between Dead Island and Frying-pan point. Dead Island,\* as suggested by its name, was used as the cemetery, where, free from trouble and care, lie the bondmen and the free, and

\* 1700 are said to be buried on this little island.

to it one might aptly apply the words of Job, as "There the wicked cease from troubling and there the weary be at rest."

At Port Arthur we saw the remains of the old penitentiary and other buildings, all of which had been gutted by fire, but still showing substantially-built stone walls. The remains of the old church\* with its square tower and pinnacles covered with a mantle of ivy looked typically English, as in fact did all the other convict-built houses. The church was remarkable in having possessed transepts without a nave. One can only explain this by surmising that the original design was never completed, unless it were that the nave was purposely omitted in order the better to control the congregation in the event of any of the members attempting to rise and attack their guards.

It requires little or no imagination to picture this church on Sunday, filled with convicts, and one can almost hear them singing :—

"Weary of earth and laden with my sin  
I look at Heav'n and long to enter in."

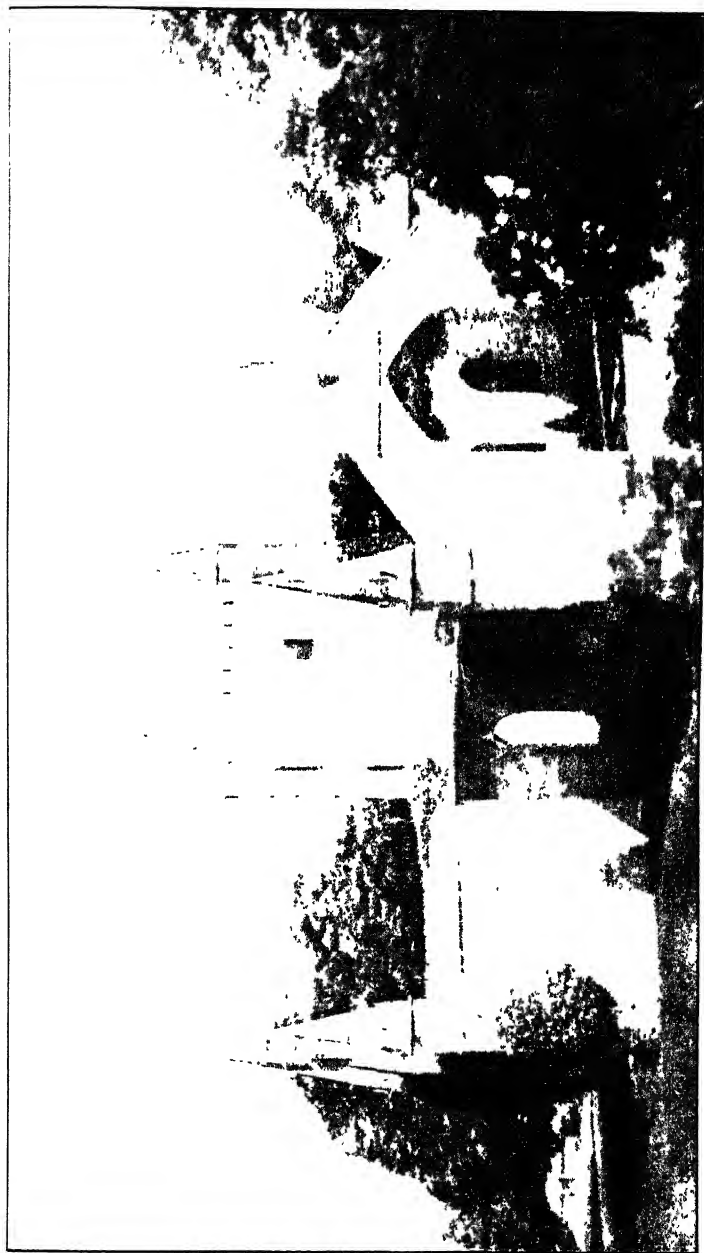
This hymn would certainly have described the feelings of many a poor wretch for whom life on earth had long ceased to hold out any attractions.

The prison, which is about half-a-mile from the church, looks like a deserted barrack. The Governor's house, with its massive gates, was still standing, as well as the powder magazine, and hospital. We also saw the octagonal (or was it pentagonal?) courtyard in the penitentiary, with walls radiating so as to form alley-ways in which those doing solitary confinement could take their exercise, and at the same time be controlled by the guards in the centre, who could command each *cul-de-sac* and prevent the prisoners from seeing each other.

Mason's Cove, called, I presume, after a family of that name, who showed us much hospitality when we visited the place in 1892 and 1893, now forms the water frontage of the settlement of Carnarvon, as Port Arthur is now known.

On all the eminences around the place in the convict days stood semaphores, the chief use for which was to give warning

\* This church was never consecrated, the reason being that a murder had been committed within its precincts.



REMAINS OF CHURCH AT PORT ARTHUR, TASMANIA



when any of the prisoners escaped. Dogs trained to track them were kept in readiness to catch any fugitives rash enough to risk dying of starvation in the bush. The country around is well-wooded and in those days if it had not been for these dogs, no doubt many a convict would have got away. And lastly, in order to prevent their escape by swimming across the harbour at its narrowest point, sharks were kept there, and regularly fed.

I was particularly interested in this visit, as in the old convict days my maternal grandfather, John Lord, was Lieut.-Governor, and had resided in the Governor's house at Port Arthur.

At Hobart the house occupied by John Lord, a massive stone building at the top of Elizabeth Street, is still known as Lord's house, and the road in which it is situated is called Lord's Lane. Whilst at Hobart, I met Mr Roberts, an aged but exceedingly clear-headed solicitor who had known my grandfather as well as a great uncle who was for many years a resident magistrate. I was anxious to inspect some of the old birth registers, but found that all documents appertaining to the convict days were destroyed when Tasmania ceased to be a penal settlement. This was done in order that it might not be said later on that this or that person is a descendant of someone who left the old country "for his country's good."

It was out of compliment to John Lord, who came from Co. Pembroke—little England beyond Wales—that one of the divisions of Tasmania was called Pembroke, a mountain named Mount Lord and a village called Orielson.

Transportation ceased in 1853 and the name of the Colony was then changed from Van Diemen's Land to Tasmania, and Hobart Town became Hobart.

Convicts were sent not only from the United Kingdom and the Colonies, but also from India, which probably explains how John Lord, who was at one time Secretary to the Governor General of India (Lord Moira) came to be Lieutenant-Governor of Van Diemen's Land.

After a short stay at Port Arthur we left for Hobart. We carried out target practice *en route*. This, at that period, was not the scientific and precise business that has been gradually

evolved together with improved guns, improved sights and accurate range-finders. It consisted in dropping overboard a cask on to which a pole bearing a red flag was fitted, and steaming round it and firing at ranges varying from 200 to 500 yards. It was not accounted for righteousness to hit the target, in fact, the gun-layer who succeeded in sinking the cask or hitting the pole was regarded as being distinctly a nuisance, as by so doing it delayed the firing, and meant that a new cask had to be got out ! Just as good practice could be made, it was said, by going just short or beyond. For night firing we usually had a small three-sided canvas target.

During our stay at Hobart, which lasted nearly a month, we carried out our rifle practice at Sandy Bay range and received a considerable amount of kindness and hospitality from the residents.

One unfortunate incident occurred which had I been more experienced would have cost me less. The first lieutenant and I hired horses and went for a ride to a place called Longley. During the return home my companion's horse bolted and he unfortunately took a toss and when I came up to him he was lying by the roadside suffering from slight concussion. After he was sufficiently recovered I assisted him to an inn at Fern Tree, about a mile away, and having caught his horse put both his and mine in the stable. Whilst in the inn one of the horses had an attack of colic, but this was not regarded as in any way serious. After a rest and tea at the inn we both rode back to Hobart, and next day I was informed that the horse which I had ridden had died in the night, from being "over-ridden." I found out afterwards that the horse was an old one and known to have suffered from heart-disease. £15 was demanded as its value, and I was told that if the case was taken into Court, the judgment would surely go against me, and I should have to pay costs as well as the value of the horse, for, it was said, a local judge and jury would be certain to be prejudiced in any case in which "mounted sailors" were concerned. Possibly they regarded them much as people at home do "beggars on horseback" !

I offered the dealer £10 to settle the case and this he accepted through the kind offices of a civilian whom I had met ashore. I was told after the settlement had been effected that I had been under no obligation legal or otherwise with regard to a horse hired at the owner's risk, and which moreover had been returned alive and apparently in good health to its stable. It seems that my adviser, who was a local polo player, was heavily in debt to Mr.—— the horse-dealer, and as he saw no immediate prospect of meeting his obligations to this good man, thought that it would be only kind to contribute towards the upkeep of the stable through the medium of another! A solicitor in Hobart, to whom later on I confided my troubles, said that I had been victimised, and if only I had consulted him, all this would have been avoided. I wonder would it!

It took us five days under sail and steam to reach Sydney, a distance of some 650 miles. We spent nearly a week there completing with stores for the Islands and then left for Nouméa, the chief town of the French Colony, New Caledonia. We proceeded under sail and steam averaging 127.5 miles per day and arrived at Nouméa in eight days.

New Caledonia was discovered on 4th September, 1774, by Captain Cook, who gave it the name by which it is now known in consequence of the fancied resemblance its wild rocky shores had to those of Scotland.

During the voyage in which New Caledonia was discovered, certain other islands were also found, which afterwards became very familiar to us. Amongst them were Mallicolo, Erromango, Tanna Island, and later on Norfolk Island.

The ship's company of the *Resolution* must have felt very disappointed with the natives they encountered in these parts, so different from those with whom they had been on such good terms at Tahiti or as it was then called Otaheite. The natives cannot be described as anything short of ugly, and they were not at first kindly disposed towards strangers. I shall speak of these natives, known as "Kanakas," later on.

New Caledonia is situated entirely within the tropics, and is a narrow strip of land 250 miles long and some 34 miles broad, running in a direction NW to SE. It is almost

surrounded by a coral reef. The country is not very fertile and possesses great wealth of minerals, of which more will be said later. There is a lofty plateau to the N. of Mt. Paniô which is some 5577 ft. above sea level. Mt. Paniô itself is 5,070 ft. high, Mt. Humboldt a little less and Mont d'Or, which is close to Nouméa, is about 2,376 ft. in height.

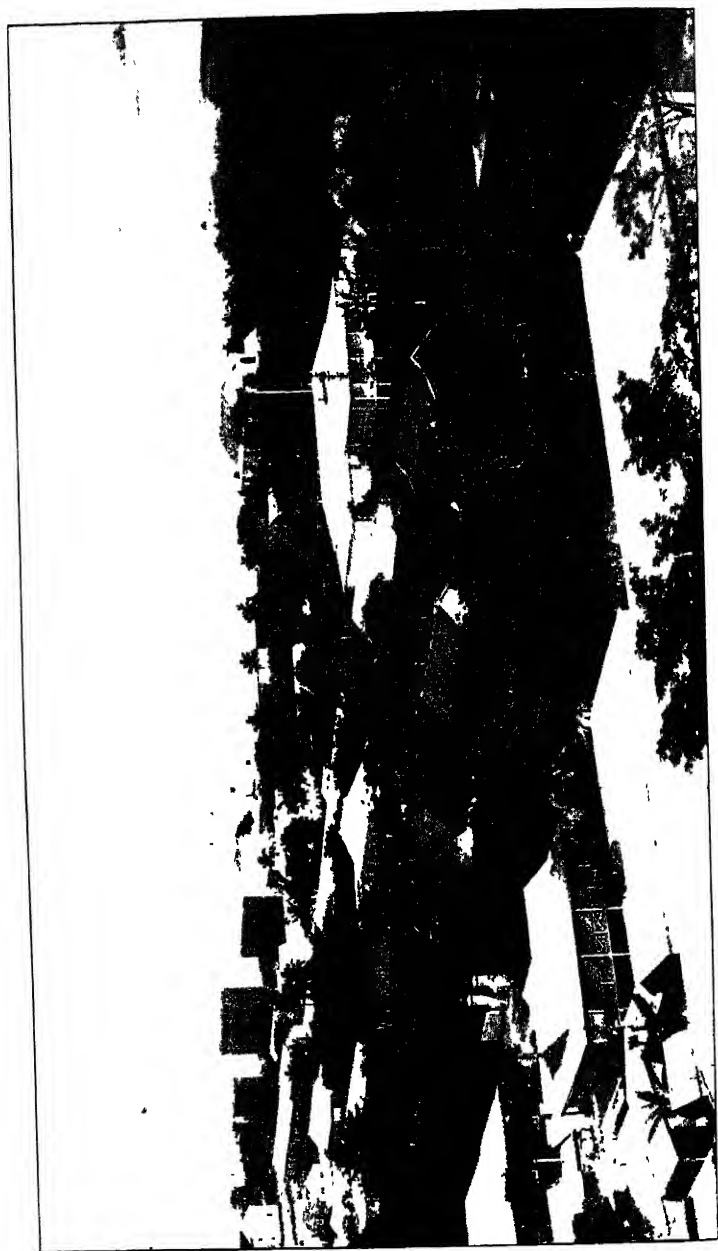
New Caledonia boasts of its four seasons (Australia being said to have only two, like the water-supply described by house agents, h. and c.) During the summer hurricanes occasionally visit the Islands, for which reason we were never there during the height of summer, when trees are occasionally uprooted, houses unroofed, and ships liable to be driven ashore. In July and August the heat is tempered by the trade winds, but September and October are the months *par excellence* when it is not too hot and seldom rains, Spring being the dry, Autumn the wet season. Summer may be said to begin on Christmas Day.

The natives of New Caledonia, as already stated, are ugly in appearance. Blacker than Polynesians, but less black than West African negroes, they have frizzy hair, somewhat broad foreheads and thick lips, flat noses, ears generally having a big hole in the lower lobe in which they carry various objects either for ornament or use. The men have bushy beards. The women are peculiarly ugly, and like the men they have very prominent teeth which look as if designed for cannibalistic feasts. Their breasts are remarkably large and pear-shaped, ears torn, as a sign of mourning but one which unfortunately cannot be cast aside when the period of grief expires, eyes usually bloodshot which adds a certain air of ferocity to an already unattractive appearance.

Whether it is in consequence of French influence or not it is only fair to say that the women walk with a grace and stateliness which is quite remarkable. Some of them bleach their hair with lime obtained by burning coral. Their native dress is scanty, but in Nouméa they affected French fashions, but had bare feet and uncovered heads.

Our dealings with New Caledonia were chiefly restricted to Nouméa and excursions to such places as the Prise D'Eau, Anse Vata Baie, etc., all within easy distance. Nouméa at





NOUMÉA SHOWING MILITARY HOSPITAL.

the S.W. extremity, is prettily situated at the head of a bay protected on the one side by the Ile Nou and on the other by the Presqu'Ile Ducos. Above the town is a hill on which there is a signal station. In the town itself there are a few large buildings such as Government House, barracks, and a Roman Catholic Church; but for the most part the houses are of the ordinary type seen in all the small towns in Australia and New Zealand, *i.e.*, wooden houses with galvanised iron roofs and a verandah running around. Many of these houses are rendered pretty by the luxuriant growth of Bougainvillea or Passion flower trained up their sides, and have gardens resplendent with bright coloured crotons and enormous convolvuluses.

The streets are laid out in straight lines bordered with trees, some of which like the flame tree\* not only give shade but brighten up the scene with their gorgeous orange and scarlet blooms. Coco-nut palms too are a good deal in evidence, but nowhere more so than in the principal Square, called the Place des Cocotiers. Here the convict band, composed of some 40 musicians, used to play in the afternoon, whilst the youth and beauty of Nouméa paraded or sat around.

The convicts were dressed in loose fitting coats and trousers made of some coarse linen and wore broad-brimmed hats. Being usually badly shaven, they looked a lot of desperate ruffians. They certainly played well and it was said that there was no better band to be found in the whole of the S. Pacific.

Society in Nouméa was composed of "Fonctionnaires," naval and military officers and a few business people. There was also a large population composed of "libérés," *i.e.* persons who have expiated their crime by various terms of imprisonment. I once went to a ball at the Hotel de Ville at Nouméa, and noticed how the various strata of society occupied various portions of the room, each of which, like the dogs of Constantinople, knew its own "quartier." I remarked to a French officer that I thought under Republican government there were no social distinctions, that "*Liberté, Egalité,*

\* *Stenocarpus Cunninghami*, often spoken of as Flamboyant tree is a native of New Caledonia.

*Fraternité* " reigned supreme. He replied, " The social divisions are as defined under a Republic as under a Monarchy and we say, '*Liberté point, Egalité point, Fraternité point,*' " in other words, that the motto of the Republic means no more than the catch-words invented for political purposes at election times at home.

I visited the penitentiary on Ile Nou, the island which protects one side of the bay facing Nouméa, receiving my *autorisation* through the kindness of a French naval friend. This prison, at the time of my visit, contained several desperate murderers, who were permitted to live a life to which death would have been preferable.\* These poor wretches were forced to endure this life instead of the capital punishment which they probably deserved, because of the French objection to the death penalty.

One prisoner whom I saw had killed a professional rival by sending him a brace of poisoned partridges. He had, it was said, wrapped them up in the pages of a professional journal, the names of the subscribers to which could all be ascertained. He happened to be the subscriber most suspected, was visited, and the pages of the journal which went with the partridges were found to be missing from his copy, and on this evidence he was condemned. Of course it might, and probably was said that someone in order to throw suspicion on an innocent person had deliberately stolen the pages without the knowledge of the owner.

One of the most notable personages deported to New Caledonia was the Marquis de Rochefort-Luçay, better known as "Henri Rochefort." Henri Rochefort was forty years old when the Franco-Prussian war took place, and after the withdrawal of the Prussians in March, 1871 he was implicated in the insurrectionary movement known as the "Commune."

The Commune of Paris attempted to assert itself as the supreme power in France. The Communists committed

\* One case is actually recorded of a man who had attained the status of "1st class convict," when one day when engaged on work with a pickaxe went up to a defenceless warder whose back was turned and struck him dead with his tool. He did this solely in order that he might be executed and so end an existence which to him was living death.

atrocious crimes and were responsible for intense suffering during the three months that Paris was in their hands, and, at last, when they were defeated towards the end of May, they slaughtered prisoners, destroyed public buildings, and monuments, including the column in the Place Vendôme.

When the regular army defeated them, popular opinion was so embittered against the Communists that many reprisals took place. Rochefort was deported on account of the part he had played in the sanguinary rebellion, but managed to escape from New Caledonia in 1873. He was always a fighter (with his pen). He founded the paper *L'Intransigeant*, took an active part in exposing the scandals of the Panama Canal and was a bitter opponent of the supporters of Dreyfus. For many years he lived in London, and died in 1913 at Aix les Bains, aged 83.

We visited the "Cellules" where the worst offenders are condemned to pass weeks, months and even years. They never hear a sound or see a soul, their food is brought to them by warders wearing list or felt slippers, and is placed in such a way that they cannot see the person who brings it. They get little light and so become anaemic, and as white as blanched celery.\* On the doors of some of the cellules each of which bore the number of the prisoner and the length of his term we read sentences which to work out would have required a man to live to the age of Methuselah. The cumulative system from which these sentences resulted consisted in the doubling of the award each time the poor wretch committed some fresh offence. One can readily understand that a man originally sentenced to four years of this punishment would be perfectly indifferent after it had been doubled two or three times. It was not uncommon, under this system, for a prisoner to be given 60, 80 or even 100 years' imprisonment! Those condemned to punishment in the cellules did not live long and I believe few survived ten years of this punishment, and most succumbed after two or three. Executions by means of the guillotine occasionally took place, but none occurred

\* During the Great War the exponents of Kultur, treated some of their prisoners in the same way, and a friend of mine who was subjected to this barbarous treatment for six months, was nearly blind when liberated.

whilst we were at Nouméa. When an execution is carried out, the guillotine, which we were allowed to inspect, would be erected on the parade ground, and the prisoners, kneeling, would form three sides of a square, the fourth being occupied by the guillotine. The sight of the execution was thought to act as a deterrent "*pour encourager les autres.*"

Each prisoner was allowed a strip of canvas for a hammock, and many of these prisoners used to tear off strips of it to make into slippers, so that in extreme cases where they had cut or torn off a lot of the canvas, they had practically no hammock left.

Well behaved prisoners were allowed to sell these slippers, as well as ornaments such as fancy combs, carved out of tortoise-shell, curios made from nautilus shells, bones, etc., and with the profits derived from these sales they were allowed to buy cigarettes.

There are many tales current of marvellous escapes, and more distressing stories of how, just as the "good" convicts had completed their preparations, the work of months and months was discovered. The cruelty of allowing prisoners to build boats, etc., and then when they were completed seize them, is like a cat playing with a mouse.

One historic escape is worth mentioning. One afternoon at Ile Nou, a working party consisting of twelve convicts, were all in a boat in which they had secreted some sacks of flour and a barrel of water. They took their places in the most natural manner, as it was a routine boat which crossed every afternoon to the mainland, and before the "Surveillant" had embarked, they pushed off and started rowing. They were hailed by a sentry and told to return as the warder or surveillant was not with them, but they took no notice; they next hoisted the sail and with a fair wind they were soon out of range. The prison authorities signalled their escape, but no notice of this was taken, and in fact no boat appeared to have steam up. They all got away and in due course reached Sydney. They were reported officially as drowned! When I was on the Australian station, complaints were made from time to time of escaped convicts having reached Australia, but I do not think that many escaped.

\*A French naval officer (Lieutenant de Vaisseau) who had taken part in the Commune, as Commandant of the Parisian flotilla, when sent to New Caledonia, refused to wear the prison garb; he was therefore forced to stay in one of the "Cabanons" or cells. The Governor did his best to persuade this officer to wear prison clothes, but all his efforts were in vain. The Lieutenant said, "Manlius lived away from his country for 20 years and came back just in time to save it. Why should I give up hope?"

Louise Michel, the anarchist who fought at the barricades during the Commune was for a long time a "déportée" on the Presqu'île Ducos. Those who were déportés received better treatment than the ordinary Forçats but neither male nor female could leave their respective camps at Numbo and Tindu without being accompanied by a surveillant. It was whilst she was at Tindu that Louise Michel wrote *Chansons et Gestes des Canaques*.

She was released in 1880, but three years later re-arrested for participation in anarchist riots and sentenced to six years' imprisonment. She was however released after three years and came to London.

The convicts in New Caledonia were divided into four classes. The first three were composed of persons of good character, graded after a period of apprenticeship and promoted according to merit and good behaviour. The first two classes were credited with wages to the extent of 1d. and  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a day, paid into their accounts, and when they had finished their sentence the sums resulting from this pay were given less any small sums issued to them monthly; so even if a convict of the 1st class received 1d. a day, it only meant £1 10s. 5d. per annum, less stoppages. I should mention that the highest grade was that of "contremaitre," which entitled the holder to as much as four sous a day.

The 3rd class convict received no money but participated in the distribution of chewing tobacco issued to those who behaved well. Ordinary déportés usually went to the Ile des Pins to the S.E. of New Caledonia.

\* Tablettes d'un ancien Fonctionnaire de la Nouvelle-Calidonie.

After a time certain convicts of the first class were permitted to serve as domestic servants to the *fonctionnaires* and receive wages to the extent of 6 frs. a month.

A few convicts after a certain period of imprisonment were allowed to marry. In one of the prisons, nuns known as the *Soeurs de Saint-Joseph de Cluny* had a certain number of girls and widows under their supervision, and they were permitted to select from amongst these women those whom they considered suitable for marriage. When a marriage was about to be permitted between a convict and one of these women prisoners, the prospective bridegroom stood behind a barred window or "grille" whilst the eligible women paraded before him like a "mannequin show." The convict made his selection, and if the woman was willing the formalities for the wedding were quickly gone through and the couple allowed to marry and settle down. The sole occupation open to them was that of keeping some business licensed by the authorities, which was usually a "grog-shop," \*but they were not allowed to leave the district or commune in which the licensed business was situated. As the number of these shops were strictly limited it followed that marriages between convicts were rare. Most people will consider this as a fortunate circumstance, since the outlook could not be very promising for the offspring resulting from such a union.

Convicts sentenced to more than eight years' "hard labour" were obliged to end their days in the colony. When they had finished their sentence they were released and known as *libérés*. Owing to the cheap labour obtainable amongst convicts of good character, it followed that the *libérés* preferred prison life, for, as convicts they were fed, clothed and cared for, and as *libérés* they had a struggle for existence. If one had a little capital, or had friends who would finance him, his lot was easier, but a man who has been doing eight or more years' hard labour in a distant colony is apt to discover that it is difficult to find faithful friends able and willing to help him after such a lapse of time.

\* "Débit de boissons."

## CHAPTER VIII

NEW HEBRIDES QUESTION — TRADERS AND COPRAH —  
“BLACKBIRDING” — EXPENSIVE SALAD — “TWITCHER,”  
EARL OF SANDWICH — CANNIBALISM — DRESS — SOR-  
CERY — VOLCANOES — LANGUAGES.

**B**EFORE the German menace became acute and Lord Fisher made his drastic alterations in the distribution of the Fleet, small ships, usually sloops\* or gunboats† were always employed in those remote parts of the globe which are attainable by water (I say water advisedly because there are river as well as sea gunboats). The duty of these ships is to “show the flag” and protect British interests. They were apparently insignificant and not much use from a war point of view, as they were not sufficiently armed for a serious encounter, and too slow to find safety in flight; nevertheless, their commanders often had to deal with situations which if improperly handled might complicate important diplomatic questions.

In order to understand the New Hebrides question it is necessary to consider the following facts:—

New Caledonia, as already stated, is rather barren and very mountainous. It has only one really good harbour, and is not entirely self-supporting. Cattle, horses and pigs thrive, the latter of the Chinese variety introduced by Captain Cook. Sheep do not do well, partly no doubt, owing to the climate, but chiefly because of a thorny variety of sensitive plant, which injures both wool and flesh alike. Goats become anæmic. As the New Hebrides can supply most of those things in

\* Sloop, in the naval sense, means a Commander's command.

† Gunboats used to be impolitely called “Bug-traps” by naval officers, as these ships usually spent most of their time in hot climates, where they became infested with cockroaches, which when once firmly established cannot easily be got rid of.

which New Caledonia is deficient, its importance to the French is obvious.

This colony, however, if not destined to be an agricultural country, has, at any rate, great possibilities from a mineral point of view. It is rich in minerals, some of which, like nickel, cobalt and chrome are exceedingly valuable. Coal has also been found. Francis Garnier in 1863 discovered an important nickel ore there, and an Australian settler named Higginson, observing that the roads were metalled with a peculiar stone, had some of it assayed, and to his surprise found that it was a valuable variety of ore, composed of nickel and magnesium silicate. This country if it had not, like the New Jerusalem, its streets paved with gold, had at any rate its roads metalled with nickel, which to-day is almost as valuable. In these days of nickel coinage and nickel steel so largely used for armour plates of ships, it will readily be seen that it is a very precious metal.

The New Hebrides Islands have good harbours, capable of conversion into naval bases, the land is exceedingly fertile, and it is said that on most of the islands three crops of maize can be obtained in one year, in addition to which there is coffee, vanilla, coco-nuts, bread-fruit, pine apples, guavas, yams, taro, etc., all of which can be cultivated with little trouble and, added to these, there is valuable timber everywhere. It is therefore not to be wondered that the French were very anxious to annex these islands.

The New Hebrides question was one which had only recently been amicably settled when the *Ringdove* was sent to serve on the New Hebrides Mixed Commission (Anglo-French). Gunboats such as the *Ringdove* were admirably suited for this kind of work, and the captain, Lieutenant in Command E. J. Bain (not Lieutenant-Commander, for that rank had not then been created), who had been a flag lieutenant at Malta, was accustomed to dealing with foreigners, and in addition spoke fluent French and Italian. Unfortunately all the captains of gunboats were not like that of the *Ringdove*, a notable exception being one, who in consequence of his love of shooting, a sport in which he excelled, was known to everyone—natives included—as “Jimmy Ducks.” This

officer was neither a diplomat nor a linguist, and in addition he stammered. On one occasion he was a guest at an official dinner given by the French Governor at Nouméa. During the dinner his hostess asked him "why he was not drinking anything"? and he replied "because I'm a tee-tee-totaller."

"Que veut dire Monsieur"? demanded the hostess, of another guest, who explained that it meant an "anti-alcoholiste." Then she politely asked him what he would like, and he said "du thé," and after some delay tea was provided, but still he appeared dissatisfied. Again, he was asked whether the tea was not all right and he replied, "No, there's no "milick" this being the Kanaka pronunciation of milk. After much difficulty, milk was procured, but it was said to have been obtained by robbing a baby's bottle.

The officer referred to in this anecdote was a very keen sportsman and an excellent shot. On one occasion, when out duck-shooting in the New Hebrides, his native guide took him to a lake on which were large quantities of duck. The native, when told to throw a stone at them in order to make them rise, was amazed and disgusted, for he expected that his master would shoot them when they were sitting, and describing the incident later, said, "When I show him plenty duck, he, all same fool, tell me throw stones, but by God he shoot 'em."

The New Hebrides were first discovered in 1606 by the Spanish navigator, Fernandez de Queiros (usually but incorrectly written Quiros). The largest island which Queiros discovered was thought by him to be a new continent, and he named it Espiritu Santo, the name which it still bears.

Bougainville next visited them in 1768, and discovered four more, and Cook in 1774, within the space of 46 days, discovered ten other islands. He found that Espiritu Santo, although by far the largest island in the group, was not the continent which Queiros had imagined it to be. Altogether there are about 20 islands, which may on reference to the map, be seen to be capable of sub-division into Northern and Southern groups. In the Northern we find Espiritu Santo, Mallicolo, Pentecost and Aurora.

In the Southern sub-group the principal islands are Ambrym, Epi, the three Shepherd Isles, Mai, Two Hills, Sandwich or Efaté, Erromanga, Tanna, Aneityum, Aoba and St. Bartholomew or Hat Island. The whole group is comprised between the 12th and 21st degrees of South Latitude, and the 165th and 171st meridians of East Longitude.

The waters were by no means thoroughly surveyed when we were there, and there were many uncharted rocks and shoals. There are three active volcanoes among these islands, viz :—those of Tanna, Ambrym and Lopevi, of which I shall speak later, for it is in consequence of these places being in the line of volcanic disturbances that the upheavals occur in the bottom of the sea which make navigation particularly dangerous after dark, and spots which to-day show six fathoms of water, may to-morrow be high and dry, as will be shown later in the case of the Ambrym eruption. In the day-time, the danger is less, provided the weather is clear, and the sea calm, as a “look-out” at the mast-head is able to observe discoloured patches of water which indicate reefs or shallows.

Until comparatively recent times very little was known of the New Hebrides, as for very many years after Cook’s time only those who came in search of sandal-wood and biche-de-mer (so much in demand in China), whaling and the native labour trade visited them. To-day the chief industry is connected with fruit and coprah.

Before we left Sydney for the Islands we laid in a large stock of “trade gear,” consisting of coloured calico, beads, cheap mirrors, and sticks of twist tobacco. This last is a very black species of tobacco, done up in small sticks, which used to cost about a farthing each. I believed it is treated in some way with molasses in order that it may be used as “chewing tobacco.”

The purchasing power of trade tobacco, “tabak,” as the natives call it, was considerable in 1892-93. For four sticks one could buy from 12 to 15 coconuts, and the traders were very anxious that we, whose livelihood did not depend on the rate of exchange of “tabak,” should not depreciate the currency by over-paying for ordinary necessities such as chickens, bread-fruit, yams and taro. In most of the islands,

particularly in those unvisited by the monthly steamer *Rockhampton*, you could buy a small chicken (there were no big chickens) for a stick or two of tobacco.

Our Engineer (Richard Collingwood) was our mess caterer, and he, alone, was allowed to barter with the natives when it was a question of purchasing food supplies. On one occasion the natives refused to part with their chickens for less than four sticks of tobacco, and he considered that one, or at the most two sticks, was ample, and that to pay such "extortionate prices" as the natives asked would ruin the market for others. We, who wanted chickens as a change from "bully beef" and salt pork, protested, as we felt certain that the next ship which came along would unhesitatingly pay even six sticks (value  $1\frac{1}{2}$ d.) without a murmur if that was the market price of fowls. Our caterer was adamant, and employed the unanswerable argument about "knowing of a better caterer," and as no one was anxious for the job, he had his way and we left without purchasing a single chicken. As a matter of fact, we should have inflicted a hardship on traders and coprah makers if we had paid more than the market price, as in those days the contents of from 12 to 15 coconuts were only worth four sticks of tobacco, and if we overpaid the natives, it punished those who had to live on the islands.

There is a little island in Sou'west bay, about the centre of a coral reef off Mallicolo, conical in shape, 140 feet high, some few hundred yards in circumference, and moreover well-wooded. Men-of-war used to do their firing there, and it was considered desirable that it should be purchased for the British Government. Negotiations were made with the native chief, and the transfer was effected for the modest sum of ten sticks of tobacco! Since its sale, it has been known as "Ten Stick Island."

Coprah is the dried kernel of the coconut and used to be worth about £10 or £11 a ton; to-day it is worth at least £14 a ton. It is made by splitting ripe coconuts and drying the kernels either in the sun or in huts; in the latter case, the fuel employed is the coconut shell. If coprah in the drying process gets wet, it is ruined, so in many of the more civilised

Pacific Islands, as, for example, Hawaii, coprah is dried in special ovens.

The way coconuts have spread from island to island without the agency of man is truly remarkable. The nut at first is enclosed in an outer husk, which being three-sided, enables it to drift more readily than if it were round. It is carried by currents and washed on shore where it sprouts and takes root in the decaying coral, and as it requires brackish water, it naturally finds this close to the sea. When in full bearing the palms attain a height of from 60 to 100 feet, and yield from 200 to 500 nuts a year. The leaves, often 18 to 20 feet in length, are graceful and droop like long plumes.

For the many uses of the coconut (and its uses are legion), I would refer the reader to "Guides to Knowledge," but it might be mentioned that during the war charcoal made from the hard shells was an important ingredient of some of the anti-gas compositions employed in gas masks.

The coprah-makers have a risky life, for, as a rule, their calling takes them away from the haunts of other white men. During the season when coprah-making is at a standstill (December to March) they add to their income by collecting *biche-de-mer*—often, but inaccurately, written *beche de mer*. *Beche de mer* literally means a sea spade, but *biche-de-mer* bears no possible resemblance to a spade, whereas the Portuguese word *bicho*, which means a grub or worm, is much more probably the origin of the word; for *biche-de-mer* is a sea slug some 6 to 15 inches long, met with on coral reefs. Under this name are included several varieties of holothuria or trepangs, all of which are species of echinoderms. Some have smooth skins and others have rows of small spicules or prickles. A brown variety much valued by traders has five rows of these spicules or prickles and the traders call this kind the "brown with the teats."

*Biche-de-mer* is prepared for export by boiling for 20 minutes, splitting and drying, first in the sun and finally over a fire which smokes them. *Biche-de-mer* fetches from £80 to £100 a ton. It is packed in barrels and exported to China, where as soup it is one of the greatest luxuries known to a Celestial.

When we were in the islands, the majority of the traders were ex-Merchant Service officers; occasionally they were men who belonged to well-known families who had been “killed by the pace” at home. I met one or two of this kind; they had married native wives and given such hostages to fortune that in all probability they will end their days in the islands!

There were not many French traders, “man oui oui,” as the natives called them; a few were congregated at Port Sandwich and Port Vila, but not many elsewhere. Now, I believe, owing to the lack of encouragement given to our own fellow-countrymen, and the trading disadvantages under which our people labour, the French are beginning to preponderate. Port Vila or Franceville is now the headquarters of the Condominium, where the French element predominates, and there are, as in their mother country, quite a large number of “fonctionnaires,” which is not surprising, for it is a saying in France that when a child is born, it is either “fille ou fonctionnaire.”

In 1868 the shortage of hands in Northern Australia, Fiji and Samoa led people to visit the New Hebrides in search of “labour.” The recruiting of “labour” was a going concern when the *Ringdove* first went to these islands. If not strictly a “slave trade” in the sense of the slave trade which provided labour for the West Indies, it had many points in common with that nefarious industry. Labour schooners used to visit certain islands, hoist a ball at the mast head or fire a gun to attract the natives; then by means of gifts in kind to the headmen of the tribes, many of the young men (and sometimes women) were induced by promise of “plenty kai-kai” (plenty of food), and gifts of beads, calico, axes, knives, etc., to offer themselves for a period of three or five years for service in the sugar plantations of Queensland, Fiji and Samoa. They had to be duly enrolled or indentured, and during their period of service they were fed and given such scanty clothing as a warm climate requires, and on the expiration of their time they were returned to their native land, given a chest full of “trade gear” consisting of cheap mirrors,

coloured calico, knives, pipes, tobacco and possibly that most valuable of all articles (next to a gun), an axe.

I was told that what usually happened when a native returned at the end of his period of service was that the goods earned by three or five years' labour were inspected by the chief or headman of the village, who selected those objects which he liked best, and the remainder (if there was any remainder), the toiler was allowed to dispose of or keep.

It might be thought that the natives who have been to Queensland or Fiji, and have returned after long absence to their native land, would bring back civilised customs and habits. Unfortunately, they find the fruits of their labours secured by native profiteers, so they revert to savagery within a very short time of their return, and indulge in tribal wars, the prizes of which are cannibal feasts. All those who have had experience of Tanna and Mallicolo boys returned from their period of servitude, agree that the last stage of these people is apt to be worse than the first.

There is a well-known case of certain aboriginals of Australia, who went to England, wore clothes made by fashionable tailors, were lionised by "Society," and yet a few months after their return to their native land, were found outside Melbourne in the lowest stages of degradation and squalor. All this points to the difficulty of making the Ethiopian change his skin or the wild aboriginal his savage nature! Sometimes for private reasons natives wished to get away, and their parents or their chief did not wish them to leave. If they succeeded through swimming off to the ship, the tribe were apt to avenge themselves on the nearest trader, or on the next ship which came "blackbirding" (as the traders call the recruiting of labour). One of the greatest bones of contention amongst the traders was, that whereas the French were permitted by their Government to traffic in arms, which possess the highest possible purchasing value, our traders were punished if detected doing so.

My first acquaintance with the "Islands" was made at Port Fila or Port Vila as the French called it. Fila is situated at the S.W. end of the island of Sandwich, otherwise known as Efaté or Vaté.

Sandwich isle was one of the New Hebrides discovered in 1774 by Cook ; Forster the naturalist, who accompanied him, was so enchanted with it that he wrote of it as " the new terrestrial paradise." Cook himself considered Sandwich far superior to Otaheite (Tahiti).

" Sandwich," he said, " is certainly a magnificent island, and its beauty differs from that of the other islands which we have previously visited, its formation being generally undulated, and covered with the rich vegetation of the tropics."

No one visiting Fila for the first time could fail to be impressed by its beauty ; the hilly country as seen from the ship was clothed with luxuriant vegetation, with a fringe of cocopalms all along the shore, and behind that an immense variety of trees, conspicuous amongst which were the justly celebrated bread-fruit tree, and the pandanus or screw-pine.

The French have made Fila the centre for the New Hebrides trade, have cleared a certain amount of " bush " and established a coffee plantation. The small collection of planters' habitations is called " Franceville " and possesses a mayor. In 1892 M. F. Chevillard was " Maire de Franceville," and he showed us much kindness and hospitality. At a luncheon party which he gave in our honour he regaled the guests with cocopalm salad. This salad is the most costly dish that can be provided, and is the equivalent of turtle soup at a Lord Mayor's banquet, for, in order to make it, the young shoots at the top of a cocopalm have to be gathered. Once these shoots are cut off, the tree can grow no more and is of no further use. It is about on a par with burning a house in order to obtain roast pork. When one considers the monetary value of a cocopalm in full bearing, with its enormous yield of nuts, it is easily realised what a sacrifice a planter makes when he destroys a tree in order to provide a delectable salad !

When mentioning the names of the islands, it will be noticed that some of them retain their native names, others like " Espiritu Santo," and " Pentecost," are given religious ones. Efaté seems to have been named " Sandwich " by Cook ; the name is unfortunate, as in the same group, in another island (Mallicolo) there is an important harbour

named Port Sandwich, and further west in the Pacific we have the Sandwich Isles or Hawaii, with Honolulu as capital. It is strange that probably one of the worst and most cordially hated First Lords of the Admiralty should have had so many places named after him. John Montagu, fourth Earl of Sandwich (1718-1792) was a Lord Commissioner of the Admiralty in 1774, First Lord, 1748-1751, 1763-1768, and 1771-1782. He was so unpopular in the Navy that he was called "Twitcher"\* after a notorious highwayman in the Beggar's Opera, who had betrayed his friend. To have at least three places named Sandwich and others Montague and Hinchinbrooke in his honour, shows what power he must have had.

In the postscript of an undated letter from Lord Pembroke to Lord Herbert, quoted in "Select Naval Documents," it says :—

"Lord Charles Spencer has resigned his place at the Admiralty, because he can not in honour, he says, sit with the First Lord ; out 'Twitcher' must, and the strong strange protection he has in one place only, makes it all the more absolutely necessary. He will certainly annihilate the Navy if he stays on."

The first Earl of Sandwich, Sir Edward Montague, who had been a general at sea with Blake, was created Viscount Hinchinbrooke and Earl of Portsmouth on 29th of June, 1660, and on 12th July of that year his title was changed from Earl of Portsmouth to Earl of Sandwich. He had been an intimate friend of Oliver Cromwell, but when he saw that, as Protector, Richard Cromwell was not going to be successful, he became an ardent Royalist. Charles II rewarded him with the Earldom for the assistance which he gave in the cause of the Restoration.

I have never heard why it was that Cook gave the name of New Hebrides to that group. Queiros called them the New Cyclades. It could not have been on account of their proximity to New Caledonia or Nova Caledonia as Cook

\* "Select Naval Documents," edited by H. W. Hodges and E. A. Hughes.

called it, for he visited the New Hedrides before he discovered the latter. If the nature of the inhabitants is influenced by their surroundings, it is strange that in the New Hebrides, which were said by Cook to contain the most beautiful places he had ever visited. The natives were most treacherous and savage, truly a case similar to that mentioned in the well-known hymn by Bishop Heber.

“ Though every prospect pleases  
And only man is vile.”

Captain Cook, contrasting the New Hebrides, which he left on the 1st September, 1774, with New Caledonia which he first sighted three days later, says :—

“ It is easily to be conceived, that the contrast between Nova Caledonia and the New Hebrides was very striking to us, who had so lately visited those rich and fertile islands, where the vegetable kingdom glories in its greatest perfection ; and the difference in the character of the people was no less surprising. All the natives of the South Sea Islands, excepting those which Tasman found on Namoka, and a few others, made some attempt to drive away strangers who came to visit them, but the people of Nova Caledonia, at the first sight of us, received us as friends. They ventured to come on board our ship, without the least mark of fear or distrust, and suffered us freely to ramble throughout their country as far as we pleased.”

It is a remarkable thing that the natives of the islands in the Western Pacific should be so much more savage than those in the eastern division of that ocean. If you take the 180th meridian which passes through some of the islands of the Fiji group, you will find that cannibalism, although at one time met with in some of the islands in the East, was never so common as in the West. The conversion of Fiji, at one time a hot-bed of cannibalism in its worst and most wanton forms, is one of the triumphs of missionary effort.

In one island, however, in the New Hebrides, where Roman Catholic missionaries had converted natives from cannibalism to Christianity, the latter, when taught the doctrine of transubstantiation were horrified, for, they said, they could not understand how it could be right to partake of Holy Communion

if what the priests had taught them was true, and that if it was wrong to "kai-kai" a man, how much more wrong it would be to "kai-kai Jesus."

In another island from which the Roman Catholic missionaries departed in disgust, after having failed to convert the natives, it is said that before leaving they played the part of the enemy mentioned in the parable of "the Sower," and planted tares among the corn. However disappointed they might be, it is difficult to believe that they would be so vindictive as to commit an act of this sort;

Cannibalism has long ceased in Fiji. Photographs of cannibal feasts, and of victims being carried to the place where the feast is to take place are sold or were sold when I visited Suva in Fiji, but they were obvious fakes.

Cannibalism, however, was still practised in many of the New Hebridean Islands when we were out there (1892-1893), notably in Espiritu Santo, Mallicolo and Tanna. On one occasion when we were visiting a little island named Walo, only separated from Mallicolo by a narrow channel, the "men belong Walo" killed a man belonging to Mallicolo. Whilst we were ashore they passed quite close to us (though we did not know it at the time), and took the body of their victim to a spot within easy distance of where we were. That night the body was eaten. The trader, whose name was Frank Whitford, suggested that if any officers wished to see a cannibal feast, he could arrange for Sammy, one of his "boys," to escort us. When the captain of the *Ringdove* was asked by me to give leave to officers wishing to go to this feast, he prudently refused, considering it too risky, as natives are apt to get very excited at these times. It is a common saying in the islands that "long pig" (as human flesh is called) is preferable when provided by native stock, as the white man, it is said, is too salt. No doubt this preference is fostered by missionaries and traders.

The same trader who offered to conduct us to the feast, promised to obtain the skull of the victim for me. His boy "Sammy" procured it in due course, but when H.M.S. *Dart*, a surveying ship, visited Walo some months after we had left, the skull was given to a namesake of mine on board

that ship, and when we ourselves visited the place later on I was told of the mistake.

There are certain portions of the body considered the greatest delicacy, and the forearms are said to be preferable to the legs, just as we prefer the leg of a bird that flies, and the wing of a bird that walks.

The cooking is done in the ordinary South Sea oven. This is constructed by making a hollow in the ground, heating large round stones, and then when these are hot enough covering them with banana or taro leaves ; the joints to be cooked are placed on these, covered with more leaves and then earthed over. After a certain time, which the natives can gauge to perfection, the mound is uncovered, and the dish, be it " long pig," or ordinary pig, chicken, bread-fruit, yams or taro is cooked to a turn.

In Tanna, where cannibalism was rife, I heard of widows being eaten, after they had been hanging for two days, which in the tropics is a long time. It used to be the custom in Tanna when a chief died, to strangle his widows ; this was done, it was said, in order that his needs might be attended to after death, and was also said to encourage loving attention and devotion during life !

On one occasion, when ashore in Mallicolo, I went off by myself and engaged some of the natives to execute a war dance somewhat after the nature of the " Pilou pilou " or war dance of the Kanakas of New Caledonia. I was glad to get away from the excited mob as soon as I possibly could, and was told afterwards that I was lucky to have got off scot free, as natives are apt to get quite out of hand when practising these dances.

With regard to the reason for cannibalism, some people assert that it is a natural craving for animal food which makes people take to it. In fertile islands, such as the New Hebrides, where there are plenty of yams (large flaky tuberous roots used in the tropics as a substitute for potatoes), taro (the tuberous roots of a tropical broad leaved plant *caladium esculentum*), bread-fruit and coconuts, it certainly cannot be lack of food. In all the islands, too, which we visited, there are pigs and dogs. The latter are practically vegetarians.

I have often seen a native dog devouring coconut as greedily as a dog at home would gnaw a bone. Cannibalism is said to be more common amongst the natives away from the coast than amongst those who are near the sea-shore and able to catch fish, which lends further support to the theory that it is due to a natural craving for animal food. The aboriginal native of Australia was at one time addicted to it despite the fact that he, too, was not short of vegetable food.

The tribes in the various islands are always at war with one another. The "salt water" natives or those near the sea-shore are seldom, if ever, on friendly terms with "man belong bush," *i.e.* those living in the interior.

Like man in his prehistoric condition, the native is never immune from attack, and for this reason the women do all the manual labour, and the men walk about with arms in order to protect them, these being either club, spear, bow and arrow, or if fortunate enough to obtain a gun or Snider rifle a native will wear a bandolier over his naked breast.

The women in nearly all the islands not converted to Christianity wore skirts made of palm or pandanus leaves, and these stick out all round like that of a ballerina. The only difference in the skirts of the women in the various islands was the length; in some islands they were worn longer than in others, and in Aoba, for instance, they were very short, in Tanna rather long, and in Erromango very long.

There were, however, places, notably in Mallicolo, Santo and Tangoa, where the women were naked and unashamed, except for a few strips worn round their waists. Children of both sexes are always naked until they attain the age of five in the case of a girl, or when circumcision has been performed in the case of a boy, which may occur anytime between five and ten, after which he wears the same scanty clothing as grown-up men.

I never remember seeing either men or women without bracelets or armlets, and the former frequently wear a boar's tusk suspended round their necks locket fashion. The bracelets or bangles round their necks were made either of shells ground to the form of round-edged rings, or boar's tusks which had grown so as to form an almost complete circle.

The armlets were made of beads wrought into various patterns, and these, like the men's belts, served the purpose of pockets for carrying pipes. The chiefs wear the armlet on the left arm, everyone else on the right.

However scanty their clothing might be, the women never looked immodest. Immodesty is not a failing of the natives. Possibly the dusky colour of their skins served the same purpose as the woad and other dyes with which our ancient forbears camouflaged their bodies. A common practice in Santo and Mallicolo is to have the lobes of the ear pierced, and the hole so stretched that it can contain certain objects such as small looking-glasses as big as half-a-crown, or pipes made of bamboo.

A clergyman once put the following announcement in his Parish magazine :—" In future I intend to wear no clothes, to distinguish me from my fellow Christians." The New Hebrideans came to the same decision many years before the clergyman notified this intention of defying police regulations ! The dress, when I was in the Islands, was so scanty that it used to be said that one pair of gloves would provide all the clothing required for ten men. In Tanna this would only be true with certain reservations, for in that island the gloves would have to be of gigantic proportions.

The men all wear a waist band of about three fingers' breadth, which acts as a suspender for the "clothing," and at the same time serves the same purposes as our pockets. In Tanna the " clothing " is further adorned with feathers or streamers. In some islands the men wore a scanty species of loin-cloth, but these, I feel confident, had assumed this dress as the result of their association with white men, and missionary influence.

Tattooing was practised in many of the islands, notably in Aoba, but it had not been brought to the perfection it reached amongst the Maoris of New Zealand or the Morioris of the Chatham Islands. In connection with tattooing, I submitted to this operation at the hands of some natives in Efaté ; the device they put on my arm consisted of some zig-zag lines. These lines according to the Rev. John Paton, represent water, and when engraved or depicted on

wood or stone, are connected at one place at least with a Flood legend. Possibly, I, being a "salt-water man," this device was chosen as specially appropriate for me. (It is remarkable that zig-zag lines should have been in use in the New Hebrides to represent water, the Egyptian word for which is "mu" and the hieroglyph representing that word is composed of wavy or zig-zag lines in three rows.)

Some months later, when a native saw my arm, he recognized the pattern, and said it was "all same man belong Aoba."

In the New Hebrides the men contrived by means of string made from bark to plait their hair into a species of ringlets, and the women in very many of the islands attempted to bleach their hair with lime made from coral. The skulls too in Mallicolo are compressed when they are infants in such manner as to make them more or less conical and so produce what has been described as the "pine-apple" skull. In one island I endeavoured to obtain specimens of these pine-apple skulls and arranged terms with a native who undertook to procure them for me. He came off with a sackful, but it so happened that I had gone away duck shooting when they came on board and the sailors seized the lot. Unfortunately, the first time we got bad weather after they came on board, all the skulls were thrown overboard or "ditched" as the sailors call it; and it was not until some considerable time afterwards that I succeeded in obtaining specimens.

There are many people at home who take *omne ignotum pro magnifico*; the majority of the New Hebrideans are however quite the reverse, and nothing new surprises them. Whether this is due to their belief that the white man is all powerful, or whether it is due to their lack of understanding, it is hard to say. A trader in Mallicolo told me, that with a view to amusing the friendly natives that lived around him, he once got up a magic lantern entertainment. They came to it and sat through it stolidly without either surprise or pleasure. When the end of the entertainment was reached and they showed no sign of moving, the trader told them it was "finish," but they declined to budge so he told them to go, this they refused to do as they said they had not been paid for coming to his entertainment! This was his first and last effort at

improving the amenities of life amongst New Hebridean natives !

I generally found I could photograph natives, provided I paid them for this concession, but when I wanted to obtain specimens of their hair, this was quite another matter. They strongly resented this, chiefly, the missionaries told me, because the natives believe that if any person who is malevolently disposed towards them wishes to bring about their death, he is able by means of sorcery to do so, if he can only get possession of some of their personal belongings. Death in these cases, which frequently occurs, is no doubt brought about by fear, though possibly it may at times be assisted by poison. If anyone wishes to kill an enemy in this way, it is most important that the intended victim should know that his adversary has got him in his power, but I never heard that this was essential.

I am indebted to Lieut. B. T. Somerville, R.N., who was in the surveying ship *Dart*, in the New Hebrides, when we were there for the following account of this species of witchcraft which I have just described, and which appeared in the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, Aug., 1893.

“ In Tanna in the Weasisi dialect it is called ‘ *Narak* ’ and curiously resembles the almost world-wide habit of revenge by which the death of an enemy is secretly compassed through making his effigy in wax, sticking it full of pins, and slowly melting it in a fire.”

In Tanna there is always one man in a village who can exercise *Narak*, and like everyone else, as it is often stated, has his price, so that if the individual against whom the witchcraft is working gets to know about it, and has sufficient power or money to outbid his rival, he can turn the tables on his adversary and bring about his death instead of his own.

I often observed the scrupulous tidiness of New Hebridean natives, who always gathered up or buried all banana-skins, pieces of orange peel, coconut shell or husk, etc., and so compared very favourably with the populace in our own country, who invariably leave papers, bottles, etc., in the places where they have picnicked, but this tidiness arises, not from any love of order, but in consequence of their dread of *Narak*, for if an adversary can only obtain anything which he has

touched, and rub it over a certain tree, with the leaves and twigs of this tree he will be able to make something which will serve as an effigy. This he hands to the *Narak* burner, who on being satisfied with his fees begins his deadly mysterious operations.

In Tanna it is said that if anyone trying to injure a person by *Narak* crosses running water, the spell is broken.

In "Tam o'Shanter" it is recorded that when Tam fled from Alloway Kirk with all the witches and warlocks following him his first thought was to cross the nearest stream. Thus we read :—

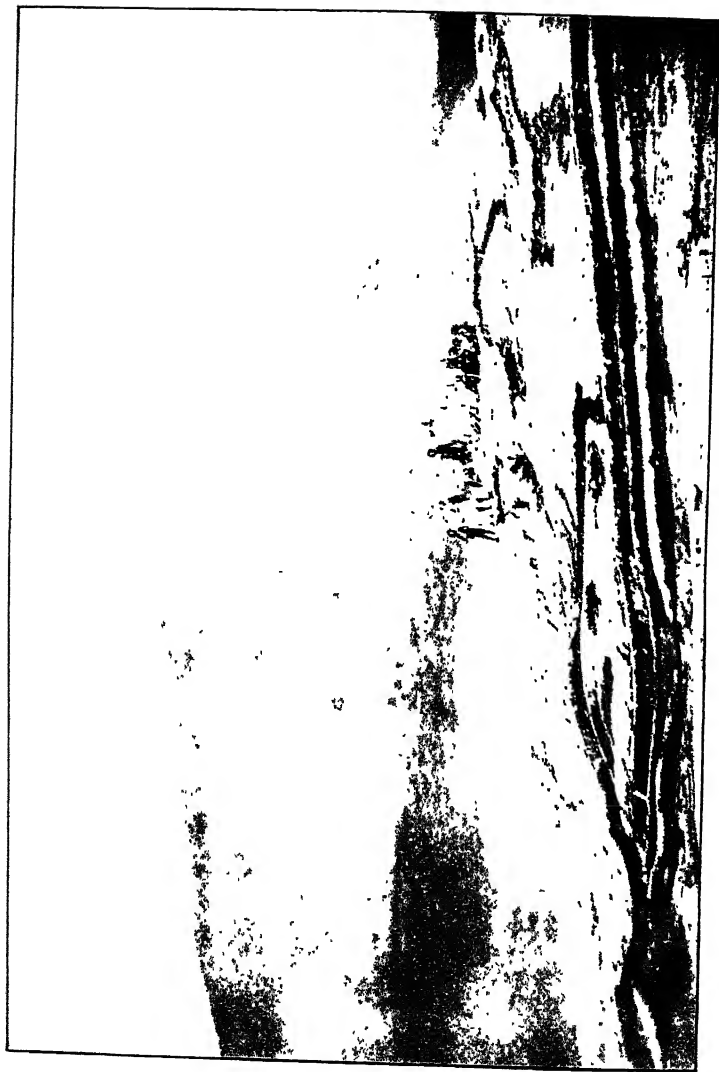
"Now do thy speedy utmost Meg,  
And win the key-stane of the brig.  
There at them thou thy tail may toss  
A running stream they dare na cross."

In England it has always been regarded as a deadly insult for anyone to be burned in effigy. Is not this perhaps a relic of a practice similar to that described above?

Tanna was by far the most interesting of the islands, yet it was the one where missionary effort had obtained the least success.

When first we visited this island at the end of August, 1892 there were not many people besides a few missionaries and traders who had been there, and still fewer who had a close acquaintance with its ever active volcano. It was therefore with no little excitement that we heard one day on anchoring in Sulphur Bay that those officers who wished to visit the volcano known as Mt. Yasua could do so the following morning. The missionary arranged for native guides to conduct us, and early next day three of us started. Our guides, armed with rifles which they invariably carried at full cock, led us in single file through several villages and bush tracks in dense tropical jungle. On our way we met fearsome looking savages who to add to their warlike appearance had, like Jezebel of old, tied their hair into numerous small plaits which resembled thick cord, and painted their faces with either red ochre or Reckitt's blue and charcoal, one half red or blue, the other half black. The last being of the nature of "lily painting" as to most people their skins would appear to be already sufficiently black, at any rate this painting with charcoal





MOUNT YASUA—ACTIVE VOLCANO, TANNA ISLAND.

justified us in saying that they were "not so black as they were painted."

The volcano is about a mile as the crow flies, from Sulphur Bay, but not being crows and being unable to fly we found the distance much greater. Even the bush track with its damp heat must have been a good mile in length, and we were not sorry when we emerged into the open, for when in the bush, we were never quite sure of not falling victims to "the arrow that flieth by day," nor to "the destruction that wasteth at noonday." The excitement was always maintained, as our guides with their loaded rifles, warned us that one could never be sure that we were safe from the attack of the "man belong bush."

When we emerged into the open, it was into a scorched and arid plain destitute of vegetation and covered with ashes and volcanic dust. Once the ascent was begun we found that the higher we got the deeper and looser the ashes became, so that we frequently slipped back almost as much as we advanced. Our boots, too, had to be removed from time to time, in order to get rid of the grit which had got in over the tops.

As we approached the crater we met sulphurous fumes, and frequently came across fissures from whence jets of steam and sulphurous gases escaped. The sand felt distinctly hot, but this might well be due to the sun's rays. Mysterious thunder-like rumblings too were heard, and at last after an exhausting climb we reached the lip of the crater which the sailing directions and other books informed us was only 600 feet above sea-level! Cautiously we peered over its edge into the abyss below and could see smoke and occasionally fire with terrifying explosions which would shoot up lava, rocks and ashes to within some 50 or 60 feet of the mouth of the crater.

The crater itself is some 550 yards in diameter or a mile in circumference. If it had only been at night we should have seen the fire, for a volcano which at night shows a light for at least fifty miles could not fail to show one in the day, but the stronger daylight and the steam and smoke within

the volcano obscured it, just as a fire in a grate on a sunny day looks as if it were scarcely alight.

After one or two explosions had been witnessed we were glad to betake ourselves to a respectful distance, as one could never tell when an extra big outburst might not come and overwhelm us. When we had reached what we considered a safe distance we sat down to partake of the food which we had brought. We offered some biscuits and other things to our native guides, but they would not touch it with their bare hands, but always grasped it in a leaf so that the food should not be defiled by contact with their unclean hands. This procedure was suggestive to me of the Pharisees, who we are told were shocked when some of the disciples "eat bread with defiled," that is to say "with unwashen hands."\*

It is a remarkable thing that volcanic islands are as a rule infinitely more fertile than non-volcanic ones. In the New Hebrides most of the islands are of this origin, on three there are active volcanoes, (Ambrym, Lopevi, Tanna) and all except Lopevi are covered with the most luxuriant vegetation. Lopevi is the highest and rises out of the sea to a height of between 5,000 and 6,000 feet ; and so far as I am aware neither its volcano nor that of Ambrym have ever been explored. Lopevi adjoins an island called Paoma, and is almost barren proving the exception to the rule that such islands are extremely fertile.

The volcano of Ambrym is some 3,500 feet high, rises gradually towards the peak in the centre where the crater is situated, and at night its light makes it appear as a veritable mountain of fire. On 6th and 7th December, 1913, five craters burst into activity, and destroyed a Mission station, hospital and traders' buildings, with the result that the whole feature of the coast between Craig Cove and Krong Point became altered. Lt. Commander Hancock, R.N., when reporting on the eruption, says that the most interesting point in it was the formation of a new harbour at Dip point, on the northern side of which is now a hill 330 feet high, the summit of which is over a spot where, before the eruption, there were 3 fathoms of water.

\* Mark VII, 2.

Wherever you have volcanoes, alterations in the bottom of the sea are liable to occur, and this has actually taken place at Port Resolution, which was quite a good anchorage in Cook's time, but now, owing to upheavals, is too shallow for vessels of more than moderate size. We anchored there, in 1892, in the *Ringdove* (805 tons).

Again, Cook's pyramid, which was awash when he stood on it to take sights, is now some 60 feet in height.

One of the extinct volcanoes which we visited was Ureparapara in the Banks Islands which are about 100 miles to the north of the New Hebrides ; here a breach has occurred on the eastern side, through which the sea has poured and formed a fine anchorage in what was once the crater of a volcano.

In the same group there is another very remarkable extinct volcano, conical in shape and rising sheer out of the sea to a height of some 3,000 feet, with points or arms spreading, star fashion, from the base. These peculiarities account for its name of "Star Peak" or Merelav Island. As a matter of fact all, or nearly all these Banks Islands are volcanic in origin.

The natives of Melanesia speak languages (for there are many) differing considerably from those of Polynesia, and each island has its own dialect. When I was at Port Havannah, the Rev. D. Macdonald, whose mission station was there, gave me two books which he had written on the languages of the New Hebrides and other South Sea islands (Tangoan-Santo, Malo, Malekula, Epi, Tanna and Futuna), all of which are strangely different one from another. Some of these languages belong to the Maori-Hawaian and others to the Papuan branch of the Oceanic family.

When one realises that on a small island\* about the size of an average English county, some four or five dialects may exist, it is readily understood, that whereas it prevents cohesion amongst tribes, it makes difficulties which outweigh this advantage. It has therefore been necessary to invent some language which is intelligible to all.

\* The Rev W. Gray, writing of the languages spoken on Tanna, which is only about 45 miles in circumference, says, that two of the dialects have been reduced to writing, but besides these, there are at least four others. Some of these, it is true, are pretty closely allied, but they each have their own variations.

In the islands there is a language employed by traders known as *biche-la-mar*. This word is derived from the French name *bêche-de-mer*, for the trepang or sea-slug, which is such an important article of commerce in those parts.

*Biche-la-mar* language is to the South sea islands what Pidgin English is to the Far East, and not only do Europeans communicate with the natives through the medium of this language, but different tribes are able by means of it to speak to one another. It consists of certain English words, with a sprinkling of French, Spanish and even Oceanic. Thus "me savee" means "I understand." Words are strung together by means of the word "belong." This may be used in a great variety of ways, "belong what?" for example means "why?" and "belong" may also mean "because."

Thus, if one asked, "why haven't you done that?" the answer would be, "belong me no savee make all same," meaning "because I do not know how to do that." "Bym-by" = by and by, "bullamacow" = bull, ox or cow indifferently, the origin of this last word is thus explained, when cattle were first introduced into the Pacific, a bull and a cow were landed, and the natives, hearing that the animals were a bull and a cow, invented the word "bullamacow," which as stated above is common to either sex.

"Man oui oui" = French; "some other fellow," one who is neither French nor English.

There are three fixed periods in the day, "sun he come up" = sunrise, "sun he stop there," pointing to the zenith, means noon, and "sun he go down" = sunset.

The word "kai-kai" = food or to eat, according to the manner in which it is employed. The word "fellow" attached to an adjective appears to have the same enlightening effect on a Kanaka that certain expletives do on some of our own people who are not overburdened with intelligence.

Thus one speaks of "good-fellow" this or "bad-fellow" that, where one would have thought good or bad would have sufficed. It is exactly the same as the well-known case where a man who asked what was meant by "One man, one vote," when told it was "One b——y man one b——y vote," replied, "Oh, is that it? Then why didn't you say so at first?"

Before going to the islands, I was commissioned by Mr Moore, Director of the Botanic Gardens, Sydney, to try and find out whether a fir tree known as *Araucaria Cooki* was to be found in any of the islands in the New Hebrides. He gave me one of the cones and said that if I showed it to any of the natives on the islands we visited, and asked if "this fellow he stop here?" that he would certainly be able to tell me. Natives have a marvellous knowledge of what is, or is not to be found where they live, and in this way by following Mr Moore's instructions I was able to confirm the report that *Araucaria Cooki* is only found growing in New Caledonia and the adjacent island Ile des Pins. This latter owes its name to this particular pine which Captain Cook first discovered growing there, and took for basaltic columns, but on getting nearer found were trees. For those who do not know what an Araucaria is, I may say that it belongs to the same family as the "monkey puzzle" tree which at one time was fairly commonly planted as an ornament near houses. The *Araucaria Cooki*, like its near relative the *Araucaria excelsa* (Norfolk Island pine) attains a height of 200 feet.

By showing the natives specimen leaves I also succeeded in obtaining a number of beautiful crotons. These are ornamental plants with many bright coloured variegated leaves; in some species the leaves are fairly broad and in others no wider than narrow ribbons. They require great heat, more particularly damp heat such as the New Hebrides bush affords. After I had got quite a goodly number of what seemed to me rare kinds, I came across a trader to whom we gave a passage to Nouméa, and who in return for certain kindness undertook to deliver my plants to the Director of Sydney Botanic Gardens, but, alas, when on reaching Sydney I went to the Gardens, I found that my choicest specimens had never reached their destination, and only a few of the most ordinary ones had been delivered. Needless to say, both the Director and myself were bitterly disappointed.

One often hears of the hardships and privations endured by missionaries, but in most cases they live as comfortably as possible on a tropical island where fever always lurks, and nights are never free from mosquitoes. At any rate, they are

surrounded by their family and trained converts, who minister to their corporeal wants. The coprah makers seldom enjoy these privileges. In one instance, in a place known as Foreland anchorage\* we found a trader living all alone, and worn to a shadow by fever and an indescribable trouble requiring a very serious operation. He was living in constant fear of attack, and when I went ashore and discovered his condition, the captain arranged that he should be taken on board and put in a swinging canvas cot until we could land him at Nouméa for passage to Sydney.

He had a few household effects, and a certain number of chickens which he gave us permission to shoot. To catch them was impossible, so, accordingly, several of us went ashore and shot as many of the fowls as we could, and the sport was by no means so tame as one would imagine. We brought off enough to supply the captain and the ward room officers' mess.

We gave the sick trader all the comforts at our disposal, including Huntley and Palmer's Marie biscuits, which were, we thought, more suitable for a sick man than ship's biscuits, but he cared for none of these things, and insisted on having ship's biscuit of the toughest and hardest kind. We brought him safely to Nouméa, and during the week he was on board he improved to a certain extent, but after we parted with him we never heard of him again, and I fear he never reached Sydney.

The taste for ship's biscuit shown by the sick trader reminds me of our Gunner. He was a hard-bitten old seadog, who had served much of his time in small ships on hot stations. He had been in gunboats up the Persian Gulf and on the West Coast of Africa and had become so inured to hot climates that he preferred them, he said, to cool ones. He had one specific remedy for warding off "fever" and that was "Square" or Hollands gin, called "Square" because of the rectangular bottles in which it is supplied.

\* Revio or the Foreland is a promontory with cliffs 655 feet high, composed of coral limestone. Foreland anchorage is to the northward of Revio and close to this are "Ringdove" bay and "Bain" point, names which are now official and shown on the chart, but given by the *Ringdove* at the time of our visit.

He invariably kept the first watch at sea and more often than not I spent it with him, when in exchange for his favourite medicine he would recount the strange adventures of his youth, particularly those which occurred when he was captain's coxswain in the *Express* gunboat, the power of which ship's engines he always described as being so many "rat-power." When at Sydney he used to live on preserved meat of the variety formerly known as "salt horse," now, in these days of refrigerating chambers as extinct as the animals from which it was derived. He used to say that he could bite "salt-horse" whereas his few remaining teeth could not rend asunder the tough but fresh beef with which we were supplied in civilised parts of the world.

His one recreation in harbour was fishing over the ship's side, a practice "not done" when in the presence of a flag or senior officer's ship, and because one day the captain told him not to fish in harbour when under the eye of the flagship, he threw all his tackle overboard, and to punish the captain, refused to go ashore, because, he said, if he wanted to do so, he would have to ask him for leave. I remonstrated with him and pointed out that by not going ashore he was neglecting his health, and in no way punishing the captain, but he was obdurate. One of his pets was a gazelle (goat he always called it) he loved it dearly, but like the one described by Moore :—

" I never nursed a dear gazelle,  
To glad me with its soft black eye  
But when it came to know me well  
And love me, it was sure to die ! "

it too fell sick and, alas, died. It had eaten a number of brass screws, and the only treatment for that, he said, was "Stockholm tar." At last he came to me and said that "he had given it very nigh a pint of 'Stockholm,' but still it showed no sign of improvement and to his lasting grief, the gazelle passed away, deeply regretted by all.

■

## CHAPTER IX

RELIGIOUS BELIEFS — TOM-TOMS — SOCIAL CUSTOMS —  
BURIAL — FOOD — FIREMAKING — KAVA — DYNAMITE  
FISHING — MURDERS — PUNITIVE EXPEDITIONS

**I** AM indebted to the Rev. D. Macdonald, Presbyterian Mission at Port Havannah, Efaté Island, for the following information, of which I made notes at the time.

Mr Macdonald was firmly convinced that all the natives had some primitive idea of a Supreme Being, though others, probably with less knowledge of the native psychology, have expressed quite the opposite opinion.\* According to Mr Macdonald there was in Efaté, before they became converts to Christianity, a belief that the soul passed through six stages before finally becoming extinct.

At the first stage, when the individual departed from life on earth he arrived at the gate of Hades, situated on Efaté at a place called "Tukituki" and there met an executioner name "Seritau"† and his assistants, who were named respectively "Vaus" and "Maki," Vaus meaning "question" and Maki "not known." If the soul could not reply to the satisfaction of these two people the next person "Maseasi" dealt with it by cutting out its tongue, splitting its head open, and twisting the latter right round until it looked backwards instead of forwards.

\* A French writer, M. E. N. Imhaus in his work on the "New Hedrides" published in 1890, says :—"Les Hébridais n'ont de vénération pieuse, ni pour leurs ancêtres ni pour un dieu quelconque ; on n'observe chez eux aucune trace de fétichisme, aucun soupçon de la possibilité d'une existence ultérieure, ni de peines ou de châtimens extérieurs à la vie présente, enfin, aucune des idées et des sentimens sur lesquels se fonde une religion. Les superstitions auxquelles nous avons fait allusion ne concernent que l'influence occulte des individus, et ne font jamais intervenir un être supérieur, démon, ou génie. C'est vraiment ici l'Eden des positivistes."

† "Seritau" in cannibal days cut up and made ready the victims destined for the feast.





NATIVE DRUMS, NEAR PORT SANDWICH, MALLICOLO ISLAND.

In Efaté or Sandwich Island, certain people were allowed to pass into Hades unharmed ; these were of a tribe called Namtuku (named after a kind of yam), and also those marked or tattooed with figures called " Miritri " and " Kei Kei."

In most of the New Hebrides islands that we visited we saw in the village, hollow tree trunks, 8 to 10 feet high, carved with grotesque heads and placed a few feet apart within a circle, just far enough apart for the drummers to stand. Each drum, which was made from a bread-fruit tree, had a long vertical opening. These drums, to the casual observer, appeared to be idols, but we were assured that this was not the case. When struck with a stick they give out a note varying according to the height or girth of the tree. They are struck at right angles to the slit, and when a number of these are beaten in a rythmical manner the effect is not unmusical, and the sound can be heard at a distance of at least two or three miles. These drums were not only used during their religious observances, but served at times as a means of calling the tribesmen to arms, or giving warning of an impending attack.

I was told that fern-trees and tree trunks similarly carved were set up in order to serve as a warning that certain places were sacred or not to be entered, *i.e.* "taboo." The word "taboo," which has now been adopted as part of the English language, was never employed in the islands except in the sense that you must not enter certain reserved places, and is equivalent to the German *verboten*.

Marriage is largely a business transaction, and the price of a wife depends, to a great extent, on her reputation for industry. All the heavy work, such as cultivating yams, etc., is done by women, who are therefore naturally averse to having more children than they can help, and if they have twins, one of them is allowed to die from starvation. If, on marriage, the woman to a certain extent loses her identity, the man, on the other hand, is received into his wife's tribe and henceforth belongs to his wife's family more than his own, so that instead of her being adopted into his family he becomes part of hers, as is often the case in England. Hence the saying,

"A son's a son till he marries a wife, but a daughter's a daughter all her life."

When a native gets very old and infirm, the date of his funeral is fixed, and a few days before, he is given a certain amount of food, and left to die, but if not dead on the day which was planned, he is either strangled or buried alive.

Lieut. Somerville\* mentions in his notes that Mr Gillan, a missionary on an island off Mallicolo, knew an instance "in which an old man was buried alive no less than three times. He had been strong enough to force his way twice out of his 12 inch grave, and each time reappeared in the village. As he was officially dead, no one was allowed to give him any food. After being buried for the third time, he was unable to force his way out!"

Lieut. Somerville also quotes a case where his ship arrived at a place in time to prevent a man who had been bed-ridden for six months from being buried alive, but as this old man died suddenly on the same night, it was probably a case of out of the frying pan into the fire. He says in this instance that he strongly suspected strangling as the immediate cause of death.

When we were in the Banks Islands, at Dives Bay, Ureparapara, where the natives had all been converted to Christianity, we succeeded in obtaining one of their former idols, a gigantic spider's web with a Phallic emblem in the centre. This was so grossly indecent that our navigating officer, who succeeded in obtaining it, was glad to pass it on to someone he met ashore when we arrived at Nouméa.

The food of the natives consists of yams, taro, coconuts, bananas and sweet potatoes. Arrowroot is also prepared, but this last is an introduction brought about by missionaries.

Yams are tuberous rooted plants, and it is the tubers which are eaten. These attain a great size, and are sometimes two to three feet long, and weigh as much as 30 or 40 pounds. They are full of starch and when cut into slices and fried take the place of potatoes. There is only one crop of yams in a year, and this is harvested in September, and as this is *the* important event of the year is the occasion for great

\* Somerville, Lieut. H. B. T.

festivities, ending in an orgy of dancing and kava drinking, one yam in biche-la-mar language comes to signify one year.

Taro is the tuberous root of a broad-leaved tropical plant *caladium esculentum*. Some of the caladiums are very highly coloured and ornamental, they require great heat and a very damp atmosphere. At Kew Gardens they may be seen in the very hot or "stove" houses.

Arrowroot, it may not be generally known, is a manufactured product obtained in the South Sea Islands by a lengthy process of grating the tubers of a plant called "tacca" after they have been soaked in water for several days, then, after repeated washing and sieving of the starch thus extracted arrowroot as we know it is produced. In the West Indies and elsewhere, other plants are used, so that the word arrowroot cannot be said to indicate the name of any particular plant.

Breadfruit is indigenous in all the islands,

"The bread-tree, which, without the ploughman yields  
The unreap'd harvest of unfurrowed fields."

It was discovered by Dampier in 1688 and described by him thus :—

"The bread-fruit, as we call it, grows on a large tree, as big and high as our largest apple-trees ; it hath a spreading head, full of branches and dark leaves. The fruit grows on the boughs like apples ; it is as big as a penny loaf, when wheat is at five shillings the bushel ; it is of a round shape, and hath a thick, tough rind ; when the fruit is ripe it is yellow and soft, and the taste is sweet and pleasant."

We occasionally ate baked bread-fruit, the taste of which reminded one more of chestnuts which had first been boiled and then roasted than it did of bread. The tree on which it grows in the South Sea Islands is known botanically as *Artocarpus incisa*, which differs as regards the shape of its leaves from that found in the Indian Archipelago. Bread-fruit is rounded and in size a little bigger than grape-fruit, and covered all over with a tough rind divided with hexagonal markings. The pulp is whitish and of the consistence of new bread, and the fruit, before being eaten, is invariably baked in a South Sea oven, already described.

Byron employed poetic licence when he said that it  
“ Bakes its unadulterated loaves  
Without a furnace in unpurchased groves  
And flings off famine from its fertile breast,  
A priceless market for the gathering guest.”

On one occasion when ashore at Port Havannah (Efaté or Sandwich Island), with the captains of *Katoomba* and *Ringdove*, the Rev. D. Macdonald, already mentioned, at our request got a native to produce fire in the native fashion. This was accomplished by taking two pieces of wood, one a dry soft wood (I think hibiscus) and the other a pointed stick of some harded sort. Having made a groove in the soft wood, he proceeded to rub the pointed stick up and down the groove for about sixty seconds, never stopping for an instant until suddenly smoke appeared, and then by vigorous fanning the smouldering dust caused by the friction burst into a flame.

Having seen it done, apparently so easily, I said I, too, should like to try and raise fire. The missionary assured me that no European could do so, despite the seeming simplicity of the process. I, however, undertook for a bet to raise fire, and to the surprise of everyone, succeeded, but it took me longer than it did the native, and by the time that fire was obtained my arms fairly ached.

Captain A. K. Bickford\* of the *Katoomba* witnessed the proceeding and the missionary said he would give me credit for having done what he had never before seen a white man succeed in doing.

The natives usually carried the dried fibres of a plant called barringtonia to act as tinder. The barringtonia is met with in every South Sea island. Its fruit is carried across the sea by currents to remote islands, and together with the nuts of the cocopalm, which are borne in the same manner, converts barren coral islands into fruitful lands. Coral being an animal production, on disintegration forms a fertile soil in which vegetation, once started, rapidly increases.

Kava-kava is a drink very much enjoyed by the natives throughout the Pacific Islands ; it is obtained from the juice

\* Afterwards Admiral A. K. Bickford, C.M.G.

of the root of *macropiper-methysticum*. The native method of making kava is revolting, for it is chewed, and spat into a bowl or coconut shell, then strained and drunk either fresh or after fermentation. The shells of coconuts used for the preparation of kava become in time coated with a white pearly enamel which makes them valuable in proportion to the quality of the resulting enamel.

Kava is not always made in this way ; in Fiji, for example, it is illegal to make it except by pounding the root in a mortar, with a little water, but I am informed that natives much prefer kava made in the true Polynesian fashion. In whichever manner it is made, the preparation and drinking of it is attended with a certain amount of ritual and solemnity. On one occasion, when we visited a village we were told to remain silent, as the chief was drinking kava !

Kava has medicinal properties said to be of value in rheumatism and certain other complaints. and it has also narcotic and stimulating effects. It would appear, like tobacco to be partaken of chiefly on account of its calming effect on the nervous system ; and it has the advantage of never making those who use it quarrelsome. The plant from which it is obtained has heart-shaped leaves something like the bryony met with in our English hedges. Some of the roots used are of considerable size.

From kava one's thoughts naturally turn towards tobacco, and the craving for it amongst natives, whose wants are few, is one of the things about the South Sea islanders which particularly impressed me. I have seen quite small children, who I should say could not have been more than three or four years old, smoking the trade tobacco (which we should find unpleasantly strong), out of pipes usually made of bamboo bearing patterns of native design done in a sort of poker work, though clay pipes, introduced by the traders, were fairly common.

Smoking is not the only form of precocity ; child marriages are quite common throughout the Pacific islands. In one island I met a widow aged 12, who had two children. I obtained a photograph of this young widow, who was a native of Rarotonga (Cook Islands). Polyandry and polygamy

are apt to go side by side. In the New Hebrides the wives are regarded very much as chattels, and the value of a good wife, which in the Proverbs is said to be above that of rubies, is in the New Hebrides more accurately estimated at from ten to twenty pigs, and for a "moffatite," which being interpreted means a hermaphrodite pig, a parent would be glad to exchange his dearest daughter.

The wives obtained by purchase and regarded as chattels are apt to run away. This occasionally leads to murder, and the wife, if recaptured, is invariably beaten, and the co-respondent, if captured, is slain. The Maleculans and Tanna men are very jealous, very different from the men of the Polynesian islands.

The precocity alluded to above leads to premature old age, but if it is difficult to estimate a woman's age at home, the task in a country where the people themselves don't know their own age, is impossible.

When we were off Pentecost Island we met one particular schooner which cruised about amongst the islands on her "lawful occasions," such as trading, and occasionally, we feared, visited them on matters which could not strictly be comprised under that term, such as trading in arms and "blackbirding." The skipper was an old Scotsman who had left his native heath so long ago, and had lived on such intimate terms with natives during so many years that he had become almost one of them. He was known throughout the New Hebrides as "Johnny one-arm." His real name was Donald McL——d. We paid him a visit on board his ship, and he regaled us with pineapple rum, and taught us how to make it. He discoursed freely on the market price of pigs, especially the "moffatite" variety which has already been alluded to; and initiated us into the mysteries of dynamite fishing.

Dynamite fishing is one of those dangerous forms of sport for which familiarity breeds contempt, at least, contempt for reasonable precautions. It consists in first finding your shoal of fish, and then taking a stick of dynamite to which a lighted fuse is attached, and throwing it in such a manner that it explodes just as it reaches the water in the midst of the shoal. A violent explosion occurs, a sheaf of water is thrown up, and

then a larger or smaller number of fish, depending on the luck of the fisherman, are picked up either dead or stunned. It is necessary to be alert, for the stunned fish very soon regain consciousness and vanish, unless quickly gathered in.

Johnny one-arm, partly in order to economise matches, but chiefly on account of being single-handed, was in the habit of lighting the fuse from a cigar held between his teeth ; when you realise that from the moment the fuse is lighted to the time the charge is fired is only a matter of a few seconds, it will readily be understood that the practice is not free from risk. One used to hear of natives being blown up, and not enough of them left on which to hold an inquest, if inquests were held in those remote parts ! In the Service, when fishing of this sort is indulged in, it is carried out by means of a small charge of gun-cotton, attached to a long spar, and fired by electricity.

From time to time traders and others were treacherously murdered by natives, sometimes without provocation, though as a rule a motive for the crimes could usually be discovered. It was against their own interest to murder Europeans, for the natives liked to have traders near them, so that they could barter and traffic in coprah, etc.

The natives of Erromanga which is north of Tanna and south of Sandwich Island, were particularly treacherous and superstitious and had at one time a bad reputation for murdering missionaries, five of whom there met with violent deaths ; the Rev. John Williams and James Harris were killed at Dillon Bay on 30th November, 1839, the Rev. George N. Gordon and Ellen C. Gordon, 20th May, 1861, and the Rev. James Macnair, 16th July, 1870. The missionaries, however, to their lasting credit, persevered, and in the end succeeded in making Erromanga the most Christian island in the New Hebrides. When we visited Dillon Bay in 1892 the natives were absolutely civilised.

A typical murder was that of the De Lautours, father and son, which occurred the year before we went to the New Hebrides, and was still being discussed when we visited the place some seven or eight months after the murderers had been executed. The case was very fully inquired into, and

many witnesses examined by Captain Meggs Davis, C.M.G. of the *Royalist*. The facts are briefly as follows :—

Mr G. De Lautour and his son William lived on the island of Aore, Malo Pass, close to the Ségond channel (or Pekoa as the natives call it,) The wife of the elder De Lautour was in domestic service in Queensland. De Lautour the elder, some three or four years before, had seized a woman whose name was Vagathorlie, and who was one of the ten widows left by a chief. De Lautour maintained that when this chief was dying he bequeathed this woman to him. Anyhow, whether this was so or not, he got possession of her, and this offended the tribe, besides being incidentally entirely against the woman's own wish. She was rescued by some of her tribe, and this was the subject of an inquiry which resulted in the principal offender, Taffea, being sentenced to 15 years' hard labour, and Vagathorlie restored to De Lautour. The fact that Taffea had taken part in the murder of a boat's crew belonging to the French schooner *Idaho* on Malo being taken into account when the sentence was passed.

Vagathorlie lived with the De Lautours, but was at times beaten for attempting to run away, and occasionally she was tied up, so one can see there is every reason for concluding that, although, unlike Jael, she was not the actual perpetrator of the crime, it is most probable that she had much to do with the planning of the murder of the De Lautours. Several witnesses who gave evidence declared that they had seen George De Lautour on the morning of the 8th September, at the house of a Frenchman named Martial Briault, who lived on the eastern side of Aore, and the next day found that he and his son had both been foully murdered. The elder De Latour was shot with a Snider rifle from beneath a table when lying in bed, and then tomahawked. The son, who was in the cook-house, hearing the noise, ran to see what was the matter, and he was treated in the same manner. When the bodies were found next morning, Vagathorlie and the two house boys had fled. It was stated by one witness that De Lautour had said, a few days before his death, that he expected trouble between the tribe of Leiloo, to which the woman

belonged, and that of a tribe belonging to Malo, but that he counted on the Malo "boys" to support him.

Three of the assassins were executed on the 24th October. These were Thor, Roroa, and Sumbey-wr-wr, but two others, Tsingo and Inoaria, who were suspected of assisting, were acquitted.

Thor shot both of the De Lautours and Roroa and Sumbey-wr-wr tomahawked first the father and then the son. All the men had rifles except Tsingo who was armed with a club.

In April, 1892 an inquiry was held as to the murder on Espiritu Santo, of a trader named Peter Sawers, who, before he came there, had been an overseer of native labour on a plantation in Fiji, where it was known that certain men belonging to a tribe which lived at Nasulununu had worked. The witnesses were a trader named Sendall, Mr. Annand of Tangoa and a native named Molirobo. On their evidence it was decided to land a punitive force unless "either the murderers were given up," or as an alternative, "10 rifles surrendered, their village destroyed, and the punishment of being "tabooed."

The *Katoomba* was ordered to land a party under the command of Lieutenant Oswald Story, the *Saône* French ship, to land another detachment, and the *Ringdove* a third party. The whole force landed before dawn at three different points, the officers armed with revolvers and swords, and the men with rifles, cutlasses, 20 rounds of ball cartridge and one day's provisions. We left Tangoa on the evening of the 5th June, and anchored at the Eastern end of the Sécond Channel, off a place known as Bel-Siki-Bush path. Our party from the *Ringdove* consisted of the captain (Lieut. E. J. Bain), Mr Hutchens (a warrant officer), myself and 22 men, accompanied by Mr Sendall of Sana Robo, Malo. We landed at 5.30 a.m. and as soon as it was light, proceeded along a bush path until we reached Bel-siki village, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the landing place. Here we obtained three native guides and then advanced with three short halts (to let the men get their breath) until 10.45, when the path became blocked by a ravine some 300 to 400 feet deep, and so precipitous as to be quite impassable. At the bottom of the ravine was a river

which, it was said, discharged into the Ségond Channel opposite Tangoa. The guides were quite useless, and the trader, who, as I said, lived on another island, neither knew the place nor the language. So after a halt at noon for dinner we returned to the place at which we landed and got on board at 5.0 p.m., having been some 12 hours away from the ship. The men were very footsore, and all disappointed at having seen no signs of the "enemy."

The *Katoomba's* and *Saône's* parties had not had nearly such an arduous time and had destroyed two villages, cut down some coconut and fruit trees, and slain a few pigs, but had seen nothing of the Nasulununu natives. The need for trustworthy guides and someone who could act as interpreter was clearly demonstrated. It is possible that our guides purposely misled us, but there was no means of proving whether this was so or not.

The destruction of a native village, consisting of a few thatched huts and lean-to's is not such a serious matter as the destruction of one at home, for there are no trade unions in the New Hebrides to impede building operations, when houses are most required, but the punishment was sufficiently severe to show the natives that the killing of white men could not be done with impunity.

The arms carried by natives are very effective in "bush warfare." They consist of arrows, said to be poisoned by dipping the barbs in decomposing human flesh; these are carried carefully wrapped in leaves to prevent danger to the bearers. They have also arrows tipped with a sharp piece of coral, spears tipped with bits of bone, as sharp as needles, which break off in the adversary's body, clubs, of which there are many varieties, each island having its own peculiar type, and lastly Snider and Martini rifles obtained from French and German traders. The bullets fired from these last weapons make very nasty wounds.

The war-trumpet is a conch shell with which they can summon the tribesmen; in practised hands, it can produce as much noise as those enormous horns "Bull of Uri" and "Cow of Unterwalden," employed by the Swiss at Granson when they defeated Charles the Bold in 1476!

On one occasion when in Tanna—as far as I can remember it was Sangalie Bay—we arrived just in time to save the life of a trader, “J.B.” As soon as the anchor was down, a boat put off from the shore containing a person with a very long beard, wearing a velvet smoking cap with silk tassel, a black alpaca coat, white trousers and carpet slippers. He was carrying the white umbrella lined with green which the conventional tourist is always supposed to have when he goes lion-hunting in Africa! The appearance of “J.B.” to put it mildly, was not prepossessing, and before he actually got on board, the captain had sized him up, quite correctly we afterwards learned. Whether he had already received information about this person, or whether it was merely accident which brought us to the place, we never heard. We found that “J.B.” had reported the natives of Port Resolution for breaking into his house and stealing his property, the principal articles being candles. The natives did not deny having broken in and stolen the candles, and gave as their reason that they did not like his employing young girls in his establishment instead of boys. They said they objected to girls being fed and kept by the trader, as “by so doing, they had no control over them.” Anyhow, the theft of the candles resulted in light being thrown on a remarkably shady character, and the missionary told us that if we had not removed this man, who, when we arrived, had gone to him for protection, he would undoubtedly have been killed, and possibly he himself too, for harbouring him.

There is one island situated 3 miles S.W. of Tangoa in the Ségond Channel which everyone who has ever visited the New Hebrides, could not fail to remember; this was, Araki or Hat Island. It is about one mile in diameter and has a flat top rising to a height of 830 feet, when viewed from the South-west, it exactly resembles a straw hat with a flat brim.

Before taking leave of the New Hebrides and the other places visited during our 1892 season in the islands, I ought not to omit to mention that the natives of the Banks and Torres groups (which are in the sphere of influence of the Anglican, or Melanesian Mission, as it is generally called), were by far

the most friendly that we met. At Massevonu, Santa Maria, when we were leaving, the natives pelted us with oranges, and half filled our boat with them. They were not the juiciest of their kind, but rather thicker skinned than those we get at home ; still they were oranges, and capable of being eaten. The natives were ready to part with anything they possessed for the sake of a stick or two of tobacco ; in this way I obtained some rare botanical specimens (crotons), as well as personal ornaments such as shell bracelets or bead armlets, hair combs, and last, but not least, some stone axes and chisels.

I got three excellent specimens of these stone implements. These must have been in use in comparatively recent times, possibly within fifty years of our visit, and had it not been for the missionaries and traders it would no doubt have been possible for us to have actually come in contact with neolithic man, as has been the case with Mr Briggs of the University of Sydney, who has recently returned from previously unexplored places in New Guinea, where, on crossing the Toricelli ranges, he came across natives who were actually using stone axes much the same as were employed in the stone-age in Europe. The men of the stone-age belonged to an enterprising and travelling race, some reaching regions where their civilisation was soon replaced by that of a stage higher, whereas others drifted into backwaters where they remained *in statu quo* until recent times. Amongst this last group we must include Australian bushmen, Maoris, natives of New Guinea and the Banks and Torres islanders.

It was whilst in this island that I saw the only instance I ever came across of " albinism " amongst coloured people. This was in the person of a native woman, who in all respects as regards features and configuration conformed to the ordinary Melanesian type. Her hair was frizzy but reddish in colour, and her skin quite as white as any European.

From the New Hebrides, at the end of October, 1892, we went to Nouméa, and a month later after an absence of over eight months proceeded to Sydney for our annual refit.

## CHAPTER X

NEW ZEALAND — WINDY WELLINGTON — PICTON SOUND —  
FRENCH PASS — 'PELORUS JACK' — CHATHAM ISLANDS  
— SEAGULLS AND MUTTON-BIRDS — BLACK RATS —  
DUNEDIN.

"Sleep after toyle, port after stormie seas. . . does greatly please."  
Spenser "*Faerie Queene*."

AFTER a long spell in the Islands, with the monotony of diet inseparable from preserved beef and salt pork, which we had had, it was not necessary to be a gourmet in order to appreciate a dinner ashore and other amenities, in one of the many excellent clubs at Sydney.

I will not weary the reader with accounts of life in Sydney, or up country. Suffice it to say, that each of us had our own friends who welcomed us to their town or country homes, and the delights of a change of scene from ship-life, if only for a few days at a time, in the invigorating air of the Blue Mountains (over 4,000 feet above sea level), or at Moss Vale or New-castle, and the kindness and hospitality extended to us will never be effaced from my memory.

I leave it to others who have not had, like the writer, the privilege of visiting out of the way places and unbeaten tracks, to describe the charms of Australia and New Zealand.

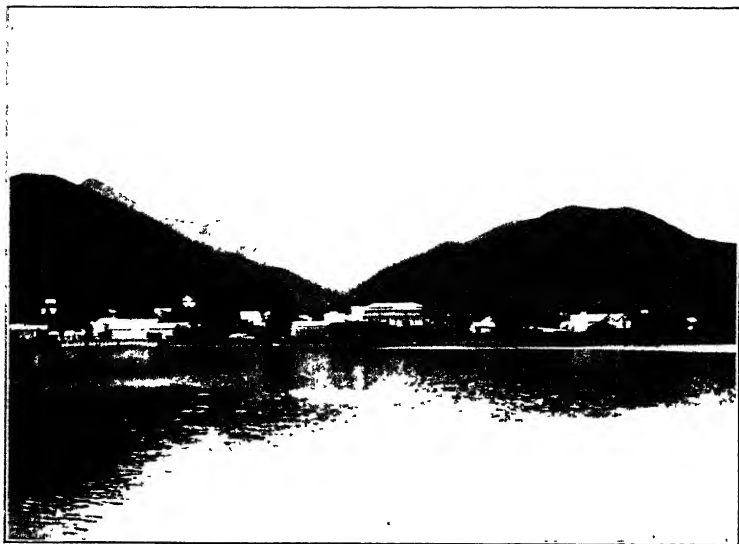
After a little over two months in Sydney, we left early in February for New Zealand. It was the custom for ships like the *Ringdove*, which had spent the best part of two years in the heat of the Islands, and had their annual refit at Sydney during the height of the Australian summer, when the heat is equally trying, to finish out their commissions (which in those days were of three or more years' duration) in the cooler and healthier waters of New Zealand.

After nine days under sail and steam we anchored in Lambton Harbour, Wellington. It is said to be always blowing a gale there, and that you can always recognise any man from Wellington by his habit of holding on to his hat when coming to a street corner. The first day we landed, it was beautifully calm, and I well remember remarking to a resident that the statement that it was *always* windy in Wellington was wrong for once, and I was told to "wait and see," as the day was not yet over. That night when the time came to return to the ship it was too rough in the Bay to send in a boat, and the paymaster (Charles Webb) and I were almost resigned to seeking accommodation ashore, when we were told that there was one boatman with a wooden leg, who would take us off in anything short of a hurricane. We found him, and he agreed to take us off for ten shillings, the money to be returned if we did not reach the ship! He got his ten shillings, and I have seldom felt more thankful than I was that night when we arrived safe and sound on board.

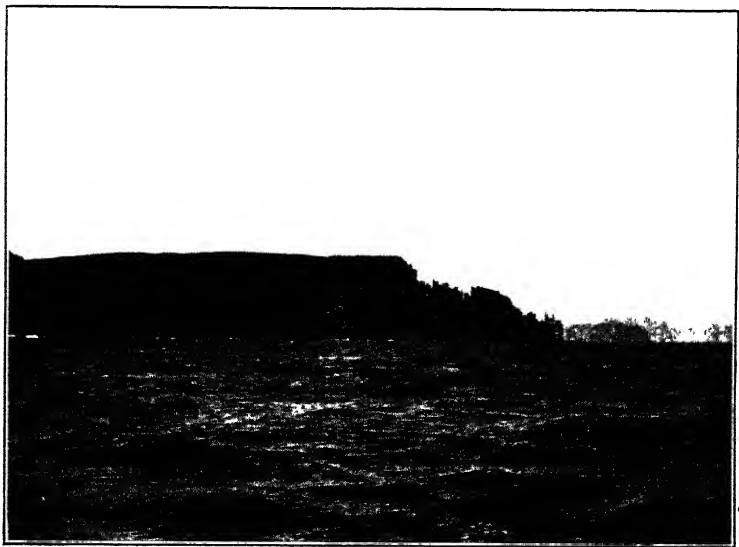
Wellington, being within the earthquake zone, has few stone-built houses, wood being less dangerous, and their roofs, when not covered with shingles (wooden tiles) are composed of corrugated iron painted red, which at a distance looks infinitely superior to the common or galvanised iron variety then so prevalent in most places in the Dominions beyond the Sea.

From Wellington we went to Picton,\* which has to be reached through various Sounds, the beauty of which, with their wooded hills and bush extending to the water's edge, baffles description. I believe that to-day bush fires have shorn of its pristine beauty Queen Charlotte Sound, at the head of which nestles Picton. I am glad that I saw it before the clearing had occurred. The Sounds on the S.W. coast, such as Milford Sound, are said to be infinitely grander and more beautiful than Queen Charlotte or Pelorus Sounds, as they are backed by the lofty snow-capped New Zealand Alps. We had no opportunity of comparing them, but I never

\* Named after General Picton who served with Wellington in the Peninsula and was killed at Waterloo. In this part of New Zealand there are quite a number of places named after distinguished soldiers and sailors.



PICTON, NEW ZEALAND IN 1893.



CAPE RAOUL, TASMANIA.  
The Giant's Causeway of the Antipodes



wish for more beautiful scenery than we saw in those Sounds which we went through on our way to Nelson.

Queen Charlotte Sound was well-known to Captain Cook, who visited it on three separate occasions. On the first of these he met his old friend Captain Furneaux of the *Adventure* (the ship which accompanied the *Resolution*), from whom he had been separated for some time.

On his second visit to Queen Charlotte's Sound he left an inscription on a tree indicating where a bottle containing a letter to Captain Furneaux had been buried. On the *Resolution's* party landing they found that the bottle had been taken, and from the natives they learned that an affray had occurred with casualties on both sides. Later, during his third visit, it was ascertained that when Captain Furneaux sent a party on shore in order to gather a load of celery and scurvy-grass for the crew, the following tragedy occurred, as described in the "British Navigator," published in 1783.

"Mr Rowe, the unfortunate youth who had the command of this boat, combined with many liberal sentiments the prejudices of a naval education, which induced him to look upon all the natives of the South Sea with contempt, and to assume that kind of right over them, with which the Spaniards in more barbarous ages, disposed of the lives of the American Indians. After landing in Grass Cove, his people began to cut greens, and some, in all probability, stripped off their clothes, to perform their task with greater ease; for the accounts we obtained from the natives at Queen Charlotte's Sound imported, that one of their countrymen stole a sailor's jacket; that our people had thereupon begun to fire."

This narrative goes on to say how Mr Rowe opened fire on the natives, and when all his ammunition was spent the natives slaughtered the whole party. When the boat did not return another was sent in, and then the mangled remains of some of their comrades were discovered, and on searching the huts they found many other limbs of their friends, "packed up in baskets and particularly a hand which they knew to be that of the unfortunate Mr Rowe."

This occurred in December, 1773.

From Picton we went to Nelson, via the French Pass, a narrow channel through which the tide runs like a mill-race at a speed of eight knots. The passage through the French Pass is usually considered too hazardous for a man-of-war, though not too risky for the New Zealand Company's small

steamers, which invariably take that route when approaching Nelson from Wellington, but any ship going through is forced to go with the tide.

The French Pass is bounded on one side by d'Urville Island, and on the other by the Mainland of the South Island, and abreast the lighthouse it is so narrow that you could almost throw the proverbial biscuit on shore on either side. No man-of-war had been via the Pass for very many years when we went through, and the lighthouse keepers cheered us and waved frantically as we flashed past.

Of course we did not go unattended—no ship ever did—all ships being escorted by "Pelorus Jack," a huge white porpoise, which like the Duke of Plaza Toro in the "Gondoliers" always led them from behind, for he followed every ship until Pelorus Sound was reached. This fish was protected from molestation by Act of Parliament, but unfortunately even Acts of Parliament cannot confer immortality on either man or fish, and I believe that to-day he no longer exists in the flesh, though no doubt his ghost haunts the Pass, but he was very much in evidence when we went through in 1893.

Nelson is known throughout New Zealand as "Sleepy Hollow"; it lies in the midst of a beautiful fruit-growing country. At one time it produced so much fruit that it could not be marketed, and pigs were fed on plums, peaches, nectarines, etc. Nelson has experienced many vicissitudes, industrial and otherwise.

In our day it was not possible to purchase alcoholic refreshment between midnight on Saturday and Monday morning, but as there are more ways of killing a dog than hanging, so the regulations did not prove in any way inconvenient. Precautions were taken against any undue suffering which might otherwise have resulted from Sunday prohibition!

We spent three or four very pleasant days at Nelson, making excursions to Cable Bay and Wakapuaka, where the Eastern Extension Telegraph cable is landed. The authorities very kindly offered to allow us to cable home, free of charge any short message, but none of us availed ourselves of this kindness for fear of frightening our friends or incurring their displeasure by apparently unnecessary and wanton expenditure!

Whilst on one of these excursions we saw an extensive bush fire raging on what is known as Paramatta Flat. The bush fires in New Zealand struck me as being less terrible than those in Australia, which I am informed is the case.

On our way back to Wellington we stopped for a day in Orchard Bay, a most picturesque anchorage in Pelorus Sound. It has for a background mountains rising with almost perpendicular acclivity to heights of 2,000 to 3,000 feet, which were in our time clothed with dense forest.

After a short stay in Wellington we went to Lyttelton, which is the port from which the familiar "Canterbury lamb," and much grain, are exported. On one very hot day in March I visited a frozen-meat ship and inspected the cold store where, amidst artificial snow, carcasses by the hundred were stowed. These carcasses were so hard that when struck they gave out a note very similar to that obtained by beating one of the toms-toms we had seen in the New Hebrides. Lyttelton is the port of the province of Canterbury of which Christchurch is the capital. Christchurch, and in fact the whole of the province of Canterbury, was founded in 1850 as a church settlement by the Canterbury Association of the Church of England, and it has been said that the inhabitants are more English than the English, by which I take it that the people have changed less from the type of good old English stock from which they are sprung than those at home in the Old Country.

A German writer who visited New Zealand some years ago was quite indignant because the inhabitants of Christchurch were English and proud of it. He talked much of English "snobbism" and boasted like so many of his fellow countrymen of German kultur. To-day we hear less about "kultur" than formerly, because we now know what it stood for in 1914 and the less said about it the better.

Many of the earlier settlers in Canterbury were younger sons of English country gentlemen; they were possibly attracted to the plains of Canterbury through the good reports sent home of its possibilities as a hunting country, as it was free from the wooded hills and deep gullies (beautiful in themselves but objectionable to the fox-hunter), so commonly

met with elsewhere in New Zealand. The 4th Earl of Onslow who was at one time Governor of New Zealand wrote an article in the book on "Riding and Polo," in the "Badminton Library," in which he mentions the wonderful way in which the New Zealand horses have been trained to negotiate barbed wire fences.

Christchurch is very picturesquely situated on a river called the Avon, which flows through an ornamental park, and has its banks delightfully shaded with willows and ornamental trees. It possesses a fine cathedral, a museum full of Maori objects, and an excellent club.

When we were at Lyttleton we met the chaplain of the Mission to Seamen, an ex-sub-lieutenant, R.N., who left the Navy and took Holy orders with a view to piloting souls instead of ships. As a sky-pilot, I believe he was a complete success, though his manner was what is generally described as "breezy." He attracted a good many people to his church, shore-going as well as sea-going, for his services were conducted on distinctly original lines, not altogether approved by the Bishop, but happily for him, his "cure" was outside episcopal jurisdiction. On the Sunday following our arrival, when the ship's company attended Divine Service at his church, he came to me just before it began and handed me a copy of the "Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," to read during the sermon, and so prevent me, he said, from getting bored with his discourse!

From Lyttleton, where we had put in a very agreeable fortnight (amongst other things taking part in a regatta in Rhodes Bay), we went to the Chatham Islands, some 500 odd miles to the eastward of Lyttleton. These were reached in four days.

They consist of three islands of which Chatham Island or Wuarekauri is the largest, Pitt Island or Rangihau the next in size, and Rangatira or S.E. Island, the smallest. They had an evil reputation amongst mariners in the days of sailing ships. The tides are puzzling, and the uncharted rocks so numerous that many a fine ship was lost amongst them and never heard of again.

They are very seldom visited, and those Europeans who have settled there are all engaged in sheep farming. There are herds of wild horses which are "rounded up" from time to time in the same manner as cattle in Australia. They are apt to be dangerous to a horseman not armed with a gun or heavy stock-whip.

The life of the residents is simplicity itself, they appear to have few wants, and the principal family, which lived in a remote corner of the island, had not even troubled, when we visited their home, to provide itself with some of the things which we regard as primary necessities. One of the principal residents, Mr C——, was formerly an officer in a line regiment, and retired on account of ill-health from the Service as a senior subaltern, sometime in the days of the early occupation of New Zealand. His father, he told me, was an officer who had fought at Waterloo. He had the voice and manner of a man of gentle upbringing and good education, but had to do all kinds of rough work, for when I was introduced to him, he was engaged in the process of dressing a sheep, which he had just converted into mutton.

The Chatham Islands are interesting from many points of view. Although wind-swept and bleak they suffer no extremes of heat and cold, and consequently in the sheltered parts may be found ferns in great variety, from the tall tree-fern (*Dicksonia squarrosa*) some 10-20 ft. high, only met with in New Zealand and the Chatham Islands, to the delicate filmy-ferns (*hymenophylla*) which not only need protection from the wind but require shade and a damp atmosphere. These grow on the trunks of trees and on damp rocks, preferably with water dripping on them. *Hymenophyllum tunbridgense* and quite a host of these delicate filmy ferns are common to the Chatham Islands, and many of the rarest kinds have never been seen growing wild outside that group and limited portions of New Zealand. To a botanist and especially a fern-collector, the Chatham Islands are a veritable El Dorado. Thank heaven, there is no possibility of these ferns being ruthlessly exterminated by excursionists, as so frequently happens at home.

Houses are even built of the trunks of tree-ferns and they are said to be far more durable than those built of tinder. A gigantic forget-me-not, known as the "Chatham Island lily" (*Myosotidium nobile*), is met with in certain places growing on the shingly beach just above high water mark.

I found the daughter of my host at Waitangi Bay (which was the place where we anchored), although extremely well-informed with regard to all matters connected with natural history and general education, was quite devoid of knowledge respecting certain things with which one would have expected her to be familiar; for example, when visiting the ship, she was shown some coal and told that we burned it as fuel. This she said she could not believe, as she was not so simple as to think that we burned rocks and stones. It should, in fairness to her, be mentioned that the only fuel ever used in the Chatham Islands was peat and wood; and there is plenty of both, for there are numerous peat bogs, and one part of the island is well wooded.

When riding on the island, the peat bogs are a source of danger to the unwary. We were warned not to attempt to guide the horses when approaching soft ground, for if they were left to themselves they would instinctively avoid dangerous patches. There are no metalled roads, consequently the horses are unshod.

One of the residents told us that provided we could catch and saddle any of his horses we were at liberty to ride them whenever we liked. Several of us took advantage of this kind offer.

The original natives of the Chatham Islands were known as Morioris, but when we visited the islands in March, 1893, they were practically extinct. In 1831 a party of Maoris 800 strong landed from a European ship and almost exterminated them, and those that survived the massacre mostly fell victims some eight years later to an epidemic of influenza.

One of the most interesting events during our stay was a ride across the island, which took eight hours to accomplish, our objective being Te Wakuru, the home of the oldest family left on the islands (the Shands). To reach this we had to cross a lake or lagoon covering 45,960 acres. There is a track

across it, some four or five miles in length, marked out by piles, and outside the bounds of this track is very deep water. For the greater part of this journey through the lake, the water was up to the "barrel" of the horse, consequently we had to ride in a very cramped and uncomfortable position. It took us about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours to cross, and the relief on emerging from it was very great.

One of the chief troubles with which the sheep-owners have to contend are the ravages of the seagulls. If a sheep gets on its back it is unable to right itself, and meanwhile the seagulls swoop down on the unfortunate animal, peck out the eyes, and then, with a knowledge of anatomy truly remarkable, they tear through the flesh under the jaw and get at the poor beast's tongue. The animal dies, and the rest of the carcase rots.

Somewhat analogous to this vicious habit acquired by seagulls, is that of the kea or New Zealand parrot, which formerly fed on fruit and insects, but now has become a bird of prey. Its manner of action is to attack the living sheep by settling on its back and tearing away through wool and flesh until it reaches the fat around the kidneys. It is said that it learnt to locate the position of the kidneys from seeing carcases hanging up.

When we were in the Chatham Islands we heard a good deal of the "mutton-bird." This is the ordinary name for a peculiar breed of shearwater (*puffinus brevicauda*). The young mutton-birds are literally a mass of fat.

It used to be said that if a wick be passed through the body of one of these birds, it will burn when lighted, like a lamp. The Maoris regard them as a great delicacy and large numbers are killed during the breeding season, and after being boiled are exported to New Zealand.

At one time mutton-birds used to breed on an island in Bass's Straits, but they were so ruthlessly killed that they were nearly exterminated. Young albatrosses and other sea-birds are killed and prepared in the same way as the mutton birds, and exported to New Zealand for Maori consumption.

The old English black rat exists on Chatham Island. It is thought to have got ashore from one of the many ships

wrecked there in the old sailing-ship days. If this was so, it must have been before that objectionable alien the brown Norwegian rat penetrated England and exterminated our own native variety. No doubt if we had been as alive in those days to the danger of aliens as the more intelligent amongst us are to-day, an act of Parliament known as the "Rats' Immigration Prevention Act" would have been passed, and rat inspectors appointed, who would, of course, have had to make appropriate returns to be published weekly, monthly, and annually, and appropriate registers kept!

When calling the English rat "black" it is important to note that the colour description is apt to be misleading, for the so-called "black-rat" is often browner than the brown or Norwegian variety which is frequently black. This latter species has often been called the "Hanoverian rat" because it came over to England about the same time as the Royal House of Hanover. The English rat is a much more graceful animal, he is smaller, has softer fur, larger ears and a far longer, more slender and more pointed tail than the brown one, which is a clumsy looking animal. The latter has common coarse fur, a shorter fatter tail, smaller ears, and is not nearly such a delightful companion in the house as his British cousin! One would rather be without rats, but if we must have them, it is hard luck that we can't have those of British origin!

After about ten days in the Chatham Islands we left for New Zealand, reaching Oamaru in five days, and from Oamaru we went to Port Chalmers which is the nearest point to Dunedin. When there, our gunner was persuaded to go up by train to see Dunedin. It probably will not be believed, but it is nevertheless true, that although he was at that time nearer 50 than 40 he had never been in a train, or at any rate said he had not, until we got to Port Chalmers. On arriving at Dunedin, he inquired as to the time the train left which was to take him back to Port Chalmers. Having ascertained this, he decided to run no risk, so he arrived at the station a full hour before the time of the train's departure, and finding it waiting, took his seat in the last carriage. In due time the train left, but unfortunately the coach which

he had selected was not connected with the remainder, so that when he found that *it had* left, he discovered that *he was* left. Forced to seek a resting place, he took a room at a small inn over-looking the railway station, and spent the night, he said, watching for the arrival of the next train. It is possible that his statement as to not having been in a train was quite correct, as his home was at Plymouth, and if, as was possibly the case, he had always served in ships whose home port was Plymouth, he would never have had occasion to travel by rail. Thirty years ago people were less restless than they are nowadays.

We spent a little over a month at Port Chalmers, carrying out musketry on the Dunedin range at Pelichet Bay. When we were at Port Chalmers we had frequent opportunities of visiting Dunedin, the Scottish metropolis of New Zealand. The town itself is situated in a plain, bounded in front by the sea and with many pleasant wooded valleys and little grassy hills in the background. There is one principal street, Princes Street, called after that of Edinburgh, the city's prototype. There were a few stone buildings, chiefly banks and churches, but the majority had wooden walls and tin roofs.

In the neighbourhood alluvial gold is sought in the shingle of the rivers, and this has attracted a certain number of Chinamen, who obtain gold by washing alluvial soil, and supplement this by extracting gold from the residents by the more ordinary form of washing, viz., laundry work, and by other occupations at which the Chinaman is an adept.

I have already said that Dunedin is very Scotch, so Scotch, in fact, that all the best jobs are in the hands of Scotsmen. There is a story told at Dunedin of a Chinaman, who in the early days of the Settlement, applied for a post by letter and signed his name "Kenneth Mackenzie." As his application was the only one made by a candidate with a suitable patronymic, needless to say he obtained the appointment!

I have always found Scotsmen given to hospitality, and particularly so in their own country. In Otago (of which Dunedin is the capital) we received great kindness from everyone, and it was with much regret that we sailed north from Port Chalmers to visit places on the east coast of South Island.

We cruised along the coast, visiting Oamaru (pronounced Omaru) and Timaru. When at one of the ports, the ship on anchoring received a number of visitors. The first to be ushered into the captain's cabin was the Mayor of the town, who was courteously received with all the respect due to his important position, but he had scarcely made himself known when he requested that he might be given the contract for the supply of beef. Thereupon the captain rang the sentry's bell and sent for the paymaster, requesting him to interview this gentleman in his office. He then recalled the paymaster and told him that whoever got the contract it was not to be the Mayor, as he considered it was an abuse of his civic position, to try and turn it to account in the manner which he had done. It is to be hoped that the lesson was not lost on him.

After nearly a week at Timaru we again went to Lyttelton. On leaving it we spent nearly a week at sea, encountering a strong N.E. gale, and anchored in Bullock Bay, an open roadstead off a place called Waiwera. The principal landowner, who came from Herefordshire, invited as many of us as could get leave to shoot pheasants. Four or five of us, including the captain, landed, but before the time arrived for our return to the ship, it came on to blow so hard that we had to spend the night ashore, and there being no beds available we had to sleep as best we could. We sat up till a late hour, and during the evening the wife of our host, who was said to be endowed with the power of clairvoyance, entertained us by telling our fortunes by palmistry. In my own case she described in a manner which was quite uncanny, episodes in my past, and presaged a happy matrimonial future for me with an accuracy which has proved truly remarkable.

For the captain she foretold an eventful career, but was forced to admit that from reading his hand his future would eventually be cut short by a glorious but violent end. This last has happily not materialised, and I am glad to say he is still alive.

From Bullock Bay we went to Auckland. It was in the second week of June when we arrived, during the coldest part of the year, June, it should be remembered, being the month which corresponds with December in the northern





TREE FERNS.



ROADSIDE SCENE IN RAROTONGA

hemisphere. It was, however, never really cold but it seemed so to us, who had been so long in the heat of Australia and the Islands. During our stay the lowest temperature experienced was  $35^{\circ}$  which we were told was very exceptional, the lowest readings usually varying between  $48^{\circ}$  and  $56^{\circ}$ . The highest shade temperature recorded during the time we were at Auckland was  $68^{\circ}$ . From this it will be seen that Auckland enjoys a climate in which it is possible to grow all the fruits of a temperate region and some of those which require sub-tropical heat.

Whilst we were at Auckland we received the sad news of the loss of the *Victoria*, flag-ship of Admiral Sir George Tryon, C. in C. of the Mediterranean Fleet. She was sunk by the *Camperdown* (2nd flag-ship) when off Tripoli on the Syrian coast whilst carrying out tactical exercises. The Admiral, 21 officers and 350 men were drowned. Admiral-of-the-Fleet, Earl Jellicoe, was then commander of the *Victoria* and had a very narrow escape, for, at the time of the collision he was sick on board suffering from Mediterranean fever. Although the *Victoria* was lost on Thursday the 22nd of June, it was not until the afternoon of the following Sunday that the news of the disaster reached us, for, needless to say, even ill news (which we know travels apace), did not travel in pre-wireless days with the rapidity it does to day.

One of the sights of Auckland is an ostrich farm which is within easy riding distance, and soon after our arrival I was invited to go out to see it, and what was more, was given a mount. Unfortunately, my companion and I had not got far on our way when my pony put its foot in a rabbit-hole and came down, and so injured one of its legs that I fear he was never any good again. My host could not have been nicer than he was over this accident, but after this experience I did not venture on any more riding expeditions during my stay there.

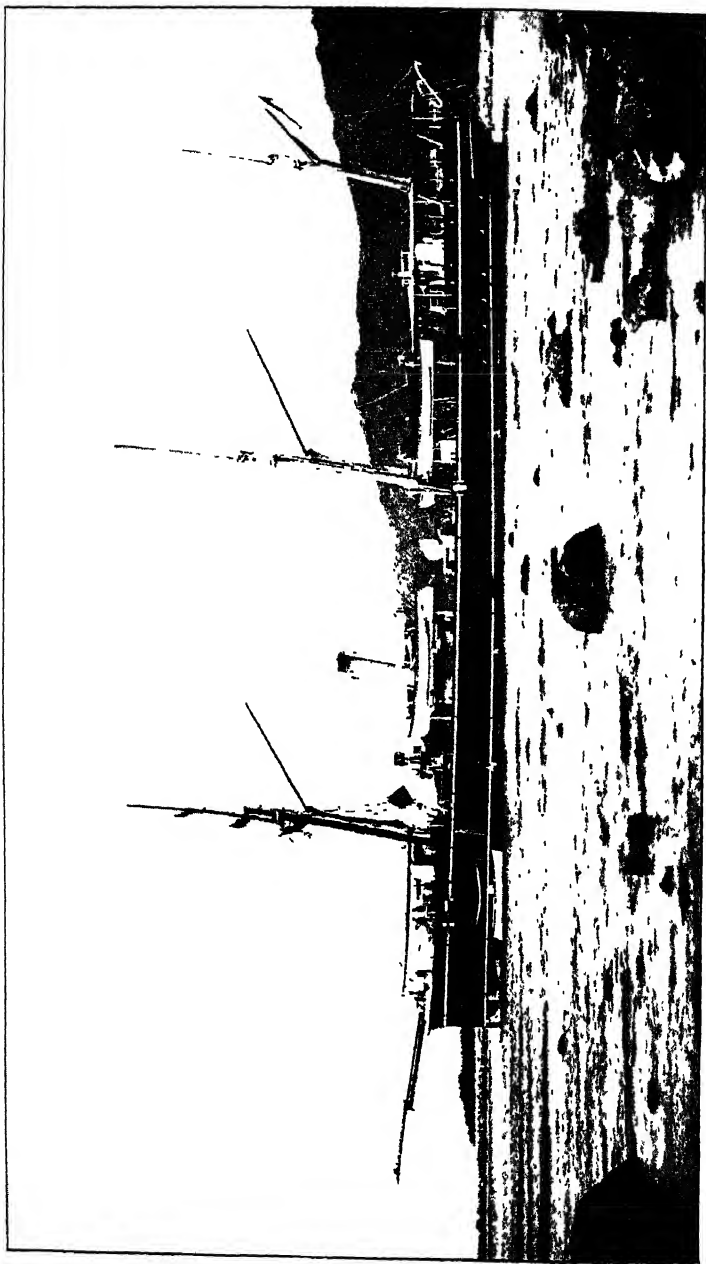
Auckland is a great centre for South Sea Island produce, especially the fruit, coprah and pearl-shell trade; more particularly the last named which was the means of cutting short our stay in New Zealand, as will be explained later.

Speaking of the pearl shell trade reminds me that oysters are good and cheap throughout New Zealand. They were particularly so at Auckland, where the best oysters were sold for 3d. a dozen ! oysters every bit as good as Whitstable natives. Consequently our mess caterer, who was endeavouring by his economies to wipe off a big deficit in our mess funds, which had been incurred before I joined the ship, had no hesitation in providing us daily with these succulent bivalves. When we left Auckland we laid in a large quantity of them, which were kept alive by feeding with oatmeal and periodically turning on them a hose charged with sea-water.

Two days before we left we learned that the natives of Penrhyn Island had sued a firm of traders (D—and E—) for a large sum of money, and this explained the arrival on board of Mr J. K. Murray Ross, Assistant Commissioner for the Western Pacific, as well as the cause of our departure. Penrhyn Island is a small coral island practically on the equator. As the case had to be tried somewhere which would be convenient for witnesses for the prosecution to attend, this meant good-bye to the cool and invigorating climate of New Zealand, and a return to hot weather and much sea-time. It was therefore with somewhat mixed feelings that we received our sailing orders.

Being young, and full of the spirit of adventure, the prospect of visiting more Pacific Islands filled me with delight. The prospect was even more pleasing when I learned that we were to visit islands considerably beyond the limit of the Australian Station, and yet so far from the base of the Pacific Station (Esquimalt) that it was evident that we were about to have a unique opportunity of seeing many places considerably off the beaten track and seldom visited by men-of-war.





H.M.S. "RINGDOVE" IN AVARUA HARBOUR, RAROTONGA

## CHAPTER XI

COOK ISLANDS — SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS — QUEEN  
MAKEA — FEY OR RED BANANA — REV JOHN WILLIAMS  
— FUNERAL OF A CHINAMAN — EARLY MARRIAGES —  
SUPERSTITIONS AND THE SPIRITS OF THE DEPARTED  
— MISSIONARY LAWS.

*“Non licet omnibus adire Corintho.”*

ON the 12th July, 1893, we set sail—literally set sail—for Rarotonga in the Cook Islands; two days later we crossed the 180th meridian, and on Friday the 14th we were told that it was really Thursday the 13th. Thursday in the Navy is a sort of school-boy's half holiday, for on that afternoon the “hands” are, if circumstances permit, ordered to “make and mend clothes,” which for the great majority means a period of masterful inactivity during which time they get what sailors call “a stretch off the land,” in other words, they sleep. To those whose nights are disturbed by watchkeeping a couple of hours' rest in the afternoon comes as a great boon.

For the information of those who have not travelled a great deal, I must explain that as you go east, the clocks have to be advanced a certain amount every day, the amount varying with the speed of the ship, so that by the time the 180th meridian is reached, if the date is not altered you will be a day out according to the calendar. In the western Pacific there is a religious body known as the “Seventh Day Adventists,” one of the most important tenets of whose creed is that Saturday and not Sunday should be observed as a day of rest.

At Rarotonga, for many years, owing to the correction for longitude not having been made, Sunday was inadvertently kept on Saturday to the delight of the Seventh Day Adventists, and when the change to western time took place, the representatives of this sect were so perturbed that they endeavoured

to persuade the natives that they were being cheated out of their lawful day of rest. There would have been serious trouble had it not been for the firm action taken by the Governor (Colonel Gudgeon).

Although we had a fair wind through the greater part of the trip it took us exactly a fortnight to reach Rarotonga under sail and steam. We anchored in Avarua harbour, which is so small that it looked as if we could not swing in any direction without bumping against the rocks around us. The harbour is approached through an opening in the coral reef which surrounds the island. Soon after our arrival the British Resident, Mr Moss, came on board and informed us that next day Her Majesty Makea Ariki, the Queen of the Cook Islands, would come on board in person and return the visit of our captain.

Gunboats are not saluting ships, but for diplomatic reasons, if it is considered expedient it is permissible for salutes to be fired. The British Resident deeming it advisable that this should be done when Her Majesty came on board, provided us with a Cook Island flag, which, to the delight of the natives, was duly hoisted and saluted with 21 guns when the Queen came on board and again when she left.

Makea Ariki was a most massive and imposing personage, possessed of great personal dignity and every inch (of which she had many) a queen. Ariki, be it known, is the native equivalent for king or queen, and she was reigning monarch of the whole of the Group, but I think her sovereignty was more nominal than real.

When we visited the Cook Islands we held a Protectorate over them, but a few years after our departure they were formally taken over by the Earl of Glasgow in the name of the New Zealand Government.

The object of our visit, as I have already said, was to hold a judicial inquiry into the charges brought by the natives of Penrhyn Island against the Auckland firm of traders. The witnesses for the prosecution were awaiting our arrival, but those for the defence were still on the high seas. A few days after our arrival the schooner having the Auckland representatives on board was sighted, and told to approach or "close,"



MAKEA, ARIKI, QUEEN OF THE COOK ISLANDS AND HER CONSORT.



as the naval expression has it. She took no notice of our signal, until a warning shot was fired across her bows calling attention to the order, after which she reluctantly obeyed, rather than risk a second shot which might possibly be fired at her.

The trial lasted about a month, during which time we gained an insight into the manners of a truly delightful people living on the most beautiful of tropical islands.

Mrs H. S. Pendlebury, who spent some time in the Cook Islands, tells me that there and also in Tahiti, was a red banana known as the "Fey," and that the saying is, if you have once eaten the "Fey," you are bound to return to the islands where it grows. Although I did not partake of this fruit, I must confess that if ever circumstances permit, I should much like to revisit these parts.

The Cook islanders, like most of those in the Pacific, had at a not very remote period, probably not more than two generations before, been addicted to cannibalism, but they had now put away all their former barbarisms and embraced Christianity, and were in fact the friendliest and kindest of people imaginable.

Under the name of Cook Islands are comprised eight islands, situated between the 19th and 22nd parallels of S. Latitude and 157th and 160th meridians of W. Longitude.

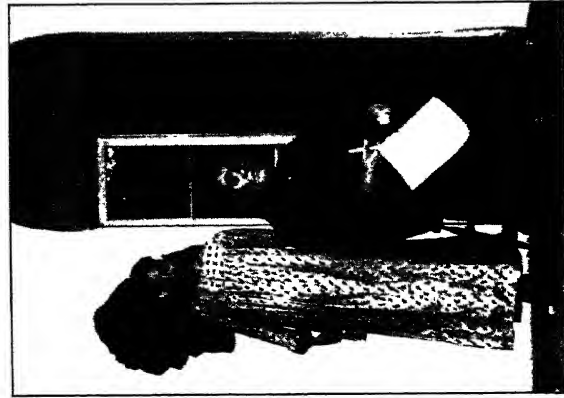
Rarotonga, the only one in the group which we visited, is the most westerly and is said to be *facile princeps* as regards beauty and fertility. I cannot imagine any more beautiful spot. It is of volcanic origin and rises to a height of 3,000 feet, covered throughout with the most luxuriant vegetation. In the winter months the temperature varies between 75° and 83° in the day and is about 6° cooler at night, but the heat is always rendered bearable by the S.E. trade winds. 83° was the highest temperature recorded on board during our stay, and 66° the lowest, but the minimum temperature usually varied between 70° and 74°.

Coconuts, bananas, pineapples, oranges, limes and lemons are produced in abundance, not to speak of maize, and excellent coffee. When we left, most of us brought away several 14 lb. bags of coffee beans, which when roasted proved to be

of excellent quality. The coffee which grows wild with great luxuriance was introduced by Captain Cook.

The natives of the Cook Islands are a mixture of Melanesian and Polynesian. Their colour is brown and generally lighter than that of the Papuans, than whom they are handsomer. They have well-pronounced features, high but rather narrow foreheads, dark eyes and usually long and straight or wavy hair, not so woolly and frizzly as is that of the Papuans. Their nostrils are not broad like those of the latter. They have round heads, and on the whole their appearance is distinctly pleasing and their dispositions amiable.

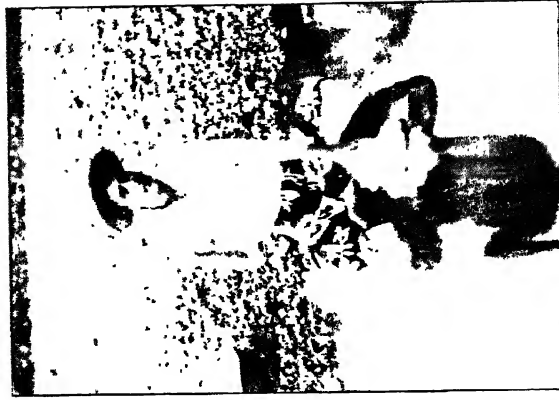
The women love to adorn themselves with flowers, and usually wear a red hibiscus bloom in their hair, or over each ear, and on "gaudy" days wear wreaths of white flowers, composed of frangipanni, or tuberose around their heads. At some of the dances to which we were invited it was the custom for a girl to transfer her wreath to her partner, and I well remember, at a dance given by Queen Makea being a little uncertain (in view of the fact that I was in uniform) I referred the question to the captain whether I ought to appear with a wreath around my head? He replied "when at Rome, do as Rome does," and thereupon without hesitation assumed this adornment, and we then all followed suit. The Rarotongans were excellent dancers, and as regards their dress, that of the girls worn in the day time or at dances consisted of loosely fitting garments hanging from a yoke and made of brightly coloured cotton, figured with flowers or other devices. These dresses reached from the neck to the ankles. The décolletée fashions of western civilisation would have appeared to them indecorous. Their feet were invariably bare. At night and in the evenings in their homes, they wore loin cloths, known as "parures," a word no doubt borrowed from the French at Tahiti. The manner in which the "parure" is worn differs in the sexes, the man has the knot which fastens it worn at the side, the woman having it in the centre of the back. Otherwise there is no difference, and the first time that I appeared in a "parure" I caused much amusement by wearing the knot in the wrong place.



MAKEA ARIKI AND TEINA HER ATTENDANT



RAROTONGAN BELLES.



"JACKIE,"  
(A Rarotongan Princess, Waikanae)







THE MURDER OF THE REV. JOHN WILLIAMS.  
(From a picture in Queen Mabea's palace, photographed by Paym Captain C. E. F. Webb, R N )

Shortly after our arrival the Queen invited us to a feast at her palace, and we found our places at table allotted to us strictly according to our rank as shown in the Navy list. The feast itself consisted of fish, turkeys, chickens, yams, taro, rice, bread-fruit, stewed oranges, pine-apples, etc., and for drinks we had either lemonade or the milk of a green coconut. When out in the heat of the day I know of nothing so cooling and refreshing as the "milk" of a soft green coconut, which is very different from what one gets out of the hard coconut met with in England, but as a beverage at dinner it is distinctly out of place.

Everyone was provided with a fan, which is triangular in shape and made from the plaited leaves of the *pandanus* or screwpine tree.

In the Queen's principal apartment were two prints, one of which represented the murder of the Rev. John Williams on the beach of Erromanga in the New Hebrides. Our paymaster (Webb) received permission to photograph it and I have a print of it in my possession.

The explanation of this picture being in the Queen's palace at Rarotonga, which is some 1,200 miles distant from the scene of his martyrdom, is, that the Rev. John Williams was the first missionary to the Cook Islands.

In Rarotonga there were three queens, but only one of any recognised importance. Queen Tinemana, who lived at a place called Aorangi, was married to a European planter, who not only cultivated limes, but also manufactured lime-juice for exportation. Queen Tinemana received no official recognition as royalty, but her husband invariably spoke of her to us as "Her Majesty."

She gave a dance in honour of our visit and the ballroom was decorated with huge orange trees covered with fruit, the latter serving also a refreshment. The orange trees, had been cut down, which seemed to me rather wanton.

During our stay in Rarotonga my services, both medical and surgical, were in constant requisition. Almost the first patient who, at the request of the Queen, I was asked to treat, was a Chinaman named Ah-Mony, who I found suffering from opium-poisoning. I gave instructions that he was to be given

strong black coffee and kept constantly moving. He was a great favourite of Queen Makea, and she, not having sufficient confidence in my treatment because I did not bring about an immediate recovery, called in a native medicine-man or as they called him a "Maori Wairekau." Whether in spite of, or as the result of his treatment, Ah-Mony died, and in high wrath I went to see the Queen, accompanied by an interpreter, and I told her that I was very displeased at her action in calling in a sorcerer after she had requested me to treat the patient. My interpreter, who no doubt was a true courtier, could not have conveyed my words to Her Majesty, as she received my remonstrances with a beaming smile, and later presented me with her photograph and that of her consort.

The obsequies of Ah-Mony will never be forgotten by any of the officers who attended the ceremony. He was laid out in state with a Mexican dollar over each eye, and placed at the head of a square, the other three sides of which were formed by the mourners. These consisted of young men and maidens who chanted and danced for hours, with occasional intervals for rest and refreshment, the latter consisting chiefly of orange-beer of which there was abundance. We joined in the ceremonies and sang till we were hoarse. The intervals for rest and refreshment were announced by a native with a stentorian voice, with the words "time for smoke." It must have been 2 a.m. when, wearied of the ceremony known as a "Hymenée" (and this particular one as "Hymenée Ah-Mony") we returned on board. The impression left on us was, that in it there was more of enjoyment than of sorrow, and in the words of Gilbert it might truly be said, "they love an interment."

The natives are practically amphibious, and all are expert divers and swimmers. When we arrived at Rarotonga our supply of coal, although it had been carefully husbanded by sailing as much as possible, needed replenishing. Fortunately for us, a ship laden with coal had foundered in the harbour, and from this the natives coaled the ship, diving and bringing up the coal lump by lump. Through long training they were able to remain quite a long time under water. I have no precise information as to the cost of the coal reclaimed in this





manner, but I feel confident that the price paid was not excessive, and with the supply thus obtained and what we had already on board, we had sufficient to make a long passage from Rarotonga to Fiji, visiting many islands *en route*, of which I shall have something to say later on.

During the whole of our stay in Avarua harbour it was practically impossible to prevent the natives from swimming off to the ship. On one occasion we organised a water picnic at a place called Papua, some distance away, where there was a delightfully cool and deep pool fed by a waterfall, which the natives used as a water-chute. They would climb up some 20 or 30 feet and then shoot down gracefully into the pool below. It all appeared so delightfully simple that several of us attempted the "chute," but our excoriated backs taught us that things are not always what they seem.

During this water-picnic, the native girls went in with all their clothes on, and at the conclusion of this aquatic entertainment did not take them off; a few who had brought extra clothes put the dry ones on over their wet garments. This practice of allowing wet clothes to dry on them, together with too much bathing at all times and more especially when they were in any way "out of sorts," is thought by many to be the cause of the heavy mortality there is amongst natives. I have no doubt that this is the case.

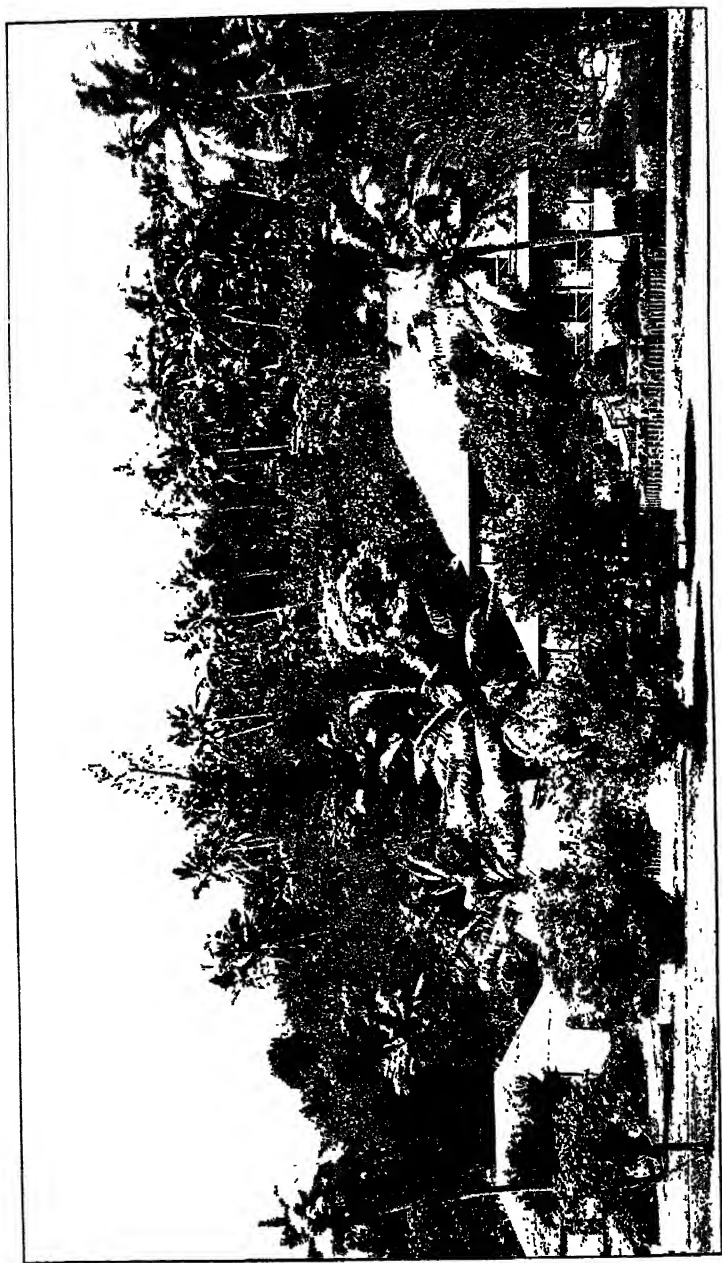
I might mention that the native who acted as my interpreter when I interviewed Queen Makea was a widow named Teina whose age was said to be only fourteen, and who was also reported to have had two children. There is no doubt that hot climates lead to precocity and also to premature old age.

In connection with one of our excursions into the interior was an incident which showed the strange superstitions which exist not only amongst natives but amongst many of the Europeans who have lived with natives for lengthy periods. The principal resident (apart from the British Resident and missionaries) belonged to a well-known south of Ireland family, and who had a brother who was a Colonel in the Royal Engineers, whom I afterwards knew in Portsmouth. This gentleman, whom I will call Mr E. had married a member of the blood royal of Tahiti and had for many years

been living at Rarotonga. He had two daughters, both remarkably good looking girls. Their names were Upoko and Mokora. Whenever there were entertainments they were always present. One day we were invited to a dance in a neighbouring village of Aorangi and two of our officers elected to drive in a buggy with the two girls. The Paymaster and I preferred to ride on mounts provided by Mr E—. We had not gone very far before my friend's horse stumbled and fell cutting one knee very badly. I rendered first aid with such material as I found available, and we returned and reported the accident to our host. He appeared to be very agitated when he saw the condition of the injured horse, and did not blame my friend but said "you were not riding the horse alone." We both assured him that we were unaccompanied by anyone, but he insisted that his daughter was riding the horse which fell. We told him that both his daughters had gone on ahead of us in the buggy and then he said "I don't mean either of them. It was my daughter Mary who was riding the horse which fell." This daughter had been dead for years, yet he was firmly convinced that because he had allowed a stranger to ride the horse which had been hers, she, and she alone, was the cause of the accident, as it was contrary to her wishes that any stranger should ever be allowed to ride the horse which had been her own when she was still with them in the flesh.

When I related this story to a trader who was a friend of the E. family, he assured me that he was convinced that Mr E's story was the true explanation. He then proceeded to relate how, when another of Mr E's children, a little boy, had died in infancy, he, as a friend of the family helped to bear the child's tiny coffin to its last resting place, and how when they passed a certain spot, the weight of the coffin became so great as to be almost insupportable. This, he went on to say was due to the fact that the ancestors of Ariki ti Tai (for that was the child's name) were sitting on the coffin! This trader was a native of Northern Ireland, who said he was prepared to stake all he possessed in support of the truth of this story, so it was evident that he, like his Southern compatriot, had not escaped the superstition so prevalent around them.





MISSION HOUSE, RAROTONGA

Before taking leave of Rarotonga I should not omit mentioning the native Chief Justice "Tepou O Ti Rangi." Tepou had a daughter named Maka who was suffering from a serious affection of one of her ankle-joints, so serious that I had to perform amputation of the foot. On the day before the operation, I told the family that I should perform it the following day and left instructions as to the necessary preparations.

The next morning I arrived with my assistants, consisting of the engineer, sick berth attendant and marine bugler. The operation was successfully performed, and after it was over, I was told that prior to my arrival they had decided not to allow it to be done, but seeing I had come prepared they did not like to disappoint me !

On a Saturday a few days before we left, the Chief Justice sent off a boat laden with gifts for me, which consisted of beautifully woven mats, hats, fans, a quantity of oranges and coconuts, and last but not least a nice little pig. I gave the pig to the petty-officers. As it was not deemed advisable to allow it on board until after the customary Sunday inspection, it was left in a boat lying alongside the ship at one of the lower booms. After rounds, when they went to get the pig, they found it had swum ashore and had no doubt returned to its former owner. I got a very gratifying letter from the Chief Justice thanking me for all that I had done. It was written in Rarotongese, but fortunately a translation was sent with it.

The missionaries at Rarotonga belonged to the London Missionary Society. They had a very nice and well-built church and a house quite as good, if not better than that of the British Resident.

Stories have often been told of the quaint laws in force in the Cook Islands; all I can say is that if they were in force they were more honoured in the breach than in the observance as I shall show presently.

Many years ago I remember hearing that much surprise arose when an Admiralty order was promulgated to the effect that in future the authorised allowance paid to assist in defraying the cost arising from change of uniform when Naval medical officers were posted to Royal Marine divisions would

be discontinued. Until this order was issued no one had ever received any such allowance nor had they even heard that it was possible to get it. I was reminded of this Admiralty order when I heard of the repeal of certain missionary laws which were nominally in force in the Cook Islands until the passing by the Cook Islands Parliament of the "Statute of Mangaia, 1899." In consequence of this Statute on and after April, 1899, people are exempted from prosecution for committing certain crimes, amongst which the following may be cited.

- (a) "Placing one's arm around a woman unless a lighted torch be held in the other hand."
- (b) "Tattooing or being tattooed."
- (c) "Going from one village to another on the Sabbath."
- (d) "Crying over a dead woman unless she was a near relation."
- (e) "Consulting a sorcerer."
- (f) "Taking an unmarried woman inland."

In "Sunshine and Surf," which gives an account of "a year's wanderings in the South Seas," Douglas B. Hale and Lord Albert Osborne, who visited the Cook Islands, mention the repeal of these laws, so I have no doubt that they were in force when we were in the Cook Islands in 1893, but I must confess that I never heard any mention of them. Possibly this may have been because none of us were detected committing any of the above-mentioned crimes!

The Laws and Regulations of Pitcairn Island when the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty* were living there, were almost as amusing as the "Statute of Mangaia" just referred to:

"No. 1 deals with the Magistrate who is not allowed to assume any power or authority on his own responsibility, or without the consent of the majority of the people. He must keep a public journal, which has to be submitted to the Captains of British men-of-war which touch at the island."

"No. 2. Laws for Dogs, Fowls and Pigs. If anyone's dog is found chasing a goat, the owner of the dog has to pay a fine of one dollar and a half, one dollar to the owner of the goat and the other half to the informer. If a dog kill or otherwise injure a goat, the owner of the dog so offending must pay the damage; but should suspicion rest on no particular dog, the owners of dogs generally must pay the damage."

"If a fowl has been seen trespassing in a garden, the proprietor of the garden is allowed to shoot and keep it, while the owner of the fowl is *obliged to return the charge of powder and shot* expended in killing the bird."

"If a pig is seen trespassing, no one is allowed to give information except to the owner of the land, that he may not be baulked in whatever course he may think to adopt."



BRITISH RESIDENCY, RAROTONGA.



"If any person under the age of 10 years shall kill a cat, he or she shall receive corporal punishment. If any between the age of 10 and 15 kill a cat, he or she shall pay a fine of 25 dollars; half of the fine to be given to the informer, the other half to the public. Any master of a family convicted of killing a cat shall be fined 50 dollars; half the fine to be disposed of as above.

### Laws regarding the School.

"There *must* be a school kept, to which all parents shall be *obliged* to send their children, who must previously be able to repeat the alphabet, Lord's Prayer, and Belief; and be of the age from six to sixteen years." Further on it says:—

"One shilling, or an equivalent, as marked below shall be paid for each child per month, by the parents, *whether* the child attends school or not."

"Equivalent for money:—

	s.	d.
One barrel of yams, valued at .. .. .	8	0
One barrel of sweet potatoes, valued at .. .. .	8	0
One barrel of Irish potatoes, valued at .. .. .	12	0
Three good bushels of plantains, valued at .. .. .	4	0
One day's labour, valued at .. .. .	2	0

There are also other laws relating to such important matters as the—

"Public Anvil and Sledge Hammer."

"Shooting of *White* Birds (except for those who are sick)."

"Cutting of Wood."

"Carving on Trees."

"Landmarks," and one relating to the boarding of ships which is singularly interesting:—

"No females are allowed to go on board of a foreign vessel without permission of the Magistrate, and if he do not go on board himself, he is to appoint four men to look after the females."

At last the time came for us to say "good-bye," and we had to leave Avarua. Our departure took place shortly before sunset, and as in the tropics it gets dark almost immediately after the sun has gone down, we were able to treat the Rarotongans to a firework display, consisting of rockets and Verey's lights. We had received so much kindness from natives as well as Europeans during our stay among them that we were one and all truly sorry to leave.

## CHAPTER XII

PENRHYN ISLAND — LEPERS — MANAHIKI — RAKAHANGA  
— SAMOA — *CALLIOPE* — FIJI — NORFOLK ISLAND —  
CONVICT LIFE — PITCAIRN ISLANDERS — LORD HOWE  
ISLAND AND PROHIBITION — BACK TO SYDNEY.

FIVE days after our departure from Rarotonga we anchored in the West Passage anchorage, Penrhyn Island (Lat. 9 .14 S. Long. 159 17½ W.) There are three passages through the reef into the lagoon, the one selected for our entrance being about 40 yards wide and 21 feet deep.

Penrhyn is a typical atoll, consisting of a ring of coral enclosing a lagoon some 90 square miles in area, and its produce consists of pearl-shell and coprah. Our arrival at this place had been anxiously awaited by the natives, as we were bringing the news of the result of the trial which had taken place at Rarotonga. When it was announced that the verdict was in favour of the natives, their joy was unbounded. They were so ignorant of British justice that they had hardly dared to think that white men would possibly give a verdict otherwise than favourable to their own race.

A large number of the inhabitants came on board, each bringing presents in the form of pearl shell and coconuts. The officers were all on deck to receive them (*i.e.* visitors) and as each native was presented, he left a gift of pearl shell. Some of the deputation, like the members of a stage army, appeared more than once, each time bringing a gift, and by the time the ceremony was over there was quite a substantial pile beside each of us.

When we reached Penrhyn the ship's bottom had become very foul with weeds, which had flourished during the prolonged spell at Avarua, in the still water at Rarotonga. The natives of Penrhyn were quite as amphibious as those of the Cook Islands, and they volunteered to scrub the bottom



THE GENERAL STORE (Goodwin and de Lisle's), RAROTONGA.







ULA-ULA DANCE, MANAHIKI.



MANAHIKI ARIKI OR CHIEF AND HIS ADVISERS.

if we provided them with hand-scrubbers. These having been duly provided, a large number of the natives proceeded to carry out a systematic underwater cleaning. They apparently had no fear of sharks, with which the sea was infested, and they fearlessly set about their work, remaining under water for incredibly long periods. In many of the islands in this part of the Pacific, natives dive and put a noose over the head of a shark which they find resting under water beneath a ledge of rock. This is said to be quite a common practice, both in the Cook Islands and in Samoa.

I was informed that on one part of the Island there was a Leper settlement. I obtained permission to visit it, which was rather disconcerting to some of my messmates who had a wholesome dread of this terrible disease and were afraid that I might bring back the infection. Those who have read of the horrors of Molokai and the heroic self-sacrifice of Father Damien can scarcely wonder at anyone being afraid lest the contagion should be introduced into the ship. I succeeded in obtaining a good deal of interesting information regarding leprosy. One fact which I elicited was that it is not hereditary, but acquired by personal contact. I took a number of photographs of typical cases. For my report on leprosy I received the thanks of the New Zealand Government.

After about 24 hours off Penrhyn Island, we set sail for Manahiki, which was reached three days later. Manahiki or Humphrey Island is, like Penrhyn, a coral atoll, but unlike it there is no opening into the lagoon by which the ship could enter, so we had to anchor outside the reef. We were landed in a boat under the guidance of natives, and on reaching the shore at Takunu village were met by the Chief, who was wearing the frockcoat of a Fleet Paymaster, with a big straw hat.

The next person in importance was more correct, as he was clothed in the uniform of a Commander, R.N., together with a uniform cap with a gold peak.

The explanation of the partiality shown by the natives of this island for naval uniform is, I think, that they imagine it to be the dress of all Europeans of any importance, as the only people they ever meet are naval officers, on the rare occasions when men-of-war visit these remote islands.

We had brought with us from Penrhyn a native of Manahiki who had acted as interpreter, and was in possession of a remarkably fine pearl which I persuaded him to exchange for a uniform coat of the pattern known as ball dress. The coat was in perfect condition but recent changes in uniform regulations had rendered its pattern obsolete, so the sacrifice of a good coat for a pearl was not so great as it might at first seem. Anyhow, it was the means of gratifying the vanity of the native, who swaggered about in this glorious apparel with no other garment but the scantiest of loin cloths.

I never heard that he obtained preferment in consequence of this acquisition, but I am of opinion that it added greatly to the prestige he had already gained through his sojourn on board a British man-of-war !

When we were at Manahiki, the Chief organised a native dance in our honour. This was in reality the famous Ula Ula, only much more decorous than the ordinary dance of that name as usually performed, for the dancers were all fully clothed. Nevertheless, it was carried out in such a way that one was able to realise that its accomplishment was the result of early and prolonged training.

After a day at Manahiki we left for Rakahanga, another atoll situated about 25 miles to the north of Manahiki. Arriving early next day, we landed at 10 a.m. and found that a feast had been prepared for us in a shed. Between 40 and 50 cooked fowls were laid out, one chicken for each guest and coconuts in large quantities, some on the table and others in reserve beneath it, as well as cooked yams, and taro, etc. Before each chicken stood a native fanning vigorously to keep off the flies. Up till then I had never seen so many flies at one time and the only occasions since that day on which I have seen more were in Gallipoli during the Dardanelles campaign in the summer of 1915.

In spite of the pressing invitation of all, the captain declined to partake of the good things provided, on the plea that time would not allow of our staying more than an hour or two on the island. I trust that we did not appear lacking in appreciation of the kind hospitality of the natives, but



RAKAHANCA ISLAND, SHOWING LAGOON, WITH H.M.S. "RINGDOVE"  
IN THE OFFING



secretly we were glad to have escaped having to partake of the fly-infested dainties.

We visited the church built under the auspices of the London Missionary Society. The only feature of interest in this building was the pulpit, which was inlaid with pearl shell and had two staircases leading up to it on either side.

The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, the famous Baptist preacher, had a two-way pulpit in his Tabernacle, and on one occasion used these two staircases with dramatic effect by sliding down one and climbing laboriously up the other in order to show how much easier it is to go to Hell than to Heaven.

The village street was laid out with a regularity which would have delighted the promoters of a Garden City designed under housing and town planning regulations. The principal street consisted of rows of neatly thatched houses on either side, and leading out of this a sort of Square where there were more houses and the church.

At two o'clock we weighed anchor and shaped our course for Samoa. As it was important that as little coal as possible should be used, this passage was made under sail, but the winds were so light that we practically drifted at the rate of about a mile an hour.

It took us six days to get to Samoa, and I am not quite sure that we should have reached it then, had not steam been raised the evening before we arrived at Apia. In the harbour we saw the wrecks of the *Trenton* and *Alder*, which had with four other men-of-war gone ashore in the hurricane which occurred on the 16th and 17th March, 1889. the *Calliope*, commanded by Captain H. C. Kane, being the only ship to weather the storm.

Four foreign men-of-war out of seven\* became complete wrecks and 130 lives were lost.

Captain Kane and the engine-room staff won golden opinions through weathering a hurricane unprecedented since the introduction of steam. Before the *Calliope* had raised sufficient steam to proceed she had parted four out of five cables, and the sole remaining anchor was dragging when

\* U.S. ships *Trenton*, *Vandalia* and *Nipsic*. English ship, *Calliope*. German ships, *Adler*, *Eber* and *Olga*. The American ship *Trenton* was the flagship of Rear-Admiral Kimberly.

steam was up. The engines, which under ordinary circumstances were capable of giving the ship a speed of 15 knots, only just enabled her to creep out at the speed of half a knot.

The entrance to Apia harbour is through a narrow opening in the reef, and it affords safe anchorage under ordinary conditions.

One of the midshipmen on board the *Calliope* (F. Brandt) was afterwards captain of H.M.S. *Monmouth*, who fought so gallantly and died so gloriously in the battle of Coronel, 1st Nov., 1914, when his ship went down with all hands. The last thing observed was a searchlight turned on the ensign still flying proudly on its staff and a few figures on the bridge who showed that they could die but would not surrender.

When we arrived in Apia harbour, two or three natives came on board without permission, and when it was learnt that there was an epidemic of measles ashore they, assisted by the captain's foot, left the bridge more suddenly than they expected. Measles in the South Sea Islands was a very dangerous disease when introduced amongst natives, and if we had communicated with the shore it would have necessitated a week's quarantine on arrival at Fiji, so we left without further parley, and all we saw of Samoa was the harbour of Apia; this was disappointing as we hoped to have met R. L. Stevenson who was then there.

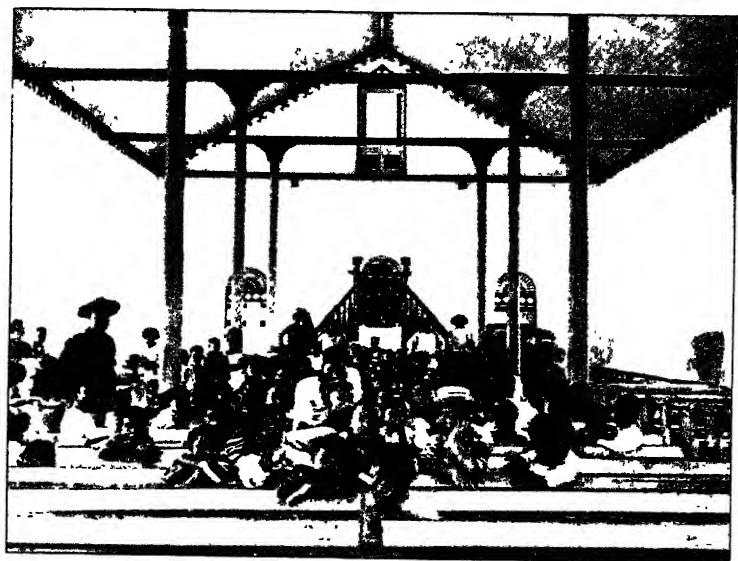
It took us six days to get from Samoa to Suva, the capital of Fiji, and on arrival we narrowly escaped being placed in quarantine. H.M.S. *Rapid* which had left Apia before we arrived was still in quarantine at Suva for four days after we had left that place for Norfolk Island.

Measles is regarded in Fiji with as much dread as cholera or plague in Europe, for in 1875 H.M.S. *Dido* accidentally introduced it for the first time, and the natives died by hundreds. The total mortality from measles during that epidemic was estimated at 40,000. The heavy mortality was due to the fact that as regards measles the Fijians were virgin soil.

The immunity, partial or complete, which we enjoy at the present day from ailments we now consider trivial has been acquired by countless generations having suffered in



VILLAGE STREET, RAKAHANGA.



CHURCH, RAKAHANGA ISLAND.



times now remote, from maladies which have in the past claimed many victims, but have always left a large proportion of the population protected to a greater or less extent. Tuberculosis, as we all know, is still responsible for many deaths, but when one considers the number of persons exposed to its infection, the percentage of mortality is infinitesimally small when compared with that which occurs when it is introduced for the first time, as recently occurred in Pondo-land. In that country it ran riot and in a very short time nearly exterminated the natives, who were in the same unprotected state as regards tuberculosis as the Fijians were with respect to measles.

The Fijians are a strong virile race and compose more than half the total population of the Fijian group of Islands, yet labour for the sugar and other plantations has had to be imported from many places; there are natives from the Solomon Islands, New Guinea, the New Hebrides and other Pacific islands, besides many Indian coolies and even Chinamen.

The Solomon Island settlement close to Suva consists of remarkably well-built and picturesque huts.

The Fijians, at one time cannibals, have long ago embraced Christianity and are now a peaceable, law-abiding people. The mode of wearing the hair adopted by them gives it the appearance of a fur hat or busby, and men as well as women take great pains with the trimming and training of their hair in order that it should assume the correct angle.

Fiji, to-day, is so well-known and so many writers have given their impressions of it that I will refrain from attempting to describe its tropical splendour.

Our next stopping place was Norfolk Island, which was reached in exactly six days. We anchored in Sydney Bay, Norfolk Island, at 8.35 a.m. and left again at 5.30 p.m., but even this short stay enabled us to see a good deal of the island, which is only five miles in length, three in width and an acreage of 8,528.

Although this Island was discovered by Captain Cook in October, 1774, shortly after leaving New Caledonia, it was to all intents and purposes a *terra incognita* until the

Admiralty, led by the graphic accounts of Cook as to its climate and fertility, decided to take it over. In 1788 a detachment under Governor Philip was sent from Port Jackson and the settlement was founded in Sydney Bay, which is on the south side of the island.

In 1809 it was decided to give it up, but the evacuation was not completed until 1814. It was re-occupied in 1825, as a convict depôt, and as such it remained until 1855. The convicts have left a memorial in the shape of excellent roads, substantial well-built stone buildings, and a pier or jetty some 300 feet in length in Sydney Bay without which it is difficult to understand how anyone could land. Although the day we arrived the sea was calm, there was present what is seldom absent, viz., a heavy swell. The sea rises some six or seven feet as each roller comes in and then recedes with terrifying suddenness. Ships have to lie at some distance from the shore and it frequently happens that they are unable to communicate with the island for days at a time, otherwise than by signal. This swell has been the cause of many a person who was fishing from the rocks being swept away suddenly, never to be seen again.

As soon as we landed we were met by residents, whose first inquiry was whether Queen Victoria was alive, and the next if we were at war with France? These questions should indicate as clearly as anything how cut off these people were from communication with the outside world. On shore the first objects which met our gaze were the old penitentiary buildings, solidly composed of massive stonework. Though deserted they all appeared to be in good order.

In 1856 the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*, who for many years had led a communal life on Pitcairn Island, which had become over-populated, were removed to Norfolk Island. The question of their removal to a more suitable spot had been mooted as far back as July, 1849, when Captain Wood of the *Pandora* first suggested it. Captain Fanshawe of the *Daphne* followed Captain Wood a month later and reported that he found no desire on the part of the Pitcairn people to leave. George Adams, son of the original John Adams, alias Alexander Smith, who was one of the



FIJIANS IN SOLOMON ISLANDS SETTLEMENT, SUVA.



FIJIAN NATIVES



mutineers, said he would "prefer continuing at Pitcairn to going anywhere else, so that, when his time should come, he might die on his native isle, and be laid in the grave of his father." When finally they were persuaded to go to Norfolk Island, 194 of them went, consisting of 60 married people and 134 young men and children.

When they arrived there they resolutely refused to occupy the quarters vacated by the convicts, and preferred to rough it as best they could until suitable houses were available. Fortunately for them, the climate of the island is delightful, and when one enumerates the kinds of fruits which can and do grow there, it will be realised what the climatic conditions must be.

The Rev. F. S. Batchelor, who resided there for about three or four years, wrote :—

"It is beautifully diversified with hills and dales, or (as the latter are generally designated) 'gullies,' and these lowlands are exuberantly fertile. On the same spot of earth are growing pine-apples, figs, guavas, lemons, pomegranates, Cape gooseberries, bananas, plantains, grapes, peaches, strawberries, apples, quinces, potatoes, cabbages, peas and beans; cinnamon and other spices abound, while tobacco, arrowroot, red pepper, and sweet potatoes can be cultivated to any extent. Maize, barley, wheat and rye grow on the higher and more level ground."

Orange trees and coconut palms had been introduced before the Rev. F. S. Batchelor left and he writes that he is in no doubt as to their bringing forth fruit to perfection. Can anyone picture a more perfect spot? It is interesting to note that he makes the common mistake of speaking of arrowroot as a plant.

Our impression was that if the island were not so far from home and less difficult of approach, that it would be quickly spoilt by tourists.

The Norfolk Island pine (*araucaria excelsa*) which at home is generally grown for decorative purposes in small flower-pots, grows here to a height of 150 to 200 feet. I do not want to exaggerate, but may say that the heights to which the residents told me these trees attain were much greater than those I have stated. A stately avenue of these pines was planted by the convicts.

In alluding to these Pitcairn islanders it may be of interest to recall, as briefly as possible, the circumstances of the

mutiny of the *Bounty*. Mr Bligh (afterwards Captain Bligh), was in command of the ship ; he had served as sailing master in the *Resolution* under Captain Cook, when on his last voyage (1776-9). He had not enjoyed the advantage of having been brought up in the gun-room of a man-of-war, and was no doubt somewhat handicapped in consequence. The second in command was loyal, but the master's mate (Fletcher Christian), three out of five midshipmen, and 21 others mutinied.

The *Bounty* had been sent to Tahiti for the purpose of obtaining young bread-fruit trees, which, under the advice of Sir Joseph Banks were to be taken to the West Indies for naturalisation. All went well under Bligh's command until at Tahiti (Otaheite as it was then called), a ship's corporal and two of the men deserted with their arms, and on their recapture were flogged and put in irons. An attempt was also made to cut the ship's hemp cable. With respect to this Captain Bligh says "that although he felt disposed, on reflection, to attribute that offence to the desire they had to remain at Otaheite, he could scarcely bring himself to believe that by so doing, they would risk their own and comrades' lives, and at the same time abandon every prospect of returning to their native country." Captain Bligh was seized, and with 17 others, cast adrift with only a 28 gallon-cask of water, a small quantity of rum and wine, and 150 lbs. of bread. He then made his wonderful and miraculous passage of 5,600 miles to the north of Queensland and Timor.

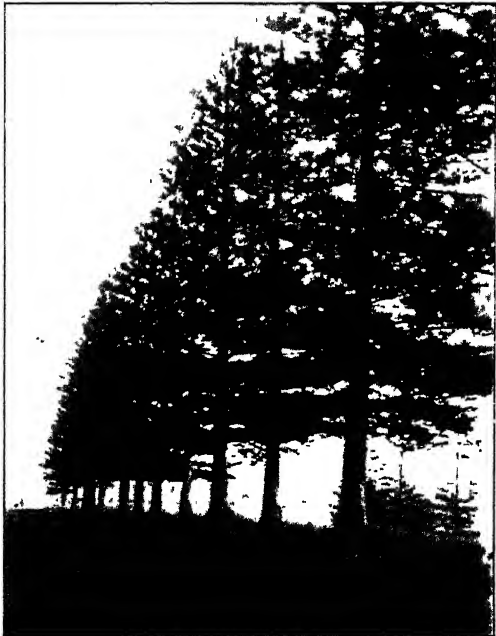
On reference to a list of the mutineers, one sees to-day some of the names perpetuated on Norfolk Island of the nine who landed on Pitcairn Island.

Of these, Lieut. Christian, John Williams, Isaac Martin, John Mills and William Brown were murdered by the Otaheitan. Quintal was put to death by Young and Adams in self-defence. William M'Koy became insane and committed suicide. Mr Young, midshipman, died of asthma. Alexander Smith, alias John Adams, died in 1829.

In 1818 John Buffett joined Pitcairn from H.M.S. *Sirius*, and in 1828 George Nobbs joined the party, all of whom were now connected by marriage.



SYDNEY BAY, NORFOLK ISLAND



NORFOLK ISLAND PINES (ARAUCARIA EXCELSA).



At the present time the names most common on the island are those of Quintal, Christian, Buffett and Adams, and the original nine are still represented by M'Koy's (several), one Martin, one Young and there are many Nobbs, whose name did not appear amongst the original nine. How Mr Nobbs came to join the community in 1828 is not without interest. Born in Ireland, in 1799, he served in the Royal Navy as a seaman. He left it to join the Chilian Navy under "Dundonald the Dauntless" (Lord Cochrane), by whom he was made a lieutenant "in consequence of his gallantry in the cutting-out of the Spanish frigate *Esmeralda*, 40 guns, from under the batteries of Callao: and during a severe conflict with the Spanish gun brig, near Arauco, a fortress in Chili."\* In one expedition, of which he was in command, 48 out of 64 were killed and wounded. Of the remaining 16, all were executed with the exception of Lieutenant Nobbs and three English seamen.

Eventually he reached Pitcairn Island, married a granddaughter of Fletcher Christian and became a permanent settler, was the island schoolmaster (in succession to Christian) acted as a surgeon, and became eventually its ordained chaplain! † Truly a various career!

Mr Bligh's explanation of the mutiny is that:

"The women at Otaheite are handsome, mild and cheerful in their manners and conversation, possessed of great sensibility, and have sufficient delicacy to make them admired and beloved. The chiefs were so much attached to our people, that they rather encouraged their stay among them than otherwise, and even made them promises of large possessions. Under these and many other attendant circumstances, equally desirable, it is now perhaps not so much to be wondered at, though scarcely possible to have been foreseen, that a set of sailors, most of them void of connections elsewhere, should be led away—especially when, in addition to such powerful inducements, they imagined it in their power to fix themselves in the midst of plenty on one of the finest islands in the world, where they need not labour, and where the allurements of dissipation are beyond anything that can be conceived."

Soon after we landed on Norfolk Island we were introduced to a large group of children who were the descendants

\* This information is taken from the "Story of the Pitcairn Islanders," by Alfred McFarland."

† "Pitcairn," by Rev —. Murray, a relative of Rear-Admiral Murray.

of the nine mutineers already mentioned. I took a photograph of them and was asked to pick out the child which I considered the brightest and most intelligent among them. This I did without hesitation, and was told that she was the daughter of the one and only stranger who had joined up with the Pitcairn Islanders, and he was a sailor who had been shipwrecked on Norfolk Island. The girl showed that she had suffered less from consanguinity than the rest; and, amongst the others, it was a notable fact that those descended from Fletcher Christian and Midshipman Young showed more intelligence than those descended from the others, all of whom on the paternal side must have sprung from good sound English stock, and appeared to be physically strong and mentally sound. It was interesting to find that there were a good many descendants of Fletcher Christian, who belonged to a well-known Cumberland family. Mr Young, who was descended from the midshipman of that name, drove us out to his house, and acted as principal host.

The convicts sent to the Norfolk Island *Depôt* were of the class known as "Class 3," the weedings from Port Arthur in Van Diemen's Land and Cockatoo Island, Sydney. They were all of them incorrigible ruffians, found guilty of committing fresh crimes. For a time discipline amongst them was practically non-existent. If any of them committed a murder or other crime the rest refused to give evidence. Rigorous steps had to be taken to bring these wild beasts into subjection, and it is hardly fair to blame those who had to employ the strong measures which they did in order to restore order. The book "*For the Term of his Natural Life*," by Marcus Clarke, contains an account which is said to be authentic, but in which he does not appear to make sufficient allowance for the difficulties with which the prison authorities had to contend. If anyone wishes to learn about the horrors of this penal settlement, let him read that book.

Norfolk Island must have been a veritable hell on earth. Prisoners are said to have cast lots as to who should be murdered and who should pay the penalty for the crime. The spots where some of the tragedies were enacted were pointed out to us, including the rock from which a prisoner dived and





KENTIA PALMS, LORD HOWE ISLAND.



BANYAN TREE ENCIRCLING PALM, LORD HOWE ISLAND.

swam to Nepean Island, a small rocky islet half a mile from the main Island. Can one therefore wonder that the simple Pitcairn Islanders refused to live in buildings which if stones could speak would recount nothing but horrors—horrors more suggestive of Russia under the Bolsheviks than civilised England? To-day Norfolk Island is the headquarters of the Melanesian Mission. There is a church erected in memory of Bishop Patteson who was chaplain to Bishop Selwyn, and killed by the natives in the New Hebrides. The church is dedicated to St. Barnabas, and is a fine building of limestone, containing some good stained glass windows designed by Burne Jones and executed by William Morris, and the chancel is inlaid with mosaic and has a beautiful pulpit.

Norfolk Island is used as a training school for native missionaries as well as a sanatorium where missionaries can go for a rest when they get run down by their labours in the tropics.

We left the island on the 24th September, and in three days anchored off Lord Howe Island, which is mountainous, well-wooded and of volcanic origin. As I have pointed out before, volcanic islands are as a rule extremely fertile. Lord Howe Island is no exception. It is nearly midway between Norfolk Island and Sydney but rather nearer to the latter, and it was when Lieut. H. Lidgbird Ball, of H.M.S. *Supply* was proceeding from Sydney to Norfolk Island that he discovered it. Considering that it has two mountains,\* fairly lofty, it seems strange that the island should have been undiscovered till 1788. One of Ball's names is commemorated in Mt. Lidgbird, and the other in Ball's Pyramid, which is a remarkable pinnacle of rock rising to a height of 1,800 feet straight up out of the sea from a base little over 1,000 yards in length.

Ball's Pyramid is situated about 18 miles to the southward of the island and is visible from a great distance. When passing in sight of this remarkable rock we saw a sight of which one often hears but seldom sees, viz., a fight between a thresher (species of shark) and a whale.

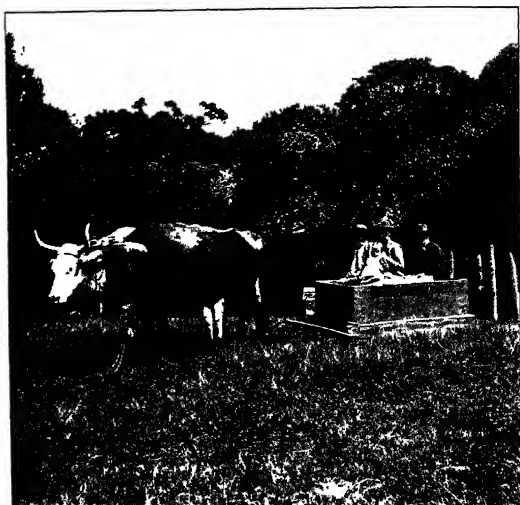
\* Mt. Gower, 2,800 ft. and Mt. Lidgbird, 2,500 ft.

Off the eastern side of Lord Howe Island is a fringing coral reef, this alone should suffice to render the island remarkable, as it is the most southerly coral reef in existence. As most people are aware, coral islands and coral formations in general are composed of the skeletons of a number of varieties of animals closely allied to the sea-anemones, and these require (a) clear water not exceeding 30 fathoms in depth and (b) a temperature of not less than 66 Fahrenheit. If coral formations are found at greater depth it means that the bed of the sea where they are situated has subsided.

Around the island there are numerous rocks which serve as nesting places for a number of different sorts of seabirds, particularly wideawakes and mutton birds (puffins). Their eggs are much in demand, as they are devoid of the strong fishy flavour commonly met with in those of most sea-birds. It was early in the breeding season when we were there, but our hostess at a luncheon party given in our honour, informed us that she had that morning faced the dangers of the surf and gathered with her own hands the eggs used for the various dishes put before us. In order to reach the rocks where the sea-birds' eggs are obtained, a belt of surf has to be traversed, a dangerous proceeding for those not accustomed to its negotiation, but the inhabitants are quite adepts at the job.

There were about 80 or 90 people living on the island when we went there in 1893, and all were dependent on the cultivation of the *Kentia* palm, three varieties of which are indigenous to it. The *Kentias* are elegant, hardy palms which in their native soil attain a height of 50 or 60 feet. In Europe they are much in request as ornamental pot plants, and the seeds of *Kentia Fosteriana*, about the size of damsons, are exported from this island to the extent of thousands of bushels every year. The seeds are shelled, put into sacks and carried by man-labour until they can be put in a sleigh drawn by a bullock. This bullock-sleigh was the only conveyance in the island when we were there. I brought home to England quite a number of palms, most of which fitted into a 2-inch pot, and to-day, 33 years after they were obtained, I still have a few of the original specimens.





BULLOCK SLEIGH, LORD HOWE ISLAND.

They are now comparatively big trees, but their growth has been restricted as much as possible by growing them in pots really too small for them.

The banyan tree (*ficus columnaris*) flourishes on the island; some of these strange trees cover as much as an acre or two of ground, and like vegetable boa-constrictors encircle other trees which come within their grip. I succeeded in taking a photograph of a palm which was almost entirely surrounded by a banyan tree.

The inhabitants, when we were there, had a co-operative system of profit sharing, by which everyone is allotted a certain number of shares in the proceeds derived from the sale of the produce of the island. In this way, everyone born on the island is provided for, but I was told that the business is run like the closest of trade unions, and like the guilds of the city of London—admission could only be gained by patrimony.

The island was run on prohibition lines, without a possibility of "boot-legging," and for this reason it had been selected as a home for a family of which the head was an English military officer over-addicted to alcoholic indulgence. When an English man-of-war arrived he at once went off to call, and we, not knowing his weakness, or the reason for his banishment to the island, offered him that hospitality for which the Navy is justly renowned. This hospitality, needless to say, was not declined. I trust that we were not the means of re-kindling a fire which for lack of fuel had been almost extinguished. At any rate no blame could in fairness be attached to any of us, seeing that we were totally unaware of our visitor's failing. Unfortunately, (or perhaps fortunately) I did not record the Christian name of the officer, who was then only a captain in a line regiment, but at any rate, if it was not our friend, it was an officer of the same surname who afterwards distinguished himself sufficiently in the Great War to attain the rank of brigadier-general, and if it was our friend, then one can only repeat the witticism made under very different circumstances, respecting the famous Admiral who gave his name to the island, "Lord Howe, wonderful are thy works!"

Mr A. R. McCulloch, in the Australian Museum Magazine for August, 1921, mentions that when Lieut. Ball first visited Lord Howe Island, although destitute of human species, it was thickly populated by birds, which did not know what fear was. Amongst these, was a species now as extinct as the dodo, which had white plumage and a scarlet bill (*Notornis alba*.) These birds could not fly and when killed were found so good to eat that they were soon exterminated, and to-day, " save for a single skin in the Vienna museum and a few notes in journals recording orgies of killing, we know nothing of the existence of this remarkably interesting species." Slaughter such as this fills one with horror.

We left Lord Howe Island full of regrets that we could not have a longer time in which to explore this little-known place. Sydney was reached three days later, and after a month there we proceeded once more to Tasmania and other settlements.

## CHAPTER XIII

TASMANIA RE-VISITED — GRETNA GREEN — RABBITS AND  
SWEETBRIARS — PORT ADELAIDE — WALLABIES — RE-  
TURN TO ENGLAND.

THE first and almost the last place we visited in Tasmania was Port Arthur, a large bay on Tasman Peninsula, running north and south. It is one of the most sheltered harbours in the country, and lies between Cape Raoul and Cape Pillar ; the latter is situated at the south-east of the Peninsula and is the most striking headland on the coast.

It is formed of perpendicular basaltic columns rather reminiscent of the Giant's Causeway in Northern Ireland. These columns rise to a height of over 900 feet, and then form a flat surface.

After a few days at Port Arthur, we left for Hobart.

The trip up the Derwent river from Port Arthur to Hobart affords lovely sylvan scenery. The river is teeming with fish, and the first time we steamed slowly up it, some of us attempted to catch bonito with mackerel line armed with hooks and bits of red bunting as bait. The bonito is a species of large mackerel, so voracious, it is said, that it will take any bait, but it would not take ours. Possibly we were steaming too fast and didn't give it a reasonable chance.

Hobart with its glorious setting is situated on a gently sloping plain, at the foot of the hills descending from Mt. Wellington, five miles distant. On either side of Mt. Wellington at equal distances, are Mt. Nelson and Collin's Bonnet. All three mountains are over 4,000 feet in height, and curiously enough, they are all within a hundred feet of the same altitude.

Hobart is easily the most English and picturesque town visited by us in Australasia. It has quite an old-world

appearance. Its houses for the most part are well built in true Georgian style, and their roofs are composed of either red tiles or wooden shingles.

Whilst we were at Hobart, the first lieutenant (J. Talbot-Ponsonby) and I got leave to go to Gretna Green for a day's rabbit shooting. Proceeding by train we passed through various orchards, for it is a good fruit-growing country, and also abounds with hop-gardens reminding one of Kent and Herefordshire.

The names of the stations appeared to me to be quaint, as they seemed so incongruous, *e.g.*, we went past Cornelian Bay, Jericho, New Brighton, Jerusalem, New Norfolk, Bagdad and one or two others which I have forgotten.

When we reached our destination, the host of the inn, a veritable Boniface of the English type, provided us with refreshment and arranged for our sport.

All around Gretna Green rabbits abounded, and in some places, quite large tracts of land had been laid bare by these destructive animals, and were just as destitute of vegetation as if a flight of locusts had recently visited the country. I think it must have been in connection with this part of the world that the story is told of a man who, when asked if there were many Scotsmen in his district, replied, "Not very many, rabbits are our chief pest!"

We had no difficulty in shooting as many rabbits as would fill two sacks, which we took back to the ship for we knew the sailors would enjoy them, but our host of the inn was intensely surprised at our doing so, as no Tasmanian or Australian would knowingly eat them. When at Sydney I heard of a case which if it had been exposed would have ruined a well-known restaurant, the caterer of which had announced on the menu "boiled chicken," but with intent to defraud had substituted boiled rabbit. The person who detected the fraud was tender-hearted and knew that if the case became public the restaurant would lose many of its clientèle. Needless to say, his silence earned the undying gratitude of the proprietor.

We also shot a few green parrots, which I must confess filled me with remorse, but we were told that they did a good deal of damage and that it would be a kindness to kill any we saw.

Sweet briar, introduced as a garden plant, has spread to such an extent that it has become as great a nuisance as the rabbit. In New Caledonia a very pretty species of verbena, called lantana, has spread almost as much as sweet briar has in parts of Tasmania, and, like it, was introduced as an ornamental flowering shrub.

Another example of a garden flower, becoming a veritable weed, is the yellow oxalis brought to Malta from the Cape of Good Hope ; it has spread everywhere over the island.

Whilst we were at Hobart an incident occurred which was very complimentary to the linguistic capability of Lieut. and Commander E. J. Bain (captain of the *Ringdove*). A certain lady, who took a leading part in Hobart society, was very good in showing hospitality to naval officers whether English or foreign. She had one afternoon invited the officers of the French flagship *Duboisdieu* to her house. The captain of the *Ringdove* happened to call when the French officers were there, and whilst his hostess was endeavouring to entertain some of the latter, he carried on a conversation with the others in French. I happened to call just as the others had left, and my hostess said the majority of the French officers knew little or no English, but one of them, a Monsieur Bain, could express himself with equal ease in both languages, and she had never met any Frenchman before who could speak such perfect English. When I explained that "Monsieur" Bain was really Lieutenant Bain, she was quite amused, as she said he had the appearance and all the mannerisms of a foreigner ; this was no doubt due to his long sojourn abroad, more particularly in Italy and at Malta.

We spent our last Christmas on the Australian Station at Hobart, and three days later left for Port Adelaide, South Australia, where we arrived on New Year's Day, 1894. January, in spite of it being the hottest month in the summer, was not oppressive at Adelaide, for there the heat is dry and a temperature of 96° in the shade, as was experienced on the day after we arrived, was not so trying as a temperature of 80° at Sydney, where the air is much damper.

After a little over a week at Port Adelaide we went to Port Lincoln, a fine bay with a sandy beach, but bathing unsafe

owing to the sea being infested with sharks. Here we joined the flagship and three other ships of the Australian Squadron which had gone there to do torpedo practice. The place was absolutely wild, and kangaroos and wallabies (a smaller species of kangaroo) were to be seen on shore amongst the scrub which grows down almost to the water's edge. We landed with the idea of getting some shooting, and I succeeded in missing a few wallaby, which are extremely quick in their movements, but managed to bag one kangaroo, which I took on board. The tail made excellent soup, but no one cared much for the rest of the animal which tasted something like a rather strong hare. Bain, however, who was fond of experimenting in new forms of food, pronounced the kangaroo as "not bad." On one occasion when in the New Hebrides he shot a flying fox, which is one of the fox-bats (*Pteropus*) and had it curried for dinner. The flying-fox has a head very suggestive of a fox, but is really a true bat.

It is very common in some of the Pacific islands and in the warmer parts of Australia, particularly Queensland, where it is very destructive to fruit. Being entirely vegetarian, and living chiefly on fruit, one would imagine that it would be good for food, but this is not the case, and after tasting curried flying-fox I never wanted to try it again.

The day after we returned to Port Adelaide, "general leave" was given to the ship's company. One of our seamen, a particularly smart hand aloft and a typical sailor of the old type, had one besetting sin, to wit, a craving for alcohol, and for this reason he was placed in a class for leave, which prevented him from gratifying his taste except on rare occasions. He went ashore on "general leave" with the rest, and, strange to relate, returned on board, not only before his leave had expired, but strictly sober. The officer of the day, with the best intentions, gave orders that this man was not to be allowed ashore again, but he (knowing that this order was contrary to the custom of the Service), said that "he *would* go ashore, and no one would stop him." A sentry was ordered to see that he did not break out of the ship, but somehow or other he managed to get away, and on the expiration of his leave a party was sent ashore to search for him. They

returned without any clue as to his whereabouts, and in due course a warrant was issued and a reward offered for his arrest, but without success. Four days after his disappearance his body was found by the Water Police quite close to the ship, which was secured fore and aft to buoys within quite a short distance from the wharf. His funeral was attended by every available officer and man. I can well remember the heat on that broiling hot day when we marched some considerable distance to pay our last sad tribute of respect to one who was as much a favourite with the officers as he was with the men.

After visiting some of the lesser known Victorian ports we went to Sydney, said "goodbye" to the *Ringdove* and prepared to quit Australia.

The voyage home in the *Cuzco*, an Orient liner, part of which had been converted into a veritable troop-ship, was much the same as the ordinary trip in a mail-steamer, and in the middle of April we paid off after a commission of much more than ordinary interest.

## CHAPTER XIV

PASTEUR INSTITUTE — HUNS AT LILLE — VOYAGE TO  
CHINA — JAPANESE NEW YEAR CUSTOMS — LI HUNG  
CHANG — SABBATARIANISM AND THE CHINESE — YOKO-  
HAMA — NIKKO — TREES AND TELEGRAPH POLES.

AFTER the expiration of my foreign service leave I reported myself at the Admiralty, and was asked by the Medical Director-General whether I desired any particular appointment. I replied that I should much like that of Assistant Instructor at Haslar when the post became vacant. I was told that *that* was out of the question and was asked to "suggest another," but as I could not at the moment think of any other appointment, left, at any rate certain of one thing, that wherever I might go it would *not* be to Haslar. A week before my leave was up, I received to my amazement, an official telegram asking me whether I was prepared to go to Haslar *forthwith*. The reply being in the affirmative (as they say in the House of Commons) I was duly appointed to the teaching staff of the R.N. Medical School, Haslar, a post that carried the scarce desideratum, an "official residence" which enabled me a few months later to be married.

There is little of general interest to record with respect to the five years spent at Haslar, except that in 1898 I was sent as naval representative with Major (afterwards Sir David) Semple, R.A.M.C., and Major Harvey, I.M.S., on behalf of the Army and Indian Medical Services, respectively, to undergo courses of instruction at the Pasteur Institutes at Lille and Paris. At the former, under Professor Calmette, who was at one time a medical officer in the French Navy, we studied his anti-venene method of treating snakebite, experimenting with the concentrated venom of the most poisonous snakes in existence, and demonstrating how, after an animal

had received sufficient snake poison to kill many similar animals of its size and weight, it was possible to overtake the action of the poison and by injecting the anti-venomous serum save its life.

At Paris, we underwent a course demonstrating by experimental proofs the efficacy of the serum treatment for lockjaw and Pasteur's treatment of hydrophobia. Curiously enough, immediately after my return to Haslar a case of lockjaw occurred and this was successfully treated with the serum obtained at the Pasteur Institute.

During the whole of the time that I was in France, relations with that country were somewhat strained owing to the recent Fashoda incident, which at times made life there very difficult for an Englishman, more particularly when it was a question of cashing cheques at French banks, but from the Staff at each of the Pasteur Institutes we received nothing but the greatest kindness and consideration.

Professor Calmette when in the French Navy had been stationed for a time at Saigon in Indo-China, where he had made a wonderful collection of Chinese works of art, and had built himself a house at Lille with a view to showing these "curios" to advantage. In reply to a letter which I wrote to him recently respecting the fate of his art treasures during the Great War, I learnt that he had walled them up in a secret hiding place which the Huns failed to discover, but all his copper, nickel and silver things which were not hidden were taken, as well as optical and photographic appliances, and everything woollen. His wife was removed to Holzminden Camp, where she remained six and a half months, and was so badly treated that even to-day her health gives cause for anxiety. With regard to the Pasteur Institute at Lille, the Germans took two-thirds of all the material which was there, and used it in the laboratories attached to their army. One would have thought, before the war, with the German boasted "Kultur," that Science being universal, institutes such as the Pasteur, and libraries like that of Louvain, would have been left untouched.

On the 2nd June, 1899, I was specially promoted to the rank of Staff-Surgeon (now Surg. Lieut. Commander), and as

it was in the middle of a course of instruction I remained on until the autumn, but knew that I should have to go to sea as soon as the course terminated. It is not customary for officers to choose their appointments, but where, as sometimes happens, anyone expresses a wish for a certain ship or station, he is allowed to go there if the Service admits, I was most anxious to serve on the North America and West Indies Station, and as the *Talbot*, which belonged to the N. American Squadron, happened to be recommissioning just at the time I was available, I asked to be appointed to her, and was informed that as circumstances did not permit of this, I had been selected for the *Tamar* at Hong Kong. This happened to be the next ship in the Navy List to it, so it reminded me of the case of the soldier who enlisted in the 20th Regiment in order that he might be near his brother who was in the 19th !

As the *Tamar* was a harbour ship and one where permission is granted to live ashore, I took my wife, two children and a nurse out to Hong Kong and booked our passages in the *Wakasa Maru*, one of the ships belonging to the Nippon Yusen Kaisha. This ship, at that time, was commanded by John Bathgate Macmillan, a delightful Scotsman who had done splendid work under almost arctic conditions\* when conveying Japanese troops to Manchuria during the Russo-Japanese War. Most of the other officers were English or Scotch. We went out during the darkest period of the South African War, and on arrival at Colombo received the news of the battle of Colenso and the death of Lord Roberts' son.

One morning when in the Indian Ocean, the hands were busy spreading awnings, when the cry of "man-over-board" was heard, one of the Japanese sailors having fallen overboard. The ship was stopped as quickly as possible and the engines reversed, but nevertheless the man dropped far astern and was soon a mere speck in the water, which fortunately was as calm as a millpond. A boat was lowered without loss of time, but little hope was entertained of rescuing him in that

\* On one occasion the Quartermaster was rendered unconscious and received a very severe scalp wound, caused by a huge icicle falling on him from aloft, and Captain Macmillan himself had to take the wheel.

shark-infested sea, as none of the fifteen life-buoys thrown to him had come within his reach. Strange to relate, he was picked up, but in a nearly unconscious condition. After he recovered, his first act was to express his humble apology for the trouble he had occasioned !

We were fortunate in having among our fellow-passengers Mr Basil Hall Chamberlain, who at that time was professor of Japanese and Philology in the Imperial University of Tokyo, to whom I am indebted for the explanation of many Japanese customs.

New Year's day was spent on board the *Wakasa Maru* and celebrated in Japanese fashion. In Japan, it is one of nine officially recognised festivals, and is known as "San-ga-nichi" or "three days"—January 1, 3 and 5.\* It is celebrated by decorating the gateways with pine-branches, straw ropes, oranges, and a lobster, the latter as a symbol of old age, on account of its bent back. Presents were given by the Japanese stewards, and last but not least, the Japanese crew indulged in a stew called *Zoni*, one of the ingredients of which is a strong smelling radish called by them "daikon," eaten in an advanced state of decomposition, the aroma of which can be best compared to that of rotten mangolds. Offensive as it may be to our nostrils, Mr Chamberlain told us that we did not suffer more from it than do the Japanese from the smell of European cheese.

On the voyage I began to suffer from symptoms of Mediterranean fever, which six weeks after we arrived in Hong Kong, became worse. Before leaving England we received introductions to a number of people in Hong Kong, including Sir Henry Blake (the Governor) and Lady Blake, the latter, like my wife, being Irish, and on arrival we were received as the guests of the Deputy Inspector-General at the R.N. Hospital, until we were able to find suitable accommodation ashore.

No time was lost in seeking a house, and we succeeded in getting one on the Peak, between 1,700 and 1,800 feet above sea level. The Chinese always speak of the Peak as Top-side

\* The Chinese New Year celebrations began on 31st January and it and 1st February were Dockyard holidays, for the very good reason that no Chinese dockyard hands would have come to work on those days.

and the sea level as Bottom-side, the two are connected by a funicular railway and the ascent is made in about a quarter of an hour. The alteration in atmospheric pressure between the summit and sea level is very appreciable. Our house situated in the terrace known as Mountain View was generally surrounded by clouds, everything was damp, walls streamed with moisture, pictures and other things fastened by glue fell to pieces, and blankets and clothing, when not in use, had to be kept in a drying room.

I myself never saw the house but once, and that was on the day I viewed it with my wife, who afterwards lived in it with my family when I was sick in hospital, for within a short time, some six or seven weeks after our arrival, whilst at Hong Kong races, I became so ill that I had to return to our hotel and remain in bed for some time.

Shortly before this, when I was in the *Tamar*, a Chinese gun-boat came in with Li Hung Chang on board, to pay a ceremonial visit to Commodore (afterwards Sir Francis) Powell. The gun-boat was able to come quite close to the ship, and the side which was nearest to the *Tamar*, was as spick and span as any well-appointed man-of-war should be, but on the opposite side, which it was assumed would not be seen, were hanging up fish and all sorts of things, these should not be visible on board a man-of-war at any time, but on an occasion of this kind should most certainly not have been in evidence.

The Chinese officers came on board and solemnly bowed, each man shaking his own hands in their peculiar Chinese fashion. The procession which took place when Li Hung Chang paid his state visit to the Governor of Hong Kong, was headed by a number of ponies led in single file before the chair in which was His Excellency, who was borne by coolies and shaded by a gorgeous umbrella ! The reason for these ponies was not apparent to the ordinary non-celestial, but the explanation which I received was, that they were there to show, that if His Excellency had chosen to ride instead of being carried he had the means for so doing ! Li. Hung Chang at this time was seventy-seven years of age, and had had a brilliant career as scholar, statesman and soldier.

With the aid of General Gordon he gained a great victory over the Tai-ping rebels in 1859, and his last great act was the crushing of the Boxer rebellion of 1901.

On one occasion my Chinese servant came to me in great grief. He had lost his wife. I offered him my sympathy, and then was told that it was not the loss of his wife which he deplored, so much as the 70 dollars which he had spent with a view to restoring her to health. The dollars were gone beyond recovery, but as for a wife, he said "maskee" (no matter), "by and by I go 'long Canton-side me catchee 'nother wife."

A story no doubt familiar to those who were in Hong Kong in 1900, for the truth of which I can vouch, as I got it from a Mr A—n who was present when the incident occurred, was as follows :—

A certain Mr "X," well-known in Hong Kong society, went to call on Mrs "Z." On arrival at her house he made the usual inquiries of the house boy in pidgin English, as to whether the lady was at home and visible ?

The boy replied, "Mississi have got," but when asked whether "Mississi can see?" the astounding reply was "Mississi no can see; *you* too muchee snob."

The boy had overheard the lady asking her sister whether or not she should be at home to Mr "X" and unfortunately he had also heard the latter's reply !

During my illness, some of the principal doctors held a consultation on my "case," which presented many difficulties. One of the consultants, by way of being facetious, remarked in my presence, that whatever doubts there might be as to the nature of my illness, these would soon all be cleared up at the *post mortem*. My wife overheard the remark, and although as a rule not lacking in a sense of humour, she failed to see it on this occasion, and promptly requested the doctor to leave the room. He did so, after first knocking over and breaking a valuable china vase, which did not tend to increase his popularity.

After a week or ten days I was sufficiently recovered to be sent over to Macao, a Portuguese settlement on the mainland which had a reputation as a health resort and is a sort of Chinese Monte Carlo. After a few days at Macao I got considerably

worse, returned to Hong Kong, and shortly afterwards was sent to the R. N. Hospital, where I remained for a few weeks before being moved to the Naval Hospital at Yokohama.\*

Yokohama in summer time is not an ideal place for a person suffering from fever, but it was thought that the sea-trip and change would soon restore me to health. Over the trip to Yokohama, which lasted nine days, I will draw a veil. Being a medical man, on the principle of "Physician, heal thyself," I was considered capable of regulating my own dietary and treatment, and was left to the tender mercies of Chinese stewards. Leaving Hong Kong on 14th April in the *Rohilla* I arrived at Nagasaki on the 19th, where, owing to the China War a great many men-of-war of various nationalities were at anchor, but there was only one English ship, viz., the *Centurion*, which, though the flagship, was not flying the C. in C.'s flag, as the Admiral (Sir Edward Seymour) was directing operations in China. The trip through the lovely inland sea, with its many islands and picturesque square-sailed junks, was made under perfect weather conditions, and we arrived at Kobe early on the 21st. Here, although excessively weak and emaciated, I was stripped and subjected to a searching examination for fear of plague, which was present in Hong Kong, and the next evening we anchored off Yokohama, too late for me, but not too late for the other passengers to be landed. When night came the ship was in darkness, as the electric light had been cut off. Suffering from high fever, I had to grope my way about in the dark amidst scuffling rats, when seeking help which was not forthcoming, and when morning came and I was removed to the comfortable quarters of the Naval Hospital, I thought that I had reached Heaven itself.

Japan, like so many of the countries whose coasts are washed by the Pacific, is a land of earthquakes. When I was a patient in this hospital at Yokohama, slight ones were of frequent occurrence, but I only remember one which was really severe. This was on the 12th May, 1901 and it was said to

\* The noise in the hospital at Hong Kong on Sundays from ship-repairing yards in the neighbourhood was always far greater than on any weekday. The reason was that Chinamen not employed in the Naval Dockyard on Sundays all worked on this day elsewhere. The English respect for the Sabbath was as profitable to them as prohibition in America is to those interested in drink traffic.

have been the most severe earthquake experienced for four years in either Tokyo or Yokohama. On that occasion the water-jug rocked in the basin, and although lying in bed I felt as if the whole building was going to topple over. I kept a record of the earthquakes as they occurred, though it is possible some were unrecorded owing to my state of health. Eighteen are noted as having taken place between 12th May and 24th July, and this notwithstanding that summer is said to be the time of year when they are least frequently felt. The explanation given by Dr Knott the geological expert is, that it is due in part to snow accumulations over Continental areas, as well as to periodical variations in barometric pressure which have a noticeable effect on the earth's crust.\*

Nearly the whole time that I was at Yokohama I was confined to bed and so did not have much opportunity of seeing the place, but when, towards the end of my stay there, I was sufficiently convalescent to be allowed out in a jinrikisha (in those days it was a solecism in Japan to use the word "rickshaw,") I remember the first thing which I noticed on getting outside the hospital grounds was a party of coolies rolling the road up to the Bluff, to the tune of "John Kino," once so familiar to those who know that delightful musical comedy, "The Geisha."

Apropos of geishas, when at Yokohama I visited a tea-shop at the top of "The Hundred and One Steps," kept by the famous Oyucha San, immortalised by an American naval officer (Lieut. F. M. Bostwick), in the now famous song "Oyucha San," which is sung to the air of "Rosalie," the first and last verses being as follows:—

The first verse—

"I call her the belle of Japan  
Of Japan,  
Her name it is Oyuchasan,  
Yuchasan;  
Such tenderness lies  
In her soft almond eyes,  
I tell you she's just Ichi ban."†

\* In September, 1923, Yokohama was totally destroyed by earthquakes.

† Ichi ban = A1. Ichi = 1 and Ban = Number.

*Chorus* : " I care not what others may say,  
I'm in love with Oyuchasan ;  
Ichi ban,  
In Japan,  
I'm in love with Oyuchasan."

The last (10th) verse is—

" Find all the dear girls in Japan,  
Japan  
Go seek them wherever you can,  
You can,  
Yes, search the world over,  
You'll never discover  
The peer of sweet Oyuchasan."

*Chorus, as before.*

I believe the author had considerable domestic difficulties in consequence of his avowed love for this fair lady, and it was not until his wife met Oyucha San, that she realised at the time the song was written Oyucha San could not have been more than five or six years of age. My family all made the acquaintance of this world-renowned Oriental beauty, and she was still a very charming little person when I met her in 1900.

The R.N. Hospital, Yokohama, or Sick Quarters as it is officially called, stands on land owned by the British Government on what is known as the Bluff,\* which commands one of the finest views in the place. The buildings are all of wood and of bungalow type on account of earthquakes. In front of the main entrance was the local fire brigade's engine-house and headquarters, with the brigade's motto " Ready Aye Ready " painted on a scroll on the door. One night, a fire broke out in the house adjoining the fire-station but the members of the brigade were nowhere to be found, so the Hospital Staff acted for them, and an officer patient, Commander C., who had been sent to hospital on account of neurasthenia, did yeoman service and rescued a lady, who, but for his efforts, would most certainly have perished in the flames.

\* I believe that in 1923 or thereabout the Admiralty gave up the Yokohama Sick Quarters; at any rate they are no longer in use as a Naval Hospital.

In connection with this fire I had a most extraordinary experience. I was so helpless and weak that when I had to get up to have my bed made or to sit for a while in a chair I always had to be carried unless my crutches were available. Gorah, my Japanese man-nurse, had always been in the habit of putting my crutches away at night in a corner of the room beyond my reach, and that day I remarked to him that in the event of a fire in the hospital I might be roasted alive before help could reach me, and he must therefore in future put the crutches in such a place that I could reach them. About 9.30 p.m., after the night-rounds had gone, and I was left for the night, with only innumerable mosquitoes for company, the fire-bell rang and presently I heard people running to and fro and could see the glow from what I took to be the burning hospital. With the aid of my crutches I got out of bed and then was able to discover that it was not the hospital but a building close to it that was in flames. Those interested in psychical problems no doubt could explain on scientific grounds what I considered merely a remarkable coincidence, for not being a Highlander I can lay no claim to the gift of "second sight" in having foreseen this fire when asking for my crutches.

Shortly before the fire occurred, I had a serious relapse, so bad in fact that my wife, who was living on the Peak at Hong Kong was telegraphed for. When the telegram arrived she was dining with the Commodore. She lost no time and established a record for rapid removal, as she left with my two children and nurse, within 24 hours of the receipt of the telegram. Had it not been for the help of friends in Hong Kong who arranged for the sale of furniture and the packing up of those household goods which she wished to be sent to England, she could never have got away so quickly.

My wife arrived in Yokohama not knowing whether to find me alive or dead. One can never recall those days without remembering the help given by my friend Surg.-Captain George Gibson, R.N. (who at that time was my junior in the *Tamar*), and many kindnesses received in some instances from comparative strangers. If any of them ever chance to read

these pages, I hope they will realise that their goodness was fully appreciated.

After four months in hospital at Yokohama I was "surveyed" by a medical board and ordered to return home to England, but prior to my departure I was sent up to Tokyo and Nikko for change of air. After the oppressive heat of Yokohama, the bracing air of Nikko soon improved my health and I was able with the aid of crutches to visit the Shinto Temples, see the Lacquer Bridge reserved for the exclusive use of the Emperor, the waterfall for which Nikko is famous and the glorious avenue of cryptomerias, said to be 25 miles long and composed of trees 250 feet in height. This avenue narrowly escaped destruction when telegraph poles were first erected. The Japanese were so proud of the then recent introduction of telegraphy, that they ruthlessly cut down many beautiful avenues in order the better to show off the poles of which they were so proud, and had it not been for the protests which foreigners made in the Yokohama Press, some of the avenues still in existence would have disappeared.

I ought not to omit a "pleasure trip" to the falls of Kiriefuru (Japanese Kirifurinotaki, notaki, meaning waterfall) arranged for my delectation when at Nikko. This waterfall is one of the many beauty spots which could only be reached over rough and hilly roads. Being too weak to ride a pony, I was conveyed in a kaga\* which is a sort of hammock slung on a pole and carried by two coolies. It was evidently intended for Japanese use, and as the natives are as a rule much shorter than we are, I had to lie in a cramped position, my head hanging at a most uncomfortable angle in order that it should clear the pole. I soon got a painful crick in the neck. It is improbable that I shall ever have the pleasure of revisiting Japan, but if ever I do, nothing will induce me to enter a kaga again!

Before quitting Japan, I had a few days in Yokohama, and was able to visit Kamakura and Enoshima—20 miles below Yokohama—and see the beautiful gardens. At the former

\* Kaga is pronounced kanga, as "a" before "g" in Japanese is always pronounced "an" thus Nagasaki is called Nangasaki by the Japanese.



A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF NIKKO,  
SHOWING SHINTO TEMPLES AND LACQUER BRIDGE.

*(Drawn by a Japanese Artist.)*



is the colossal bronze statue of Buddha—the Dai Butsu\* This statue is 50 feet in height. I was told that I should not be allowed to photograph it, as this privilege is reserved for Buddhist priests, who make a certain amount of money by so doing. I managed, however, to take one without even a protest being made. Close to the statute the following notice appears: “Stranger, whosoever thou art and whatsoever be thy creed, when thou enterest this Sanctuary remember thou treadest upon ground hallowed by the worship of ages. This is the temple of Buddha and the gate of the eternal, and should therefore be entered with reverence.”

\* Pronounced Di Boots.

## CHAPTER XV

REFUGEE MISSIONARIES — JAPANESE AND WESTERN IDEAS  
— NIAGARA — LABOUR DAY — QUEBEC — MONTREAL —  
GUARDSHIPS — LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY — THE  
WIZARD'S FRAME.

WE left Yokohama on the 17th August, in the C.P.R. steamer *Empress of India*, and arrived at Vancouver on the evening of the 28th. Crossing the 180th meridian when going eastward caused us to have two Wednesdays dated 22nd August. The ship was crowded with missionaries, refugees who had been driven from China by the Boxer rising, and with them their wives and little ones, particularly the latter, who sprawled and crawled about the crowded promenade deck to the inconvenience and annoyance of everyone except their parents, who seemed almost oblivious of their existence.

Among the passengers were several naval officers who had taken part in the Boxer campaign, including Commander David Beatty (now Admiral of the Fleet, Earl Beatty), who was suffering from a gunshot wound in the right arm, for the treatment of which (though myself on the sick list), I was responsible during our journey across Canada, until we reached the junction where he changed for New York.

On the last Sunday evening on board the *Empress of India*, the Rev Dr Francis Flynn,\* a naval chaplain who was travelling home with us, arranged that a number of the missionaries should give as much of their experiences of work in the mission field as could be related in ten minutes. Some three or four gave addresses, strictly observing the time limit placed upon them, but when the turn came for a lady missionary to speak, Dr Flynn said, "No man would be so rash as to put a limit on a lady's speech, but he trusted to her good judgment not to exceed the time restrictions which the others had so strictly observed." She spoke for over forty minutes, and left the audience with the feeling that if her

\* Flynn, Rev. Francis, M.A., LL.D., B.D., Hon. Chaplain to H.M. King George V.

efforts at promoting Christianity had been as indiscreet as she had been in her address to us, she could not have done much to advance the cause.

An American missionary was quite amusing. He described how he had entered the mission field in Japan just at the time when Occidentalism was replacing Orientalism. He arrived at a certain place to find a crowded church and an enthusiastic congregation, but, alas, the seeds of the Gospel had, as in the Parable of the Sower, fallen on stony ground, with the same result, for the congregation withered away from some 2,000 when he first arrived to just a handful when he left. He ended up with this peroration :—" Why did these few remain faithful to the last ? Because the seed in their case had taken root ? Not a bit of it, they just hung on because the church was insured and every day they hoped and prayed that a fire would come and destroy it, and so enable them to reap the reward for which they longed ! "

Another true story connected with the Japanese adoption of western ideas and customs occurred during the early days of the formation of the Japanese navy. This navy as everyone knows is carefully modelled on the lines of our own, uniforms, regulations, etc., being very similar in both, but there was one thing which the Japanese had not adopted, and that was our religious faith. When this was realised, a Japanese naval officer was sent to make enquiries as to the regulation religion laid down by the British Admiralty for the personnel of the Fleet, with a view to a similar faith like a " sealed pattern garment," being made obligatory for the Imperial Japanese Navy. When it was discovered that religion in the Royal Navy was a matter in which the individual alone was concerned and that the choice of a religion was outside official control, the Japanese officer was struck with confusion. He could not understand that, in the Royal Navy, if anyone belongs to the Church of England, Church of Rome, Wesleyan, Presbyterian or other denomination it is of no concern to the authorities, whose only care is to see that all and sundry are given, wherever practicable, all possible facilities for worshipping as they think best.

The result of the inquiry was to abolish all religion in the Japanese Navy until such times as a standard one could be adopted.

The journey across Canada was full of interest, and we had the advantage of travelling in an "observation" car, which is a carriage attached to the end of the train, having large plate-glass windows on all sides. But one got very black. Whether it is that the Canadian coal is dirtier, or that in consequence of the steep gradients across the Rocky Mountains more coal has to be used, I am unable to say. We had three engines during part of the ascent, and they put up an excellent imitation of a smoke-screen, and on reaching Toronto, where we broke the journey in order to visit the Falls of Niagara, everyone was so travel-stained that we were afraid we should be refused admittance to the hotel.

We arrived there in the evening and proceeded to the best hotel in the place and were told that dinner was being served, and that unless we were quick we should not get any. After we had made ourselves as presentable as possible in the circumstances, we arrived at the dining room and were asked for our tickets. Not understanding this proceeding in an hotel where we had engaged rooms, we protested, but were told that no one would be admitted to the dining room without a ticket, so it was a case of "needs must," and we procured them and gained admission.

The only meal, obtainable was one at which we were served with poached eggs and similar breakfast dishes and for beverages were given the choice of tea or coffee. Possibly it was owing to our arrival having taken place on a Sunday that this quaint meal was the only one to be had; anyhow we left next day for Niagara, and so had no opportunity of ascertaining whether the same sort of repast took the place of dinner on week-days.

We went to Niagara in an old-fashioned looking craft with a huge beam-engine, the first of its kind that I had ever seen. Ontario Lake is 153 miles long and 53 miles wide at its broadest part, consequently it is sufficiently large for one to lose sight of land, and we were told that it is often very rough, though we were fortunate in having a calm crossing.

On arrival at Niagara, we took the train to the Falls, some 15 miles distant, the railway following the course of the Niagara river affording us lovely scenery. When we first saw the Falls, one felt already familiar with them, but this did not prevent us from being impressed by their grandeur. In the town we were urged to be photographed with a picture of them in the background, so arranged as to convey the idea that we were taken at the risk of attempting a water-chute with a drop of 158 feet. The shopkeepers appeared to depend for their livelihood on the sale of vulgar china ornaments, on which local scenery was depicted.

When there we heard of people who from time to time had been rash enough to venture on boating excursions on the river above the Falls and had been caught in the stream and swept down by the current to their doom, though they had started their perilous adventure several miles above the cataract.

We visited Goat Island, which divides the Canadian from the American Falls, and saw where Blondin, in 1859 crossed on a tight-rope, and over which he volunteered to convey King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, in a wheelbarrow. Blondin by his marvellous exhibitions made several fortunes, which he lost, but he retained his wonderful acrobatic powers and nerve for many years, for when I was at St. George's Hospital in 1883, though he was close on 60 years of age, he was still performing at the Crystal Palace and other places.

Below the Falls we saw the whirlpool and rapids, where in July 1883 the indomitable Captain Webb, (the first person to swim across the English Channel from Dover to Calais), was drowned. When a sufficient number of paying spectators assemble, a baulk of timber is thrown into the rapids and seen to disappear, sucked down in the vortex of the whirlpool, which is sufficient evidence to prove to any ordinary person the impossibility of performing the feat which Webb imagined he could accomplish.

The return journey across Lake Ontario was made on "*Labour Day*," so-called, I suppose, because it is a general holiday. A man with a drum unaccompanied by any other sort of musical instrument, kept up a ceaseless din throughout the greater part of the trip. His efforts appeared to give

intense pleasure to many of his fellow-passengers, who asserted that all the "airs" which he drummed out could be recognised by the perfect time he kept. It was the first time I ever listened to a solo on the drum and I trust it will be the last. As a test of endurance no doubt it was a wonderful effort, but as "music" it was distinctly a failure.

At Toronto we again took the train and proceeded to Montreal, the journey being about twelve hours. We spent two days there, staying at the Place Viger Hotel. We found living much more costly than it would be at a similar hotel in England. Possibly this was due to the fact that not being familiar with the custom of the country we took our meals on the "European" instead of on the "American" plan. I should explain that everywhere in Canada one gets such liberal helps of all the courses served, that one "portion" would suffice for three people with ordinary appetites, and it is customary on the "American" plan to ask for "one portion" to be divided into two. Another difficulty we had to contend with was that the waiters were exceedingly inattentive, unless they received their tips in advance.

After two days at Montreal we left for Quebec. There we saw the Heights of Abraham, the scene of Wolfe's victory and death, as well as that of his opponent, General Montcalm, on the 13th September, 1753. The plains were so called, not after the Patriarch, but after a French pilot of that name. Here stands a monument commemorating on one side Wolfe's victory, and the gallantry of those who were his opponents on the other. In the old town there is a house with a sign in front on which the following inscription may be seen in old French, and a picture representing a golden dog gnawing a bone.

"Je suis un chien qui ronge lo" (sic)  
"En le rongeant je prend mon repos  
Un tems viendra qui n'est pas venu  
Que je morderai qui m'aura mordu."



and beneath it the date 1735. The verses, I think, had a political significance.

The French spoken at Quebec bears more resemblance to that of the days of Louis XIV than it does to modern French, and many of the expressions used to-day are English literally translated.

Before leaving we embarked a number of Laplanders from Alaska who were taking reindeer to England. I forget how many we started with, but I do know that one more arrived on board before we reached Ireland, much to the delight of a good many of the passengers who had never before seen a Lapland baby.

During the passage to England we went quite close to several icebergs, and the temperature of the air was very appreciably affected by their presence, with the result that I received a chill which led to a relapse in my health, from which I did not recover for a long time. I was in fact, so ill that on the advice of the ship's surgeon I was landed at Merville. During the next six months, I had a spell of sick-leave on half-pay, most of which I spent at Bath. When there I made the acquaintance of Dr Francis Henry Blaxall, who was remarkable for the fact that after twenty years' service as a medical officer in the Royal Navy, he retired on a pension and obtained the appointment of Medical Inspector under the Local Government Board, as the Ministry of Health was then called, and served the full time in that department entitling him to a Civil Service pension. When he applied for this it was disallowed on the ground that no one could be in receipt of two government pensions at the same time. After a long struggle, in which he was backed by leading members of both sides of the House of Commons, including the support of two Cabinet Ministers, he succeeded in obtaining his two pensions, which he lived to enjoy to a ripe old age. Pensions in the Navy and Army being deferred pay, it was rightly contended, that no one should be deprived of that which he had earned by past services, often at the risk of life and generally health, owing to climatic conditions.\*

In March, 1901, when considered sufficiently recovered to return to duty in a ship employed in home waters, I was

\* Dr Blaxall's wife was the daughter of Captain Hardy, Flag-Captain to Nelson at Trafalgar.

appointed to H.M.S. *Colossus*, guardship at Holyhead. The old guard-ships spent the greater part of the year, each in their own particular port, and only went to sea for summer cruises or manœuvres and for quarterly target-practice, which was occasionally so arranged that six months' gunnery could be carried out within the space of two or three days, by doing this firing at the end of one quarter, and the other at the beginning of the next period.

When at Holyhead I met the late Lord Stanley of Alderley, who lived most of the year at his delightful seaside house at Penrhos, quite close to Holyhead. Although over seventy years of age he was still a keen sportsman and an exceedingly good host. He had, in his younger days shortly before the Crimean War, been an attaché at Constantinople, and during his stay at that place embraced Mohammedanism. This, however, did not prevent him from being a good friend and benefactor to the clergy, who were quite glad to avail themselves of his hospitality, despite his religious beliefs. He was a great reader, not only of English literature, but also that of the east. He had a series of porcelain tiles painted under his own direction depicting the epic poems of India. When the tiles were completed the only place he could find for their reception was the dairy, the walls of which they decorated.

I had a great many enjoyable days shooting over the estate, which always ended with tea and a pleasant chat at Penrhos, as my host was a most entertaining and interesting man. He was very averse to the teaching of the Welsh language in schools, as he was firmly convinced that it is a handicap rather than a help in after life. One of his peculiarities was his objection to building cottages with front as well as back doors, for he used to say, "What is the use of giving people a front door, if they only use it to carry out the coffin when one of the family dies?" Baring Gould explains this custom of removing the body through a different exit to that employed in life, as the result of a primitive belief that in so doing the ghost of the departed will find more difficulty in returning to the place he frequented when in the flesh.

The following story, which is quite authentic, was told me by Lord Stanley's agent. Some of the cottages on the estate

had to have certain improvements carried out to meet the requirements of the local sanitary authority ; a short time after the work had been completed, the agent visited the cottages to see that it had been properly done, and in one found an essential part missing. On making enquiries he was told that the tenant " thought that such a lovely piece of mahogany might be used to better advantage as a frame for the portrait of Mr Lloyd George," and so had employed it for that purpose !

In 1902 the old guard-ships became part of a new fleet organisation, and we turned over from the *Colossus* to the then modern ship *Resolution*, which became the 2nd Flag-ship, flying the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir Baldwin Wake Walker and later on that of Admiral Atkinson-Willes.

Towards the end of my time in the *Resolution* we were ordered to Portsmouth, for the purpose of taking part in the naval review at Spithead, which was to be held in connection with the festivities attending the coronation of H.M. King Edward VII. A large number of guests were invited, and as a senior member of the wardroom mess committee, a good deal of the organisation for the entertainment of visitors devolved on me. When the preparations were all completed, the news arrived that in consequence of the sudden illness of King Edward, the coronation was postponed. So the naval review was for a time abandoned, but it took place later on the very day after I left the ship to join H.M.S. *Diana* in the Mediterranean.

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## CHAPTER XVI

NAUPLIA — TIRYNS — ARGOSTOLI — BLOCKADE AND EVASION — PALMAS BAY — CRETE — NAVAL HASTE — MOROCCAN GIFTS — KING EDWARD VII VISITS MALTA — CYPRUS AND BIBLICAL METHODS — TURKISH POLITENESS — LAZARUS — NICOSIA — SIR HARRY KEPPEL.

I WAS ordered to take passage in the *Hawke*, a cruiser going out with reliefs for the Mediterranean, and joined that ship on the 17th August, 1902, but she did not sail until the 19th. Gibraltar was reached on the 23rd and we left the same day for Malta, where I joined the *Tyne*, the captain of which was Commander Henry Harvey Bruce, with whom I had the pleasure of serving some years afterwards in *Prince George*.

The *Tyne* was a store-ship, which had been in commission so long that she had become infested with rats, which I found to my cost, being often kept awake by them at night. Malta in September is terribly hot and damp, particularly when a "scirocco" is blowing. This wind when it leaves Africa is hot and dry, but in its passage across the sea has become laden with moisture, which accounts for its depressing effect.

On 2nd September we left Malta and enjoyed the luxury of dining on deck, an unheard of privilege in a man-of-war. The scirocco continued till we reached Cape Matapan, and on the 5th we arrived at Nauplia and I left the *Tyne* to join the *Diana*.

Nauplia, a town of more than ordinary historic interest, is situated at the head of the gulf of that name. It is a place which has changed its nationality many times, having been Venetian then Turkish and lastly Greek. It still shows traces of the Venetian and Turkish occupations. When it





HERAS FOUNTAIN,  
near Nauplia.

first became part of Greece it was for a few years the seat of the Greek Government. Now it has lost much of its importance, but still possesses an arsenal and a prison. There is an old citadel or fortress dominating the town, standing on a rock 750 feet above the sea. To reach this fortress which is called Palamidi, one has to climb innumerable steps, cut in a zig-zag fashion in the solid rock, but it is worth the trouble, as the view from the top is magnificent. From it one can see the plain of Argos, the mountains of Sparta and the blue waters of the Gulf of Nauplia. On ascending the steps you pass the prison, and can see the convicts in a sort of bear-pit from which they offer various carved articles for sale, the prison authorities allowing them to earn a few drachmas in this way. The official executioner is virtually a prisoner, as for his own safety, he has to be kept on a little island in the Bay.

About two miles from Nauplia is Tiryns, famous for its ruins and Cyclopean masonry, the finest of its kind in existence. This ancient fortress dates back to 1379 B.C.

The whole of the fleet was at anchor in the bay, which affords one of the finest anchorages in the Mediterranean. Three days after my arrival it put to sea and two days later was joined by the Channel Squadron which had come out to take part in manœuvres. The next few days were employed in steam tactics by the combined fleet, anchoring at Nauplia at night and going to sea in the day for exercises.

On the 20th I landed with the intention of going to Mykenae, but unfortunately missed the train and had to content myself with a walk to Hera's fountain, which was supposed to possess the remarkable power of restoring to maidens that which they had lost by their indiscretion. A fountain at Epidaurus is credited with similar properties.

The next day we left Nauplia and soon arrived at Argostoli, the capital of Cephalonia. This town possesses a land-locked harbour in which quite a number of ships can lie hidden, which the Admiral commanding the cruiser force (Prince Louis of Battenberg, afterwards first Marquess of Milford Haven) turned to good advantage as will be seen later on.

Argostoli is quite an interesting place, and shows, like most places in the Ionian Islands, traces of the benefits resulting from the British occupation during the time when Sir Charles Napier was Resident. At the head of the harbour the water becomes very shallow, and a causeway across it was the scene in 1848 of a heroic defence when the town was threatened by a large body of insurgents called Vallani, who had been goaded into insurrection by foreign revolutionary agents. A sergeant, with a dozen men of the 36th (now Worcestershire Regiment), stopped the rebels' approach to the town at the head of the causeway. The survivors gallantly maintained their ground against such overwhelming odds until reinforcements arrived. The sergeant, who like Horatius Cocles, had "kept the bridge so well," when asked by Lord Seaton (then Lord High Commissioner) what reward he wished from the Crown for his excellent conduct, replied, "That my wife may be allowed to come out to me." His request was granted, and he also received a medal and a pension of £20 a year for life. Lieut.-Colonel Allen Whitty, late Worcestershire Regt., informs me that the incident is thus briefly recorded in the historical records of the 36th Regt. :—

"On 26th September, 1848, an attack was made on the town of Argostoli by several hundred Vallani which was repelled by Sergeant Luke Dunn and 12 men of the Battalion (the resident guard on that morning) with two killed and two wounded."

The following year the insurgents again broke out into rebellion and perpetrated frightful horrors, but were speedily suppressed by the energetic measures of Sir H. Ward, Lord Seaton's successor.

One of the curiosities of Argostoli is a water-mill turned by the sea, which flows in through a small inlet, and, marvellous to relate disappears into the earth. The extraordinary phenomenon of the sea flowing inland and disappearing into the bowels of the earth, has never so far as I am aware, been satisfactorily explained. At Volo I have myself tasted fresh water which rises in the sea, it is therefore possible that the water flowing in reaches some impermeable strata over which it flows, and emerges later on at some distant spot.

On the quay at Argostoli there is an inn bearing the quaint sign "Vengeance is Mine." Whether this title has any special reference to the fiery brand of Greek brandy and other vinous products obtainable there, I cannot say. I think the name may have been given by some facetious sailor belonging to the *Vengeance*, a ship which at one time belonged to the Mediterranean fleet.

At Malta there is a grog-shop not far from the Marsa with the punning name, "Dewdrop Inn" (do drop in), which like the one at Argostoli just referred to no doubt owes its name to some sailor or soldier.

Eight days after our arrival at Argostoli, "war" was declared between "A" and "B," the blockading fleets, and "X," the one to which we belonged. Just before we left Nauplia, Admiral Burgess Watson, who should have been in command of the blockaded fleet, was taken ill with pneumonia on board the *Ramillies* and had to be sent to Malta where he subsequently died.

Rear-Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg thereupon assumed command, and it was largely if not entirely due to his strategy that the "X" fleet made good its escape. Our ships, which were shut in at Argostoli, were so anchored that the tops of their masts and the smoke from their funnels were easily visible by ships outside. For five days in succession we made a feint of attempting to escape by raising steam and pouring forth a considerable quantity of smoke, and on the night of the sixth we got away in a manner which will be described later.

Prince Louis counted on the enemy becoming less vigilant after days of inaction, and he also took the precaution of ascertaining the disposition of his opponent's ships. This he did by disguising as a tramp steamer, a collier from which we had coaled. Her funnels were made to resemble those of a ship belonging to an Austrian line of steamships, she was given a suitable name, and in accordance with a custom common amongst ships in the Mediterranean had the flag of her nationality painted on each side, and flying the Austrian mercantile ensign from the masthead she passed

through the lines of the enemy without creating the slightest suspicion, and returned with the requisite information.

In addition to this, he landed a number of sailors dressed as Greek shepherds, who were posted at various places along the coast where they were able to watch the movements of "A" and "B" fleets without arousing the suspicion of inquisitive destroyers.

On the evening of the sixth day of the blockade, we in the cruiser division were moved up harbour out of sight, where unobserved we could make our preparations.

Each of the cruisers was rigged with spars projecting astern on which were fitted a duplicate set of port and star-board lights, and the steaming light corresponding with the duplicate set was hoisted at the main-mast. The two sets of lights in the dark, gave the effect of double the number of ships. The object of this was to make the blockaders imagine that cruisers and battleships had gone out together. The cruisers being faster would lure the enemy away.

As soon as it was dark we steamed out, showing the double lights and no others. After we had got clear the battle ships came out, with their navigation lights burning (thus obeying the letter of the law) but so screened that they were invisible except at very close quarters. They all got away undetected and meanwhile the cruisers steamed at full speed for the Straits of Messina en route for Palmas Bay in Sardinia.

This regulation with regard to lights was really rather ridiculous, as in actual war no ship would be so foolish as to cruise in enemy waters showing them.

The complete success of "X" fleet, obtained by a clever ruse, added considerably to the high reputation already enjoyed by Prince Louis as a strategist.

In two days we reached Palmas Bay after having encountered only one small cruiser belonging to the "enemy." The day after we got there, "A" and "B" fleets arrived, most of them being lame-ducks.

Palmas Bay has a bad reputation for malaria, especially between the months of June and December; in fact the whole of the coast as far round as Cape Spartivento is malarial.

From a naturalist's point of view it is particularly interesting. Near the entrance are two rocks known as "Vacca" and "Toro," which serve as the breeding-place for a falcon (*Falco Eleanora*)\* which so arranges the time of nesting that just as its young are hatched, the stream of migratory birds going to Northern Africa and other places south of Europe is continuous, and with these migratory birds it feeds its young.

The praying mantis *mantis religiosa*, is quite common amongst the scrubby bushes on shore. This strange-looking insect (which is about the size of a large grass-hopper), when resting, stands with its forelegs raised as if in an attitude of prayer. Really, these forelegs are held thus in readiness not to pray but to *prey*, as they are specially adapted for seizing insects. The name "mantis" is derived from the Greek word for a "diviner." These insects which are only found in warm countries, are held in superstitious awe by the peasants in the countries where they exist, who say that if a child loses its way and goes to the praying mantis for guidance, it will point out the way to its home. We took several specimens of mantis on board, which we tried to feed on flies, and watched them to see whether they had the chameleon-like power of adapting their colour to their surroundings, with which they are credited, but they soon died and one of them was said to have feasted on its companion.

From Palmas Bay we went to Cagliari; both these places were frequently visited by Nelson but more particularly the former. Cagliari contains many ancient buildings, including the remains of the ancient Roman city. A Roman amphitheatre cut in the rock in a ravine was amongst the most interesting of these remains. In some of the subterranean passages beneath the amphitheatre, may still be seen the iron rings, which are reputed to have been used for securing wild animals brought there for the entertainment of the populace.

\* *Falco Eleanora* is a hawk about the size of a hobby, and when fully adult, rather similar in its general plumage. In its earlier stages—for a year or possibly more—it is dark, unicolorous brown all over.

I am indebted to Mr J. T. Proud of Bishop Auckland and to Mr Abel Chapman, of Wark-on-Tyne, a great authority on Mediterranean birds, for the particulars given in this note.

After a short spell at Malta we were sent to Crete and anchored in Suda Bay, on the fort at the entrance were flying the flags of the five powers responsible for law and order in Crete. Prince George of Greece was at that time High Commissioner.

When we were there the forces sent to maintain order were not always regarded favourably by the inhabitants. Shortly after our arrival I was out for a walk one afternoon with Captain Slade, and went up a wooded hill to a place named Malaxa. On our return about half-way from the top, we were stoned by boys to whom we gave chase, and succeeded in capturing the principal offender. The following day the captain reported the matter to the High Commissioner, and when we again visited Malaxa, we were told that the miscreant had been arrested as soon as Captain Slade's report was received and that he was now languishing in prison.

The day following the stoning, 2,000 officers and men were landed from the British ships for a "route march," and the officers were entertained by Prince George at Canea. This display was probably arranged more as a demonstration than as a means of exercising the men, for the Cretans were still, as in the days of St. Paul a turbulent lot, The Mahomedan portion was apt to fall upon and slay the Christians whenever there was a preponderance of the former, which would invariably be followed by reprisals as soon as the Christians found themselves in a position to retaliate. I don't think there was much to choose between them.

After a fortnight in Crete we returned to Malta, where we remained until after Christmas except for two days when the ship went over to Syracuse.

On the 28th December, when we had no idea of being sent to sea, a messenger arrived at my house at Sliema (a residential part of Malta) between 11 and 12 p.m. to tell me that the ship was leaving early next morning for Gibraltar, in consequence of a rising in Morocco and the defeat of the Sultan's troops by rebels. We accordingly sailed, in company with the *Bacchante* (flagship of Sir Baldwin Walker), *Canopus* and *Victorious*. I mention this as an example of the uncertainty of naval life, for when I had left the ship at 6 o'clock that evening, no hint of our intended departure had been heard.

Our stay at Gibraltar which lasted a little more than three weeks was uneventful, despite the feverish haste with which we had been despatched. It is, however, probable that the demonstration of naval power which was thus made, may have had an influence which was felt but not seen.

On our return to Malta we came in for a series of "gregales," or violent N.E. gales which occur from time to time between November and April. These gales spring up with extraordinary rapidity and notwithstanding the fact that both the principal harbours are well protected, the sea becomes so rough that it is extremely difficult to get from the quays to the ships in the harbour, though the distance is seldom more than 100 yards. The ferry service conducted by small steam-boats (called "puffers" by the English residents) are stopped almost as soon as a "gregale" begins, and then the only communication between Valetta and Sliema is by road, a distance about five miles. As my wife and family were living at Sliema I found "gregales" particularly disagreeable and inconvenient.

During the next three months, when at Malta, we were undergoing a refit in the Dockyard, and the ship's company, were put through a course of musketry.

In the middle of March the *Renown* arrived, with T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who were on their way home from the Durbar at Delhi, where on 1st January, 1903, in circumstances attended with all the splendour of oriental ceremony, King Edward was proclaimed Emperor of India before a number of representatives, including the princes and rulers of the native states.

During the four days' stay of the Duke and Duchess at Malta, a review was held on the Marsa, in which all the men of the fleet took part and various receptions and entertainments were given in honour of the royal visit. At the end of the month we went to Gibraltar to meet King Edward.

Whilst there we were sent over to Tangier to embark the British Minister in Morocco, Sir Arthur Nicholson (now Lord Carnock), Kaid Sir Harry Maclean, and the envoy of the Sultan of Morocco, the Basha of Fez, (Sid Abderrahman Ben Abder Sadek) in order to wait on King Edward. Prior to their coming on board we received gifts from the Sultan

consisting of bullocks, sheep, fruit, vegetables and flowers, amongst these being numerous bunches of violets. In a letter which I received from Admiral Sir Edmond Slade, K.C.I.E., K.C.V.O. he writes :

“ The present of bullocks, sheep, etc., was the customary offering which was, at that time, always given by the Sultan to anyone going to Morocco on State business. It was a great tax on the unfortunate people, because it used to be levied by force on the town and villages in the neighbourhood.”

We saluted the flag of the Sultan, and this was returned by the battery on shore, the guns, consisting of old muzzle loaders, being fired in succession by the simple expedient of applying a red-hot poker to each of them.

When it was announced that we should salute with 21 guns, it was found that the flag of Morocco was not included among the ensigns of foreign powers supplied, and as the one required is plain red, the resourceful yeoman of signals rose to the occasion by cutting off the swallow tails of the “ B ” Commercial, commonly known as the “ Powder ” flag as it is flown when ammunition is being taken in.

The day after we had been to Tangier, King Edward arrived at Gibraltar in the Royal Yacht, escorted by *Venus* and *Minerva*, sister ships to the *Diana*, and that evening all ships were illuminated. Two days before the King's visit ended we again went to Tangier to take back the Sultan's envoy. Having accomplished this, we returned to Gibraltar, and on Easter Monday the King left, escorted by six cruisers, *Aboukir*, *Minerva*, and *Venus* on the port side, *Bacchante*, *Diana* and *Vindictive* on the starboard side of the Royal Yacht. We had a perfectly calm passage and arrived at Malta early on the 16th April. His Majesty held a levée at the Palace in the afternoon.

Next day the King witnessed a polo match, played at the Marsa between teams representing Navy and Army. In the evening a firework display was given by the ships, all of which were illuminated, each bearing some special device outlined with electric lamps, that of the *Diana* being a large crescent moon, which facetious people persisted in describing as a slice of melon.

The flag-ships could all be distinguished as each had its admiral's flag done in red and white electric lights. In addition to boats and dghaisas lit up with chinese lanterns one of the ships had constructed a swan of gigantic proportions which was outlined with electric lights and floated about amongst the lines of illuminated ships. Seldom if ever has such a water-carnival been equalled and I am confident it has never been surpassed.

On the 20th the King laid the foundation stone of the new breakwater at the entrance to the Grand Harbour, which it was hoped when completed would put an end to the inconvenience arising from a gregale, but visiting Malta some years later, I found that they were still as objectionable as ever in the Grand Harbour.

The same day His Majesty held a naval review at the Marsa. On another evening a smoking concert was given on board the *Bulwark* (flagship) at which the King was present, one of the items on the programme being "The Laws of the Navy," set to music, these had then only just been written by Captain Ronald Hopwood, R.N.

On the 21st we sailed, in company with the Royal Yacht for Syracuse and then proceeded via the Straits of Messina to Naples, which was reached on 23rd, in perfect weather. On the way there one of our men fell overboard, but happily was picked up.

Next day I visited Pompeii for the first time, and in the evening there was a firework display from the ships. After the King left for Rome, and we sailed for Corfu, going once more through the Straits of Messina.

Our next objective was Plateali Bay (or Platea as it is usually called), which is so shut in by hills that in summer it becomes unpleasantly hot. Whilst here an incident occurred which gave me much anxiety, our first and gunnery lieutenant (D. St. A. Weston) became dangerously ill with Mediterranean fever, so ill in fact that I recommended he should be taken to Malta in the ship. Six days later we landed him at Malta. Prior to our departure the senior officer ordered a special board to inquire whether it was necessary for the ship to be sent to Malta. This did not satisfy the C. in C. (Admiral Sir

Compton Domville), who was exceedingly angry at our sudden return, and ordered the ship to go back to Platea as soon as Lieut. Weston had been admitted to hospital, and the P.M.O. of the R.N. Hospital was requested to report as to whether in his opinion the circumstances warranted such a drastic step being taken, for a ship to be sent so far in order to land one officer. To my great relief, the P.M.O. heartily approved of what had been done, for I had incurred great responsibility in recommending the steps taken. We left Malta after a few hours' stay, and we learnt afterwards that for days after our departure his condition had been extremely critical.

On the 23rd May we were ordered to Cyprus and arrived at Larnaca two days later. At this time it is very hot there, and the harvest is over, so that the whole country is parched and dried up, but the change from the stifling heat of Platea was delightful.

With regard to the harvest, that of wheat and barley takes place towards the end of April. The sheaves of corn are taken to threshing-floors, exactly similar I imagine to that of Araunah or Ornan the Jebusite. They consist of levelled circular places, usually unpaved, where the sheaves are untied and the corn spread about evenly on the floor over which sledges having flints or sharp stones attached are dragged round. The straw thus gets up into chaff and the grain trampled out, after which it is winnowed by throwing the chopped straw into the air with wooden shovels. In this manner the straw is gradually separated from the grain, which, mixed with a certain amount of earth and stones remains behind. The straw which of necessity contains a certain amount of grain that has escaped the trampling and winnowing processes, serves the cattle for fodder during the hot weather when there is no green stuff. In hot countries like Cyprus the time when there is no green fodder is not as at home during winter, but in the heat of summer.

Bricks in the east are made by mixing the chopped-up straw with clay, cutting them to the right size and then baking them in the sun, so that I learnt the meaning of the proverb which deals with the impossibility of making bricks

without straw, which is unintelligible to those who are only familiar with the bricks made at home, into the composition of which straw does not enter.

I always regard Cyprus as one of the most interesting places I visited during the whole of my naval career, and the British residents one and all did their utmost to make our visit enjoyable.

In that very useful little volume, the "Handbook of Cyprus," compiled conjointly by the late Sir J. T. Hutchinson, (who was Chief Justice in 1903), and the late Mr Claude Cobham, C.M.G. (at that time Commissioner of Larnaca), it says, "the early history of Cyprus is obscure," but from B.C. 1450 (which to most people would appear fairly remote), when it was conquered by Egypt, a good deal of the history of the island is recorded. It was conquered by the Turks in A.D. 1570 and for a little over three centuries remained part of the Ottoman Empire. Since 1878, though still remaining a part of the Turkish dominions, it has been governed by England; it is therefore not surprising that the houses are essentially Turkish.\*

The preponderating race to-day is Greek, and the principal language spoken modern Greek. Those who live in the country say that for politeness and integrity the Moslem Turk, as a rule, is preferable to the Christian Greek. This was borne out by my own experience, not only in Cyprus, but in other parts of the Ottoman Empire, such as Asia Minor and the Yemen in Arabia. Mr Fellows when writing in the early part of the last century about Asia Minor testifies to the honesty of the Turks, and says that when remarking to his Greek servant on their integrity, the latter *excused* their honesty by saying that their religion did not allow them to "steal," and Fellows goes on to say, "Truth, the twin sister of honesty is equally conspicuous in them." Here again the Greek apologises for them "The Mahomedan *dares* not lie; his religion forbids it!" This reminds one of the American who when boasting to a Scotsman that Washington *could* not tell a lie, was told that a Scotsman *could* tell a lie but *wouldn't*.

\* When the Turks entered the late War against us we annexed Cyprus permanently.

Mr Haycraft (President of the Court of the district of Larnaca), told me the following story, which sounds rather like a parable from the New Testament. He had a Turkish groom, of the variety known as a black Turk, the blackness of whose skin was only equalled by the whiteness of his character. One day this groom came to him, and said, "There is a poor starving Greek outside who would be grateful if you could employ him." Mr Haycraft said, "If you consider it desirable, employ him as your stable helper." The man was then engaged and in three weeks or so when he had become accustomed to being well-fed and clothed, went to his master, saying, "That black Turk of yours is a rogue, he is robbing you." This charge was made in order that he might supplant the Turk. Mr Haycraft, knowing that the latter would not steal a grain of corn, said to the Greek, "Who was it who had compassion on you when you came to my door penniless and hungry?" The Greek was forced to admit that it was the Turk. Then his master said, "Take what I owe you and begone, and never darken my door again;" so the ungrateful Greek departed and was no more seen.

An experience which I had when in Cyprus will serve to show how polite and how averse the Turk is to hurting anyone's feelings. On one occasion I went out with a brother officer to visit a famous shrine about four miles from Larnaca and close to the Great Salt Lake, known as Khalat-i-Sultan Tekye. Seeing what we took to be a caravanserai we strolled in and ordered coffee and rahat loukoum. A Turkish gentleman joined us, and had coffee and cigarettes with us. When the time came to go I tendered the price of the refreshment, which was accepted and we parted. On mentioning this afterwards to one of the residents he said, "How very polite and how characteristic that was of a Turkish gentleman. The Turk who had coffee with you was the owner of the house, and a man of wealth; he did not accept your money because he wanted it, but because he recognised the fact that, quite in ignorance you had visited a private house thinking it to be an inn, and he did not wish to make you feel uncomfortable by letting you know that you had made a mistake."

In Turkey there are naturally, as elsewhere, both rich and poor, but it is said that every Turk is a gentleman in his manners and behaviour, irrespective of rank or worldly possessions. These remarks apply to the true-born Turk, not to the Levantine cross-bred who has acquired a knowledge of western languages and imitated their manners. The politeness of the latter is frequently a mere veneer, for he is very observant and very imitative, and copies the class of people among whom he has lived. If he has been to London or Paris he will be familiar with all the latest catch words and phrases, and know the latest fashion in socks, or ties, but he seldom possesses the innate politeness and good manners characteristic of the Turkish gentleman.

In the newer part of the town, known as Scala, or the Marina, is the church of Hagios (or Saint) Lazarus, where for many years the remains of St. Lazarus were deposited until they were carried first to Constantinople and then to Marseilles. There is a legend still current in Cyprus that after Lazarus was raised from the dead, he became so insufferably conceited that he was deported to Cyprus, where he ended his days.\* The empty tomb is still to be seen in the Church dedicated to his memory.

To Bible students there are few places of greater interest than Cyprus; it was visited in A.D. 45 by Paul and Barnabas, who landed at Salamis, not far from the modern town of Famagusta. Towards the end of the 5th century, the remains of St. Barnabas, together with a copy of St. Matthew's Gospel in his own handwriting were discovered. This copy of the Gospel purchased the support of the Emperor Zeno, who issued a rescript "excluding the interference of the See of Antioch" and conferring on the Archbishop of Cyprus the right of *signing his name in red ink*, of wearing a cope of imperial purple, and carrying a sceptre in place of a pastoral staff, privileges which have been jealously retained.†

The only other instance of which I am cognisant of an important personage signing his name in red ink was that of an admiral who gained distinction in the Great War.

\* Another explanation is that he fled to Cyprus from Palestine for fear of the Jews.

† "Handbook of Cyprus." Hutchinson & Cobham. 2nd issue, 1903.

Prior to this the See of Antioch had claimed the right to nominate the Metropolitan of Cyprus. Three Cypriot bishops, according to the authority from which I have already quoted, were present at the Council of Nicæa, which met in A.D. 395 to settle the Arian controversy, fix the date of Easter for the next Sunday after the first full moon following the vernal equinox, and other matters ecclesiastical. At this Council Athanasius, afterwards Bishop of Alexandria was only a deacon but was nevertheless its moving spirit, and at it the nucleus of the Nicene Creed was formulated.

Through the kindness of Mr Haycraft I was given a pony to ride during my stay at Larnaca, and one day an incident occurred which ended fortunately, though it might easily have been otherwise had I not been forewarned. The pony usually placed at my disposal was wanted for some other purpose, so my host said, "You can take mine, but I must warn you that as soon as you are on his back he will bolt, and not stop until you reach the Court House, when he will pull up with a jerk, and if you are not careful you will take a toss."

I mounted the pony which acted strictly according to plan, pulling up quite suddenly at the steps of the Court House having galloped furiously the whole way, and nearly dislocated my left shoulder; I was glad to dismount and exchange with someone else!

Just before the end of our first visit to Larnaca we went to Limassol to embark the High Commissioner, Sir William Haynes Smith, K.C.M.G., his A.D.C., Captain Nicoll, Scots Guards, and the Abbot of Kykko. The latter, a man of good education, spoke French fluently and I was deputed by Captain Slade to entertain him. He was the head of the principal monastery, which is situated on a mountain called Marathasa, 4360 feet above the sea. In this monastery are some 40 monks and 50 novices. Those who have the good fortune to visit it and enjoy the hospitality of the Abbot, can count, as a rule, on having roast moufflon as one of the courses. The moufflon is a species of wild sheep with big horns, only met with in Cyprus, Corsica and Sardina. They are protected by law, and none may legally be shot without a special permit, but it is feared that many are killed by unlicensed peasants.

The ordinary priests belonging to the Greek Orthodox Church are as a rule (to which of course there are exceptions), very illiterate. They repeat the church services entirely by rote and can memorise a vast amount of the Bible, more particularly the psalms and gospels. They are simple, honest folk and usually add to their scanty stipends by working at some trade or other.

For the sake of continuity in description we will skip a few months.

During the second week of December, 1903, when we were expecting to remain for a while in Malta, we received orders to go once more to Cyprus; such is the uncertainty of a naval life that the only thing of which you may feel sure is the truth of the old proverb "The unexpected always happens." In less than a week we were again at sea. This time we did not go direct but *via* Crete, then to Suda Bay and Candia. On arrival at Candia, some officers of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers came off to call, and told us that they had made arrangements for us to go with them first to the museum and then to their camp for lunch.

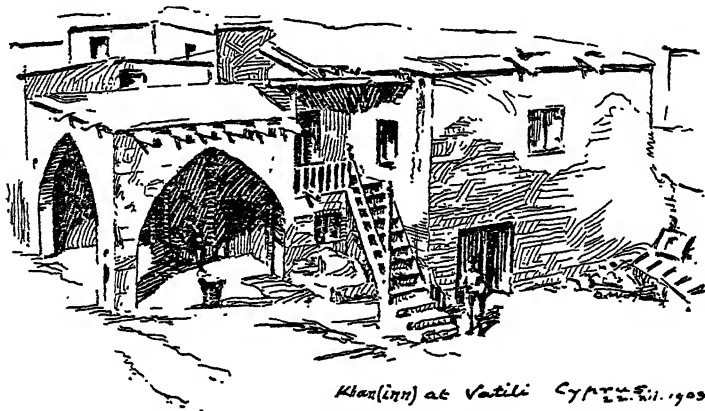
We here met Mr R. Mc. G. Dawkins, the curator, who gave us a graphic account of Sir Arthur Evans' archæological investigations, resulting in the discovery of pre-Phœnician script, and also of the excavations carried out under his direction at Knossos, which led to still further discoveries.

We also saw a number of votive offerings made by sponge divers. These which are usually made of silver, take the form of arms, legs, or one half of the body. As these divers descend to great depths without any apparatus other than massive stones used as sinkers, it was quite evident to me why the votive offerings take the form they do. The explanation is that when men dive to great depths and are brought up to the surface too quickly, the rapid change in pressure is liable to cause paralysis, it may be of an arm or leg or one half of the body. Using no apparatus is bound to lead to paralysis sooner or later, and in all diving operations the greatest care should be taken to guard against too rapid reduction of pressure when bringing the diver up to the surface. When diving as the sponge-divers do it is impossible to avoid these sudden

changes of pressure. Mr Dawkins was much interested in my explanation.

After we left the museum we lunched with the Dublin Fusiliers, and on our way off to the ship from Candia were shown the place where Surgeon J. Maillard, R.N., of the *Hazard* gunboat won the "V.C." during the Cretan insurrections in 1898 when endeavouring to rescue a wounded sailor under a heavy fire directed at close range from houses quite close to the shore. Curiously enough, he and I were both specially promoted on the same day, and the marine who had acted as his servant oddly enough became mine and told me that Maillard's white tunic was shot through in several places without the wearer being injured. It was in fact so badly cut up, that it was, as he expressed it, only fit for "brass rags" and he was quite surprised when he learnt that the owner wished to keep it.

We left Candia in the afternoon and arrived at Larnaca two days later. We next went on to Famagusta, and the day after our arrival there by the invitation of the High Commissioner we started for Nicosia. Captain Slade, with two midshipmen and myself left the ship at 10 a.m. and on landing, were met by a four-horse carriage, the horses, as in a Roman chariot being driven abreast, instead of in pairs as in driving a four-in-hand coach.



We proceeded at a furious pace with much cracking of

the whip, and about 1 o'clock stopped at a khan\* or caravan-serai, at Vatili, which is about half-way in point of time between Famagusta and Nicosia. Here we baited the horses and had luncheon. This consisted of bread and butter, cakes, eggs and Turkish coffee, the whole cost of which amounted to 9 copper piastres = 1s. The price of eggs I ascertained was 3 for 2 piastres. Cigarettes, equal to the finest Egyptian variety, in those days cost 11d. a hundred, and the authorised charge for the carriage for the journey of 37 miles was 180 piastres (£1). We reached Nicosia shortly before 6 p.m.

Government House is quite interesting, a certain part of it has been copied from Haddon Hall, and in the grounds there are some fine Venetian arches taken from the old konak† at Nicosia, formerly the residence of the Turkish Governor. We spent four very pleasant days, including Christmas, under the hospitable roof of the High Commissioner, who gave an official dinner in our honour followed by a reception to meet the principal British residents. A picnic was arranged and ponies ordered to take us on Boxing Day to the remains of the XIII century Castle of St. Hilarion, which is between 7 and 8 miles from Nicosia, but our plans were suddenly altered owing to a telegram, to the effect that, a severe gale having sprung up on Christmas Eve, the ship had been obliged to put to sea. As it was, she narrowly escaped going on the rocks.

When the ship put to sea a number of our petty officers and cooks of messes (*i.e.* the men's caterers), were ashore at Famagusta, foraging for turkeys, etc. for their Christmas dinner.

On leaving Nicosia we stopped for a short time at Kouklia, over 20½ miles distant. Famagusta was reached in the afternoon and to our joy we found that the ship had returned. Next morning we sailed, and arrived at Larnaca at noon, the Commander and five other officers leaving for Nicosia, where they were entertained by various residents.

\* Khan = Turkish for inn.

† Konak is the Turkish word for town-house as opposed to Yali which means a country house.

Early on the 2nd January, '04, I landed with the Captain and another officer and drove to Kouklia, to have a day's shooting in the marshes. Kouklia or Kuklia was in ancient days known as Cythera and reputed to be the favourite abode of Venus. There are the remains here of a large square castle and near to it are some subterranean grottoes. Two days later we went to Limassol. When there I rode out to a lake near Akrotiri peninsula for some snipe shooting, and I had my first experience of riding with a Turkish bridle and a bit which must be a veritable instrument of torture to any horse not provided with a case-hardened mouth. Every time I even felt its mouth it reared up on its hind legs, which when carrying a gun is to say the least awkward, unless one happens to be a trick rider.

Next day I went out to Polimedia camp with the Captain and Chaplain in order to call on the officers of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, who had arranged a pony paper-chase for us. Having related my experience of a Turkish bit, one of the Dublin officers kindly lent me a Pelham bit and bridle, which I took back to the ship, but no sooner had we arrived on board than the Captain was handed a telegram in cypher, which on being decoded, proved to be our orders to leave with all possible despatch for Port Said. I managed somehow to get the bridle returned to its owner before we left.

Between our first and second visits to Cyprus we went through the usual summer cruise, took part in manœuvres on a grand scale, with Lagos in Portugal as our base, and visited the Balearic and Ionian Isles. Before starting on the summer cruise the *Duguay Trouin*, a French sea-going training ship for naval cadets arrived at Malta, and officers who were French interpreters or who had a conversational knowledge of French were invited to go out to the Governor's Palace at Verdala to help entertain them. We went and returned by special train from Valetta, and one of the principal guests present was Admiral of the Fleet the Hon. Sir Henry Keppel, G.C.B., O.M., more commonly known as Sir Harry and with him were his son-in-law Captain Frederick Hamilton\* and Mrs Hamilton. Sir Harry Keppel was 94

\* Afterwards Admiral Sir Frederick Hamilton, K.C.B., etc., C. in C., in Scotland during part of the Great War.

at the time. Having been born in 1809 he was old enough to remember the battle of Waterloo, in which his elder brother, Lord Albemarle, as ensign in the 14th Foot had taken part, and he himself in 1854 had fought with the French as our allies in the Baltic. He made an interesting speech in which he emphasised his happy associations with the French in Peace and War, but as owing to his great age his remarks were not very audible, Captain Hamilton afterwards repeated all that was said, which needless to say, was greatly appreciated.

During the period covered in this chapter we frequently visited Gibraltar, and thanks to the help and kindness which I received from my friend Mr B. H. T. Frere\* I was able to learn much concerning the plants to be met with there. At that time he had not yet published his "Guide to the Flora of Gibraltar and the Neighbourhood" but was busy making photographic studies of the flowers which grow on the Rock.

Captain Slade, like myself, also interested in botany, was on one occasion with Mr Frere in search of plants growing at the southern end of Gibraltar above Europa Point when he was stopped by the sentry and ordered to depart, whereupon Captain Slade, who naturally resented being spoken to in such a peremptory manner, asked the sentry to show him his orders, which he did, and they were as follows :— "To walk in a soldierly manner on his post, etc., etc., and prevent all *vagrants* and *suspicious characters* from loitering in the vicinity"! The incident caused some amusement at the time, as the question naturally arose as to the particular category in which the sentry had mentally placed them, before proceeding to carry out his instructions !

A propos of botany, my thoughts turn to the sister subject of entomology, and at this time there was a certain colonel commanding an infantry regiment in Gibraltar, who had a remarkably rubicund face, and this same officer had a wife whose peach coloured complexion was said to owe its tint, not so much to being "warmed by the sun and wet by the dew" as to meretricious aids, so a facetious officer with a knowledge of butterflies nicknamed the pair "Purple Emperor" and "Painted Lady."

\* Later Sir Bartle H. T. Frere, Chief Justice of Gibraltar.

## CHAPTER XVII

(1904).

EVE OF RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR AT SUEZ—RUSSIAN “CHAUVE-SOURIS” — KAMARAN BAY — PILGRIMS TO MECCA — CARPETS — TURKISH METHODS — RUSSIAN FLEET OFF PERIM—ADEN—COLLISION WITH A WHALE.

HAVING, as already stated, skipped a period of six months, I will now return to our doings after so hurriedly leaving Cyprus on the night of 6th January, 1904. We arrived at Port Said early next afternoon, and two days later, after taking in 522 tons of Welsh coal at 24/6 a ton (a price which to-day would seem small), we left early in the morning and so had the advantage of daylight during the greater part of our passage through the Suez Canal.

Shortly after our arrival at Suez, the two Japanese cruisers *Kasuga* and *Nishin* arrived, as well as the English cruiser *King Alfred*, which was on her way out to China with Admiral Sir William Kennedy and Colonel F. Lucas, M.P., on board as guests. Admiral Kennedy, who had inspected the *Diana* when she commissioned in January, '01, addressed the ship's company and afterwards attended a theatrical entertainment which we had got up.

A few days after the Japanese ships had arrived, two Russian men-of-war also came in, the *Osliba*, flying the flag of Admiral Wirenius, and the *Dmitry Donskoi*. The leisurely way in which the ships coaled compared very unfavourably with that of our own and the Japanese ships. The Russians spread their coaling over four days, when we would have taken not more than 18 hours. They were joined later by the *Aurora* and a number of destroyers and torpedo

boats, two of which had already broken down. The *Oслиaba* was one of the Russian " Volunteer " ships, which in defiance of the treaty of 1841—confirmed by that of Berlin in 1878—had passed through the Bosphorus and Dardanelles, evading treaty obligations by flying the Russian mercantile flag and camouflaging their funnels in order to make them appear to be merchant ships. The French called them " chauve-souris " \* as they were either merchantmen or warships according to circumstances.

From Suez we went to Kamaran Bay, which is the port at which pilgrims coming from the East are examined and kept in quarantine before being allowed to proceed to Mecca. The quarantine station is a very large and well organised establishment, replete with baths, refrigerating plant for the manufacture of ice (Raoul Pictet's sulphurous acid process), steam disinfectors, isolation quarters and bacteriological laboratory with a regular staff of medical men belonging to various nationalities.

The Superintendent was Dr Lopecz, a Pole whose official title was *Directeur de l'Administration Sanitaire de l'Empire Ottoman* !

There were 4,000 pilgrims in quarantine, and we were told that 28,000 had already passed through since that year's pilgrimage had begun. Each pilgrim has to pay a poll-tax levied for the cost of the upkeep of the establishment, without which many of the deadly diseases Orientals are apt to carry, might not only be spread at Mecca, but gain access to Europe.

Ice is manufactured for use (if required) by the pilgrims, but as it *was not considered good for them* ! we were able to obtain sufficient for our requirements at a nominal price, which was a veritable boon, for although we were there during the so-called cool season, the " coolness " was a mere figure of speech, as the temperature on board ship never fell below 80° even at night, being generally about 83°, and of course much hotter during the day time.

\* For explanation of term chauve-souris, see La Fontaine, Livre II, Fable V, " La Chauve-souris et les deux Belettes."

The ostensible reason for our visit to Kamaran Bay was the laying down of buoys in the channel leading to the anchorage, but in view of pending hostilities in the Far East it is quite apparent that this was not the *only* reason.

Not far from Kamaran are the government salt mines, the output of which, at 450 tons a day, amounts to nearly 165,000 tons per annum. It was a curious experience to visit this salt mine, with its dazzling snowy whiteness, considerably heightened by a blazing tropical sun. There were several Scotsmen connected with this enterprise, thus exemplifying the saying that wherever you go you find a Scotsman.

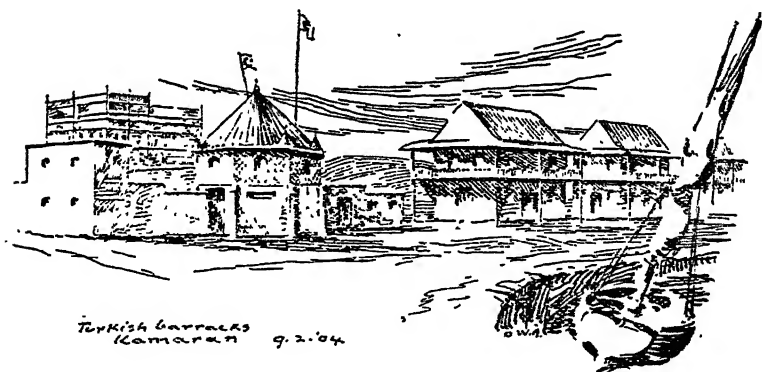
Whilst at Kamaran, despite the many medical men attached to the quarantine station, my services were requisitioned in order to perform a major operation on a native, and by way of showing his appreciation of my efforts, the British Vice-Consul (Mr Richardson), obtained a permit for me to visit a pilgrim ship, the *Monsoni*, which was lying some distance out in the Bay. I got a passage off to this ship in an Arab dhow or sambuk. The seething mass of humanity and the peculiar sanitary and culinary arrangements which the Moslem religion requires for each group of pilgrims must be very trying for the British captains and officers who serve in pilgrim ships. There were 820 people on board, 770 of whom, including a Persian colonel, were pilgrims.

When the faithful go on their pilgrimage to Mecca, instead of taking circular notes they take carpets, many of which are exceedingly valuable, and by the sale of these they pay their way. Soon after I got on board word was passed round that I was a merchant from London who had come with a view to buying carpets. I threaded my way amongst the turbaned crowd, some of whom were squatting on mats smoking narghilis, others cooking rice and curry or chipping sugar, and all the women folk were carefully concealed from view by screens. I was taken on to the bridge, and carpet after carpet was spread out before me, each apparently more beautiful than the last. Finally I succeeded in buying four or five very fine Persian specimens : my only regret on leaving the ship was that I had not brought enough money to purchase

more, as an opportunity such as this, seldom occurs to anyone.

We heard many stories of the Turks ; one which I remember was, how, when a Turkish man-of-war went aground somewhere in the Red Sea, her captain telegraphed to the Turkish Admiralty for permission to return to Constantinople for docking, but was told that he must take his ship to the Government dock at Kamaran, which only existed on paper, for the money shown as expended on it had been spent in some other manner.

I was also told that a captain of another ship of war, having no money wherewith to pay the men or buy coal, accepted a contract from a merchant to carry a cargo of flour, and with the money thus earned, and paid in advance, he was able for a time to carry on.



The soldiers we saw on shore were almost in rags and we were told that their pay was many months in arrears.

About a week after our arrival, we suddenly left for Perim, where, we heard that war had broken out between Russia and Japan. The next day, (after the ship had been coaled by Somalis, who had kept up a ceaseless and rather monotonous chant about Allah), we were engaged in playing a cricket match against a team raised from the two Eastern Telegraph ships, *John Pender* and *Electra*. The match was only half over when we were recalled to the ship, as a telegram had been received from the C. in C. confirming the report of

the outbreak of hostilities between Russia and Japan. At 6.0 p.m. we were under way and had scarcely got outside the anchorage when we sighted the Russian fleet, consisting of our old friends the *Osliba*, *Dmitry Donskoi*, *Aurora*, three destroyers and two of the "Volunteer" fleet.

We quickly altered course, not feeling at all certain of what might happen if we approached them too closely. Next day we were back at Kamaran Bay. Here we obtained fresh provisions in the shape of six bullocks, any one of which could have been comfortably picked up by one of our stalwarts. Three of these were humanely slaughtered with a service revolver, and the other three were kept for another day. The forage supplied for them in the shape of cane-brake appeared to us to be valueless from the nutritive point of view, but I suppose it was what they were accustomed to.

After we had completed our task at Kamaran we went back on the 21st February to Suez and heard that we were to be relieved by the *Astrea*. Two days later the Russian Fleet, which when off Perim we had seen going East, returned. It must have been somewhat of a surprise for them to find us lying at anchor. The Russian cruiser *Aurora* and five destroyers at once entered the Canal, the rest of the fleet remaining at Suez. It was quite evident to us, that this fleet had been recalled in consequence of the outbreak of war with Japan, and it was well for their sakes that it was so, as they would certainly have been "mopped up" if they had proceeded to carry out their original orders, and had gone out to the Far East.

Our marine officer, Lieut. Cyrus Regnart, R.M.L.I.,\* was an accomplished linguist and spoke Russian fluently. On the occasion of our first meeting the Russians, he and I went on board their flagship to call. When we discussed the possibility of war with Japan, they treated the whole question as outside the limits of probability, as they were of opinion that Japan would never be so rash as to declare war against a great power like Russia. Needless to say we did not venture to contradict them, but whatever might be the result of land

\* Who afterwards I much regret to say was killed when serving with the Black and Tans in Ireland.

operations between these two powers, we entertained no misgivings as to Japan's capability of holding her own at sea, nor were we as sure as the Russians that there would be no war.

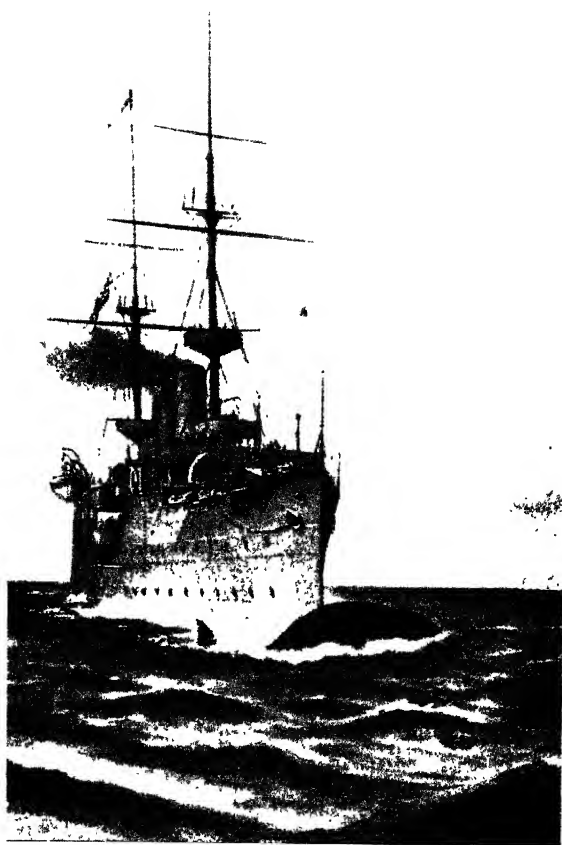
Having received official news that we were to be relieved, we imagined that our labours were at an end, and that the next move would be in the direction of home, but we were soon undeceived and found that we were to tow a dredger (*St. Dunstan*) from Suez to Aden, which took us about six days. On arriving there, the Jewish feather merchants lost no time in coming on board, and ignoring the fact that the *Diana* was a man-of-war and not a passenger ship, declined to go when told to leave. When this was reported, orders were given to accelerate their departure with a fire-hose, and one aged descendant of Abraham came in for the full force of the jet. I felt sorry for the poor old fellow, who looked the personification of misery when he saw all his feathers in the conditions of a *poule mouillée*. I don't think he himself minded getting wet half so much as he did seeing his stock-in-trade in that condition.

We returned to Suez from Aden in exactly half the time the passage in the opposite direction had taken.

On arrival arrangements were made for us to proceed next day through the Canal, and in order to avoid being put in quarantine on reaching Malta, we were placed in *quarantaine volontaire* and had a guard on board to see that we did not communicate with the shore. This was rather a farce, as we took in 860 tons of Welsh coal at Port Said, and as the Arabs who coaled us all lived in Port Said, it is difficult to see how this could have been done without communicating with the shore.

The only incident of any interest on the way home was the ramming of a whale early in the morning of the 28th March, when near the three Zaffarine Islands, off the coast of Morocco, "about 6 inches from Gibraltar," as Midshipman Easy describes their situation on the chart. We felt the impact distinctly, and the cause was soon evident when it was found that the whale was impaled on the ship's ram and offering considerable resistance to our passage through the water.

It was not until we stopped and the engines reversed that the whale could be dislodged. I sent a sketch of this occurrence to the "Daily Graphic" and a few months later, a coloured enlargement of my sketch, entitled "A Navy Cut," appeared as an advertisement for Player's "Navy Mixture," a copy of which the proprietors very courteously posted to me when they learnt that it was I who had sent the sketch to the paper, and they have also given me permission to reproduce it here. As we were on our way home to pay off it will be observed that the ship is flying a long or "paying-off" pennant.



From a sketch by the Author which first appeared in the *Daily Graphic*.  
(Published by permission of John Player & Sons, Nottingham.)



## CHAPTER XVIII

CHANNEL FLEET AND LORD CHARLES BERESFORD — DOGGER BANK INCIDENT — SIR JOHN WOLFE-BARRY — PIGEON SHOOTING AT CAPE NEGRO — KAISER AND MOROCCO — ALGECIRAS CONFERENCE — THE 75th FOOT BECOME GORDON HIGHLANDERS — ATTEMPTED MURDER IN SPAIN — INTERNATIONAL HEALTH CONGRESS AT BERLIN — IRISH MOONLIGHTERS. (1904-1905.)

MY next appointment was to the *Magnificent*, Captain Arthur M. Farquhar, C.V.O., who had commanded the *Renown* when that ship conveyed T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Connaught to Egypt to open the Assouan Dam, and to India to attend the Delhi Durbar.

Shortly after commissioning, we joined the flag of Vice-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford who was in command of the Channel Fleet. During the next three months we took part in the manœuvres and cruised round the United Kingdom arriving at each place at the most propitious time. Thus, we were at Kingstown for the Dublin horse show, Arran for the sheep-dog trials, Cromarty and Invergordon for the Inverness gathering, besides which we were given opportunities for fishing and shooting in very many places. On one never-to-be-forgotten occasion, when the fleet was in Loch Linnhe, I had a most enjoyable day's deer-stalking on the Conoglen estate of the Earl of Morton, and secured a fine stag, whose weight was 14 stone. All this kindness and hospitality was largely due to the personality of Lord Charles Beresford. But it must not be imagined that drills and work were neglected. I would venture to say, that in all probability there was never a more efficient force than the old Channel Fleet when under Lord Charles Beresford's command and certainly there never was one more happy and contented.

In the third week in October we left Portland for Gibraltar, stopping at Lagos in Portugal for a few days, in the vicinity of which we carried out exercises, including night attacks from destroyers, and at 4.0 a.m. on 24th October our arrival was made known by a "surprise" attack on the Rock, for which the troops in the garrison were, I think, not wholly unprepared.

On 22nd October, the Russian Baltic Fleet, when on its way to the Far East under Admiral Rozhdestvensky fired on the Hull trawling fleet which was fishing on the Dogger Bank in the North Sea. One trawler was sunk and several others hit, two men being killed and several wounded. This event led to great activity in both the Channel and Mediterranean Fleets which were held in readiness at Gibraltar for any emergency. The Straits were patrolled and the garrison mobilised on a war footing.

At this time we were carrying out in Tetuan Bay, Morocco, what was known as "prize firing", and on two occasions were recalled by orders sent by a destroyer, to return to Gibraltar "with all possible despatch." At 6.0 p.m. on the 4th November, a midshipman was sent round to each ship with orders to raise steam immediately for full speed. A gun was fired to recall all men on "liberty," and a patrol sent ashore as a "whip" to get them as quickly as possible. Of all the liberty men only one failed to come off, and oddly enough this man could not be found anywhere, and it was discovered afterwards that he was attending a prayer meeting, the last place in which to look for a sailor.

The Squadron affected by this order was the 2nd Division of the Channel Fleet under Admiral Bridgeman, and composed of *Victorious*, (flagship), *Illustrious*, *Majestic* and *Magnificent*, a homogeneous and in those days quite a powerful lot of ships.

When we left Gibraltar we were told that our destination was Vigo, but the next morning we were informed by signal that it was Portland, and that we were to "prepare for battle" immediately, which seemed strange, as when we passed Tangier the Russian fleet had been observed at anchor there, and the question everyone asked was who is the enemy?

When cleared for action, topmasts struck, etc., we met an American squadron proceeding south. The Americans, on seeing our warlike appearance, immediately hoisted their largest size ensigns. We met this squadron later on, and they said that, seeing us prepared for action, they hoisted the biggest flags they had, in case we might act as the Russians did in the North Sea, and suddenly open fire on them by mistake. We encountered very bad weather in the Bay of Biscay, and on arrival at Portland to our surprise we found the Home Fleet at anchor with awnings spread and looking most peaceful.

Everyone was very weary after the strenuous exertion of the previous five days, and we had to coal two hours after we arrived. The men were so fatigued that the coaling which would under ordinary circumstances have lasted some eight or nine hours, took nineteen, and during the night we had several accidents, one of which was serious.

At the end of a week the political situation had become less strained, and we returned to Gibraltar. Some time afterwards when things had quieted down, we learned that our preparations on this occasion were made, not so much for fear of trouble with Russia as with Germany.

Before going on Christmas leave, I paid a visit, with Captain Farquhar to the Gibraltar waterworks, which consist of a series of huge tanks cut in the rock, containing a sufficiency of water to last for many weeks, and each large enough to permit of one rowing across it in a boat. A tunnel connects these tanks with a catchment area on the eastern side of the rock and its construction took over five months\*. A tram by which we travelled runs through the tunnel, and brings you out somewhere above Catalan Bay. When fresh water was first laid on from these tanks for drinking purposes, a contractor employing a large number of mules, complained to the engineer of the waterworks that his animals, with the obstinacy for which they are proverbial,

\* When this catchment area was first constructed the galvanised iron on the Eastern side was covered with a coating of cement; this explained the story which got into the Press, that owing to the Rock having become fissured it had been found necessary to cement it to prevent further trouble!

refused to drink the new water supply, and said he thought that there must be something wrong with it. He was therefore obliged to give them brackish water to which they were accustomed, but which, strange to say, ponies and horses never drink.

Whilst in England the ship underwent her annual refit, and early in February we left for Gibraltar. Sir John Wolfe-Barry, K.C.B., F.R.S., the distinguished engineer, and his Secretary, Mr Rustat Blake (whose family I had known for many years) took passage with us to Gibraltar as the guests of the Captain. Sir John was the engineer of many very important works both at home and abroad: and perhaps the one with which his name will always be more particularly associated is the Tower Bridge.

On Shrove Tuesday, 1905, when on the Moroccan coast, where we had been for gunnery exercises, I was one of a party which went on a shooting expedition to Cape Negro, where blue rock pigeons abound in the cliff. I was left in the boat with a view to shooting any birds which escaped seawards, but getting tired of waiting and not getting any shooting, I started to climb the cliff which appeared to lead up to what I thought were downs covered with heather. I found the climb pretty stiff, but when I got to the top, instead of short heather I found an impenetrable "bush," at least six or eight feet high. I tried to descend by the route I had come up, but going down was a much harder task than going up, so I crawled along the edge of the cliff until I saw what appeared to be a grassy slope leading to the beach. I had not gone far down this slope when I let go my gun, and it crashed some 200 feet below on the rocks and was smashed to atoms. The noise attracted the attention of the boat's crew, who shouted to me to stop, as a few feet below the grassy slope the cliff was undercut and had I gone further I should have met a similar fate to that of my gun. I tried to ascend, but several of the shrubs I grasped gave way. Exhausted from exertion, accentuated, no doubt, by the realisation of my perilous position, I at last reached a tree and there I remained until long after dark, expecting to have to wait till daylight unless discovered by friends, or possibly

by foes in the shape of brigands. About 9 o'clock I heard English voices and soon was found by the search party, who with ropes and lanterns had come to my rescue, and in about an hour I got off to my ship.

Morocco, at that time, as is generally the case, was in a very disturbed state. Two marine officers (Captain J. E. Crowther and Lieut. E. A. S. Hatton) were captured when on their way to Ceuta by Anjera tribesmen, and were kept as close prisoners under very disagreeable conditions for several weeks, when they were exchanged for the brigand chief Valiente of the Anjera tribe.

Towards the end of March, H.M. Queen Alexandra arrived and left three days later, exactly five hours before the German Emperor entered the harbour. He had had, the same day, an interview at Tangier with the Sultan of Morocco. The object of his visit is now well-known. Not being content with the too satisfactory agreement recently arrived at between England, France, Italy and Spain over the question of Morocco in which there had been give and take on all sides, he was anxious that Germany should have some share of the pickings, although she, unlike France and Spain, had no vested interest at stake. In his interview with the Sultan, the Kaiser said :—

“ It is to the Sultan of Morocco, an independent sovereign, that I have come to pay my visit, and I hope that under his high sovereignty a free Morocco will be opened to the peaceful penetration of all nations, without any monopoly or exclusions of any kind.”

The Fleet was illuminated in honour of the Kaiser's visit and he left next day, after having been shown nothing of greater military importance than the ancient galleries in the rock and the new military hospital on Windmill Hill. When on his way to the latter the Kaiser remarked to one of the Staff, “ I suppose I should not be permitted to visit the naval magazine or any of the other works ? ” He raised the question exactly at the moment when they were passing the entrance to the magazine, which had only recently been constructed, and the member of the Staff to whom he addressed this remark, replied, “ We should be surprised if it were possible to show your Majesty anything connected with the defences of Gibraltar with which your Majesty is not already

fully conversant, but I regret I am not authorised to show you the magazine."

The Algeciras Conference took place a week after the Kaiser's visit to Tangier, and although France was not allowed quite as much of a free hand in northern Morocco as she had hoped for, the German pretensions were effectually checked.

The Fleet remained in the neighbourhood of Gibraltar and Tetuan Bay until a fortnight after the Conference was finished, when we left for the Levant for the purpose of carrying out combined exercises with the Mediterranean Fleet, which a week later we met off the island of Rhodes, and that evening anchored in the beautiful harbour of Marmarice on the S.W. coast of Asia Minor. The whole Fleet was able to lie in this harbour, which is approached by a narrow entrance, and the town of Marmarice, with its mosque, Turkish houses, plane trees and Turkish buildings is very picturesque. Surrounded as the place is by hills it becomes very hot by the end of April. Those of us who posted our letters in the local post-office, instead of in the Fleet mail bags, gave a lot of extra work to the postal officials ashore, who, it was said (but I won't vouch for the truth of the statement) opened all letters before forwarding them in order that they might prevent anything which they thought valuable passing into the hands of those, who (from their point of view) they considered less deserving than themselves!

We managed to purchase some beautiful Turkish embroideries. These are generally made with raw silk, spun just as it comes from the cocoons, and are the result of the most painstaking and laborious stitchery, but done on the cheapest of unbleached calico.

We discovered when at Marmarice a delightful waterfall and pool of sufficient depth and size for diving and swimming. A party of us spent some four or five hours at this pool, taking our refreshments with us. A Turkish guide who accompanied us provided the party with coffee, made with his own materials, mill, and coffee pot, and served with *khalva*, a sort of Turkish delight, made of almonds and honey and scented or flavoured with attar of roses.

From Marmarice we went to Malta and again met the Royal Yacht *Victoria and Albert* with H.M. Queen Alexandra on board. During our short visit to Malta I went to “ Sa Maison ” gardens, a peaceful and little-frequented place overlooking the quarantine harbour. In these gardens the various regiments stationed in Malta used to make it a custom to put up monuments or sculptures on the walls of the old fortifications showing their regimental badges and achievements. One of these, erected in 1881 by Letter B or Major J. O. M. Vandeleur’s Company of the 75th Stirlingshire Regiment, was quite an elaborate affair, and although I had often seen it on previous visits, I now made a sketch of it. Its west face bears a rhyming epitaph commemorating the transformation of the 75th Regiment into the 1st Bn. Gordon Highlanders. When I last visited Malta (during the war) I again went out to Sa Maison to re-visit this “ Cenotaph ” and found it had disappeared in the process of “ improving ” the place.

The inscription is worth recording ; it was as follows :—

EPITAPH ON THE 75TH.

30th June, 1881.

“ Here lie the poor old 75th,  
But under God’s protection  
They’ll rise again in kilt and hose  
A glorious resurrection,  
For by the transformation powers  
Of Parliamentary laws  
We go to bed the 75th  
And rise the Ninety twas.”

After our short visit to Malta, we went to Tetuan Bay, and from then to Gibraltar, where during our stay I had an experience which shows the extraordinary mentality of Spanish peasants. I was playing golf with Captain Farquhar, at Campamento (which is about three or four miles beyond Linea) and when not far from the “ venta,” kept by Fernando, which did duty as a club-house for polo and golf players, Captain Farquhar drew my attention to a man lying at the edge of a cornfield, who appeared to be suffering from

some severe injury. I went to see what had happened and found a poor man lying with a most terrible abdominal wound from which his bowels were protruding. A Spaniard belonging to the club-house, who knew a little English, implored me not to touch the man for fear that I should be accused of being his murderer, for he entertained little hope of his recovery. However, I insisted on a door being taken off its hinges and he was placed on it, and carried to the club-house, where with the aid of a few rusty surgical needles, obtained from a first aid box kept at the club, which I cleaned with emery paper, and some silk thread and rags which I boiled, I did what was necessary and had the man conveyed on a bed to his home. The man (Antonio Collado) was 56 years of age, but looked more like 76. I got leave to visit him every day for a fortnight, a special boat being put at my disposal, and, strange to relate, he not only made a complete recovery, but two months later, walked all the way to Cadiz, some 40 or 50 miles, in order to give evidence at the trial of his would-be assassins.

The next event of importance was a serious gun accident which occurred on the 14th June, when carrying out prize firing and gunlayer's tests in Tetuan Bay. Owing to a "hang fire" and the premature opening of the breech of the gun, 16 officers and men were seriously injured, five of whom died within a few hours, and one a few days later, whilst two others were slightly hurt. After the accident some canvas deck cloths which were in "B 3" casemate where the accident had occurred, caught fire, and would have led to an even greater disaster had it not been for the prompt action of Commander the Hon. Herbert Holmes A'Court, who seized the shells lying near the burning canvas and hove them overboard.

In this disaster, there were several curious coincidences. One of those killed had an intense dislike for gunnery and for that reason had applied to be allowed to specialise in navigation, hoping thereby to escape having anything to do with guns, and on the very morning of the accident, had asked his senior officer, the Navigator, whether he could be excused from taking part in the firing, but the latter declined, on the

ground that it was his duty to be in the casemate to superintend. Another man who was immediately in rear of the gun was knocked down by the blast which passed over his head without injuring him in any way ; this same man, at the battle of Graspan in the S. African War was ministering to a wounded comrade when the latter was shot dead, he himself escaping untouched. During the time that Surgeon F. Cock and I were busy tending these men, I was very much impressed by the self-abnegation which several of those severely wounded showed for their comrades who they considered were more urgently in need of attention.

Immediately after the funeral of the victims of the accident, we returned to Tetuan Bay and completed the prize firing.

## CHAPTER XIX

(1905-1907.)

BREST AND THE ENTENTE FETES — AROSA BAY — ALGARVE  
— AZORES — MADEIRA — TENERIFFE — SUPERSTITION  
AND SHARKS — ATLANTIC FLEET — DEATH OF ADMIRAL  
CHICHESTER — POLO FATALITIES — PARIS — BERLIN —  
HAMBURG — GERMAN COPPER RESERVES.

ON the 10th July, '05, in order to take part in the fêtes organised for the purpose of celebrating the "Entente Cordiale," the Atlantic Fleet arrived at Brest, under the command of Vice-Admiral Sir William May, K.C.B., with Rear-Admiral Francis Bridgeman as second-in-command.

As soon as we had reached our allotted berths, visits were exchanged between the admirals, and each English ship found that it was *amateloté* with one or more French ships. The *Magnificent's* "chummy ships," as the sailors express it, were the *Léon Gambetta* and *Forbin*, whose officers came on board to welcome us and give us an outline of the programme of the numerous entertainments which had been arranged for us. Each day, receptions, dinners, garden parties and excursions to places of interest in the neighbourhood took place, and on the second day at a garden party at the Préfecture, we ate pancakes and drank cider (which in Brittany always go together), and witnessed an exhibition of Breton dances accompanied by the cornemuse or Breton bagpipes.

The same evening there was a gala performance at the theatre, at which French and English officers and their wives were present. The plays consisted of scenes from well-known French plays in which leading actors, including Ernest Coquelin, better known as Coquelin cadet, and Madame Sarah Bernhardt took part. After the performance was over, one half of the officers of the fleet left for Paris by special

train. On arrival there, every one found that a room had been reserved for him at an hotel, and during the visit they were conducted by French officers to all the sights of the city, even a visit to the Bal Tabarin, at Montmartre, being included in the programme, all expenses being defrayed by the French Government.

I was one of those who elected to remain at Brest, and on the 14th July we went to a review in which every arm of the French sea and land forces took part. At this review the march past of the "Mousses" or young French sailors, from the training ship, to the stirring air of "*Sambre et Meuse*," filled me with admiration. There is no better march I know than this, and during the Great War it was played when the French "Fusiliers Marins" went off by train to cover themselves and their country with imperishable glory in the defence of Dixmude. In the evening the two fleets were illuminated, and the English ships in addition gave a firework display in which it was arranged that two "bouquets" each consisting of 300 rockets were to be fired simultaneously from every ship. Unfortunately, the whole of the 600 rockets on board the *Magnificent* went off in one act, in which one of our men was injured. Contrary to orders, he had selected a point of vantage from which he thought he could get a better view. His disobedience of orders cost him dearly, as he was struck by a rocket and sustained a very serious compound fracture of the right arm.

After the Brest festivities, which lasted a week, we went to Arosa Bay for the Fleet sailing regatta. Whilst there I had an opportunity of seeing the *Serpent* memorial, on a hill a few miles from Cape Villano near which she was lost. On this and several other occasions various officers, including myself were stoned by boys. Whether they confused us with Americans I can't say, but the fact that the Spanish-American war was still fairly fresh in their memory was the only reason I could assign for this exhibition of animosity.

We visited several Spanish ports before arriving at Lagos in the Algarve, where the King of Portugal, whose second title was King of the Algarve, visited us and presented a cup to be competed for by the sailing boats of the combined

Fleet. From Lagos we went to Horta, the capital of Fayal in the Azores. The outdoor costume of the women of Fayal is as strange as it must be uncomfortable in a damp warm climate. It consists of a long black cloak reaching to the ankles surmounted by an enormous hood reminiscent of the Maltese faldetto, which effectually protects the wearers from the vulgar gaze, and possibly this is an even greater penance than the suffering it entails in hot weather.

The wild flowers in the Azores are lovely. Fuchsias flourish everywhere. Hydrangeas are a veritable weed and *hedychium gardnerianum*, which we in England cultivate under glass, grows in profusion everywhere. I brought off a few trusses of the latter, which are lovely yellow flowers with bright red stamens and a powerful scent, but my messmates found them too overpowering and as obnoxious as "stinking violets" were to Jorrock's !

For those who enjoy dog stories, I must record an incident which occurred at the next place we visited, *viz.*, Ponta Delgada, the largest town of the Azores, situated on the island of Sao Miguel. The Captain's dog, "Sweep," was taken ashore for a run by the coxswain, and at the landing place met Admiral May's Aberdeen terrier returning to the ship. The dogs communicated with one another, and shortly afterwards "Sweep" chased some fowls and killed a cock, biting his head off, a thing he had never been known to do before. The same evening when Captain Farquhar was dining on board the flagship, he mentioned in the course of conversation that his dog had, that afternoon, bitten the head off a cock. The Admiral said, "What an extraordinary thing ! My dog did exactly the same thing and was brought back in disgrace to the ship." Captain Farquhar thereupon put forward the suggestion that when the dogs met, the Admiral's dog told the other one of his exploit !

At Ponta Delgada the residents organised two excursions : one on the first day to Las Furnas, and another on the following day to Sette Citada in order to see the lakes and the seven cities, otherwise seven hills. I went to the second, and the dust on the road was appalling, but, as I had the good fortune to be in the leading carriage with the Governor of the island

and Captain Farquhar, we escaped most of it. After a ten mile drive we left the carriages and were supplied with donkeys in order to ride out to the Sette Citada, where luncheon was provided for us at 2 p.m. As we had had nothing to eat since 8.0 a.m., needless to say we were quite ready for it. On our return to Ponta Delgada we were taken to the museum to see a wonderful collection of birds, and in the evening a ball was given at the Town Hall in honour of the Fleet.

From Sao Miguel we went to Porto Santo, one of the less known islands of the group, 26 miles N.E. of Madeira.

After carrying out gunnery exercises we proceeded to Funchal, where we stayed nearly a fortnight. The Bay of Funchal is very deep, enabling ships to anchor close in shore. The beach is quite black from the deposit of lava thrown up by an extinct volcano. The anchorage is quite unprotected from the prevailing winds, except to the West, where the Loo rock affords a little shelter, but, fortunately for us, the weather was fine. The impression which one receives on landing is that of restfulness. Along the steep streets, paved with smooth sea-worn kidney stones, the only conveyances which we saw were sledges called "*carros*," slowly and noiselessly drawn by oxen, and many of us climbed to the village of Nossa Senhora di Monti in order to toboggan down on double-seated wooden sleighs.

The vintage was just over, and we watched the grapes being trodden out by the naked feet of peasants, a process said to be more efficient than any mechanical press. The vegetation is profuse and climate so mild that bananas, sugar-cane, mangoes, tamarinds and pineapples grow freely in addition to figs, oranges and lemons; geraniums were a weed everywhere.

From Funchal we went to Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, and saw the Peak towering 12,180 feet, which some of our officers made a partial ascent of. The church of the Conception contains two flags captured when Nelson made his heroic but unsuccessful attack on the town (24th July, 1797), and we were also shown a pocket-handkerchief, preserved in a glass case, which is reputed to have been wet with the tears of the Virgin Mary at the Crucifixion.

On our way from Santa Cruz to Las Palmas, a distressing fatal accident occurred ; a man got crushed by being caught between the after turret and a ventilating shaft, and was killed almost instantaneously.

There is a popular belief among sailors that whenever there is a corpse on board, sharks invariably follow in the wake of the ship. Whether it was merely a coincidence I cannot say, but a shark certainly appeared directly after the man was killed, and followed the ship until the funeral took place the day after the accident.

From Las Palmas we returned to Gibraltar. On 12th October the repair ship *Assistance* went aground on the rocks in Tetuan Bay as the result of an easterly gale. Many attempts were made by different ships to tow her off ; the *Victorious* on one occasion managed to move her a few feet, but it was left to the *Magnificent* to succeed in getting her free, which was done on the 15th November, and two days later in very rough weather, we towed her to Gibraltar.

During the early part of 1906 the *Magnificent* was at Gibraltar and Tetuan, and towards the end of March a remarkable accident occurred during coaling. A sailor who was working the winch which hoisted the coal bags from the collier, was wearing an oil-skin coat as it was raining, and this got caught by the steel rope of the winch ; before he could free himself from the oil-skin he got wound in with it and killed, much in the same way that a boa-constrictor despatches its victims. The winch was stopped with all possible despatch and the wire ropes cut away, but the poor fellow was dead when extricated. I never remember hearing of a similar accident.

Shortly after this we left for Lagos (Portugal) where, during a walk on shore I came across a number of minute yellow daffodils known as "angels' tears," growing wild. After a few days at Lagos we put to sea on account of bad weather and went to a very desolate and gloomy anchorage on the N.W. coast of Morocco, appropriately named Jeremias Bay, where we were weather bound for six days. Then after a short stay at Gibraltar, Ceuta and Tetuan went once again to Madeira, anchored in Funchal Bay under

the lee of the Loo Rock, and after a week, returned to Gibraltar for a day or two before the arrival of Queen Alexandra in the Royal Yacht. A few days later we left for the south of Ireland.

It will be remembered that when we commissioned we belonged to the Channel Fleet, but when Admiral May took over the command we ceased to belong to the "Channel" and became part of the "Atlantic" Fleet, based on Gibraltar, and we had begun to regard Tetuan Bay as a "home from home!" We now, however, found that Ireland, being washed by the Atlantic, formed part of our station, and so we went to Berehaven in the summer, took part in manœuvres, cruising around the Irish coast until the autumn, when we returned to Tetuan Bay and Gibraltar.

I should mention that during the manœuvres I saw for the first time ships disguised by the rigging up of dummy funnels. In this way three of the "King Edward" class of battle-ships were made to represent cruisers by the addition of an extra dummy funnel, a ruse which was fairly effective at a distance. There was an example of this during the War, Von Muller disguised the raider *Emden* by the addition of a false funnel.

When at Queenstown we "assisted" at a vice-regal reception held by the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Aberdeen, which was rather an amusing affair. The people one would have expected to have been present were conspicuous by their absence, and their places taken by peasants and small shop-keepers, who had to be instructed as to their behaviour when presented to their Excellencies.

On 17th Sept., 1906, Rear-Admiral Sir E. Chichester Bart. (pronounced *Chi*-chester by Americans, with whom he was a great favourite during the Spanish-American war, when watching British interests at Manilla), died when employed as Admiral Superintendent of Gibraltar Dockyard. The Atlantic Fleet had arrived the day before, so the Navy was well represented at the ceremony of conveying his remains to the dockyard for embarkation, as his friends wished him to be buried near his old home at Raleigh, North Devon. The distance from the Mount (the official residence of the Admiral

Superintendent) was about a mile. The detachments from the fleet and from the garrison accordingly assembled there and the coffin with the leading part of the funeral procession had actually reached the place of embarkation before the senior officers who brought up the rear had even started.\*

The Admiral was a great favourite at Gibraltar, not only with the Navy and Army, but with the natives of Gibraltar and their children, for he was particularly kind to the latter who used to line up in the streets and salute him in imitation of the guard, and he usually scattered pennies among them. He did a great deal for the improvement of racing at Gibraltar, and was a supporter of all outdoor sports. In short, he was a typical Englishman.

Early in October, a polo match took place at Campamento, between the Navy and Royal Engineers, at which I was present as a spectator. The match had not been long in progress when Lieut. Spackmann, R.E. who had put off his leave to England in order to take part in it, was killed. His body was taken to the shore so that it could be sent to Gibraltar, when one of the Spanish Guardia Civil asked me whether the officer was dead. Being obliged to say that he was, we were then ordered to convey the body to the polo club-house, as death had occurred on Spanish soil, and it could not be removed until an enquiry had been held.

In connection with this fatality, a curious coincidence occurred. The wife of a senior Royal Engineer officer was particularly requested to be present. For a long time she stood out against going, and when pressed for a reason, said that at the last polo match at which she had been present her brother was killed, and for that reason she never wished to go again to see another. After much persuasion, she went, and arrived just in time to see the accident.

Towards the end of October, we received orders to return to England to pay off, and on 5th November the commission of H.M.S. *Magnificent* came to an end. On the conclusion of my leave I was sent to France to study for an interpretership in French, and spent nearly four months in Paris. During

\* In naval and military funerals the senior officers, except the pall bearers, are at the end of the procession.

this period the two outstanding events were the visit of King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and the funeral of Monsieur Berthelot,\* the distinguished scientist at the Panthéon. His wife only survived him a few hours, and in consideration of her great help and devotion to him, she also was honoured by being buried in the Valhalla of France.

After passing my examination as interpreter in French, I went to St. George's Hospital for a three-months' post-graduate course, and the next event of importance was my appointment as naval representative at the XIV International Congress on hygiene and demography at Berlin and Hamburg. The Congress at the Reichstadt was opened by the Crown Prince, who appeared to be very bored and quite out of his element, whilst the President of the Reichstadt delivered an oration.

The scientific papers read at the Congress were extremely valuable and instructive, and English or French translations were supplied to those who did not know German. Banquets and receptions took place every day, at some of which the guests paid for their dinners, which I could not help contrasting with the hospitality shown in France! At a banquet to which we were invited we were informed at the beginning of the dinner that all beverages consumed *would have to be paid for by the guests*; possibly this was done in order to lessen the consumption of the more costly wines. The English party in which I found myself, decided that, for the honour of our country, regardless of cost, we would drink champagne, and later on the pleasing announcement was made that the Entertainment Committee had re-considered their decision, and no charge would be made!

I was much impressed when in Berlin by the fact that all the rain-water pipes of the Rudolf Virchow Hospital were made of copper. Doubtless this apparently wanton piece of extravagance was committed not so much for the sake of having

\* Pierre Eugène Berthelot was a distinguished chemist whose researches in thermo-chemistry and in the synthetic preparation of methyl, and ethyl alcohol, formic acid, acetylene, etc., as well as with regard to high explosives, were so profound that one would not have expected him to take an active part in Politics, yet this scientist was both Minister of Public Instruction and of Foreign Affairs in two Governments.

rustless rain-pipes, as with a view to having a reserve of copper, which might be drawn upon in case of need.

When one considers how, during the war, the Germans were obliged to remove all brass and copper ornaments and utensils from the countries which they invaded, one cannot but admire the forethought of those who insisted on the employment of copper, where, under ordinary circumstances iron or lead would have been considered good enough.

From Berlin we went to Hamburg, where, amongst other things, practical demonstrations were given in a ship, of the latest way of getting rid of rats, and the methods for detecting plague in these animals. The same evening I was invited to a reception at the Rathaus, where all the Senators were dressed in the mediæval costumes peculiar to the free and Hanse town of Hamburg. After standing listening to speeches for what seemed an interminable time, supper was announced at 9 p.m., to which the audience rushed helter skelter and as no places had been allotted, I did not feel inclined, to struggle for a seat, so returned to my hotel, with Dr Fleming Sandwith, consulting surgeon to the Khedive of Egypt, who had come to the Congress as the representative of the Egyptian medical service, and who agreed with me that notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, it would be preferable to try and obtain some sort of meal in the tranquillity of our hotel.

At the end of the year 1907, the greater part of which had been spent in courses of study in Paris and London, with visits to Berlin and Hamburg, I was appointed to H.M.S. *Acheron*, a stationary training ship for stokers at Chatham. After nearly two years in her I returned to sea life, and was appointed to H.M.S. *Prince George*, then belonging to the 3rd Division Home Fleet. As the *Prince George* was based on Portsmouth for dockyard repairs and leave, I was able to renew the acquaintance of many old friends whom I had not seen since I left Haslar in 1899.

Shortly after commissioning we went to Berehaven and Glengariff in order to calibrate the guns. At the latter place we received a good deal of hospitality from the Hutchings of Ardnagashill. In the early days of the "moonlighters," Mr Hutchings, who was a magistrate, was one day driving

home from the courthouse, some distance away, when his coachman was shot dead at his side. The moonlighters derived their name from the fact that their crimes, which included murder, cattle-maiming, arson and robbery were usually committed at night. Mr Hutchings who usually drove himself, had on this occasion, for some reason or other, entrusted the reins to his coachman, and to this circumstance alone he owed his escape.

## CHAPTER XX

(1910-1913).

BACCHANTE — ADMIRAL SIR HENRY JACKSON — SIR DOUGLAS GAMBLE AND THE OTTOMAN NAVY — YOUNG EGYPTIAN PARTY — EGYPTIAN MUMMIES — PEACEFUL PENETRATION IN PALESTINE — STRIKE IN SPAIN — MAJORCA AND AN AUSTRIAN ARCH-DUKE — FRENCH SQUADRON VISITS MALTA TO MEET H.M. KING GEORGE V.—ADMIRAL STURDEE.

HOME and foreign service in the Navy have to be equalised as much as possible, so that when I was sent to the *Prince George* I knew the appointment could only be a temporary one.

At the end of four months I went to the *Bacchante*, flagship of Rear-Admiral Sir Henry Jackson, commanding the 6th or Mediterranean Cruiser Squadron. The news of my appointment reached me when arriving home on leave, a telegram having been received on board the *Prince George* shortly after I had left the ship at Portland. I at once returned to the ship to pack up my belongings, and on the 3rd May, 1910, joined the *Bacchante* at Chatham, when she was recommissioned for further service in the Mediterranean.

Four days later, H.M. King Edward died, and next day we sailed for Gibraltar, where, on the 20th, a memorial service was held in the Cathedral, at which the admiral and officers of the *Bacchante* were present.

We next left for Malta and Platea (Port Plateali). Admiral Jackson was particularly fond of Platea, because, there, he could for a time escape from the many social duties which in the Service are not infrequently more exacting than those which are more essential.

Towards the end of June we were back at Gibraltar on our way to take part in the manœuvres. We went first to Falmouth, where Lord Kitchener embarked in the *Drake*, flagship of the

5th or Atlantic Cruiser Squadron, and there awaited the declaration of "hostilities."

The next day we steamed as far north as the Hebrides, and at 11.45 p.m., when, owing to our Northern position it was still quite light, Rear-Admiral A. Galloway in the *King Alfred*, with two accompanying cruisers belonging to what was to be our opposing fleet, overtook the 6th Cruiser Squadron, as his ships (contrary to orders), had been steaming from 18 to 20 knots. For this infringement of the rules Admiral Jackson ordered the *King Alfred* either to remain at anchor for twelve hours, or steam at a given speed for eight hours in the opposite direction to which we were going.

Manœuvres, if they are to be of any use for instructional purposes, should be carried out under rules and regulations which must be strictly adhered to, the old adage about "all being fair in love and war," not being applicable to mimic warfare. Admiral Jackson was, naturally, exceedingly annoyed at what he considered was not "playing the game."

During these manœuvres, we did an immense amount of steaming and were eventually put out of action off Cape Finistère by a superior force, and ordered to return to Falmouth. We arrived there on the 18th July, having been away just a little over a week, and having covered some thousands of miles. Later on, the whole fleet visited Mount's Bay prior to going to Torbay to be reviewed by H.M. King George. This review or inspection, which took the form of watching battle practice, and obviously required good visibility, was considerably delayed by fog. When at Torbay the Mediterranean battleships and 6th Cruiser Squadron were looking forward to a few days' leave, which it was confidently expected would be granted by command of the King. But Admiral of the Fleet Sir Arthur K. Wilson, V.C., G.C.B., who was then First Sea Lord, anticipating this, approached His Majesty, and requested that no leave should be given to the ships which had been withdrawn from the Mediterranean, so on the evening of the 29th July the Mediterranean Fleet sailed.

Whether it was well to have refused this leave in time of peace, I will not venture to express an opinion. Hope of being recalled by wireless signal was not abandoned until after

we had passed Ushant. The Mediterranean Fleet was not 24 hours from home when a signal was made that 48 hours' "general leave" would be given at *Gibraltar*, where we arrived on 2nd August, and people naturally argued that this might equally well have been given at home. We spent the whole of August at Gibraltar and Tetuan Bay, carrying out battle practice and other exercises, and then cruised along the coast of Spain, visiting Malaga and Almeria. At both of these places I was interested to see the small boys playing at bull-fighting in the streets. One of the party, representing the bull, would carry a pair of horns on his head, whilst others took the part of bandaleros and those acting as picadors and matadors would prod the "bull," who in his turn would charge at the others.

From Spain we went to the Balearic Isles, visiting Palma and Port Mahon, then went on to Cagliari in Sardinia, thence to Palermo in Sicily, and after that once more to Platea. On our way there we passed through the Straits of Messina, and saw quite plainly the ruins of the city, caused by the earthquake which occurred at the end of December 1908, when 77,000 lives were lost. Shortly before arriving at Platea during torrential rain a waterspout was seen. This remarkable phenomenon is due to a whirlwind causing a dark funnel-shaped cloud to taper down to the sea. I only once remember seeing one before and that was also in the Mediterranean on a Sunday morning during Divine Service.

At Platea we gave a farewell dinner to the Admiral and his staff, followed by a concert on the quarter deck, at which the Admiral played a solo on that rather lugubrious instrument, the oboe.

Shortly after we reached Malta, Admiral Sir Henry Jackson was relieved by Rear-Admiral Sir Douglas Gamble. The latter had for some time served as naval adviser to the Sultan of Turkey, and for his valuable services in connection with the Ottoman Navy, had been awarded the Grand Cordon of the Imperial Order of the Medjidie and other honours, including the Turkish rank of Pasha. The Turks are not a maritime nation, and Admiral Gamble had many amusing stories to tell of his experiences.

One, in particular, which I remember, will serve to show the difficulties with which he had to contend. On one occasion he had ordered by signal a certain evolution to be carried out; the signal was duly received but nothing happened. It was repeated and again acknowledged; still nothing occurred, so a third signal was made, ordering the captain of the Turkish ship to repair on board the flagship immediately. When this officer was called upon for an explanation, quite unperturbed he said, "When your first signal was made we were at table, when your second signal was made we were still at table, and when your third signal was made, although we were taking our coffee, it seemed that the matter was urgent, so I have come on board!"

By the time Admiral Gamble had completed his term of service with the Ottoman navy, it was considerably more efficient, and later on, when we met the Turkish fleet at Mitylene and fraternised with its officers (so far as the language difficulties would permit), we learnt with what respect and affection he was regarded by them. One Turkish officer, next to whom I sat at a dinner given by us to their fleet, only knew one English phrase, viz. "We love Admiral Gamble," which he varied at times by saying "Admiral Gamble we love."

The next few months were spent at Malta and amongst the Greek islands, carrying out gunnery and other exercises, with occasional off days when we got a little woodcock and other shooting.

Early in January 1911, when the ship was in dockyard hands at Malta, I had leave to escort to Paris an officer who had been bitten by a dog suspected of rabies (hydrophobia). At Paris he underwent a course of treatment at the Pasteur Institute, and I then went on to England for a few days. I left Malta by the French steamer *Carthage*, via Tunis and Marseilles, and on my return met the officer (Sub-Lieutenant Howard) at Paris and returned to Malta by the same route. When at Tunis we were examined by the health officers and I carelessly left all my money in the place where we were examined, and only discovered my loss about half an hour later, after I had left the ship for a walk on shore. I returned in haste to the steamer, and was relieved when the

official who was in charge of the examination, said he had found my purse and turned it over to the commissaire of the ship !

On board the *Carthage* I made the acquaintance of several French cavalry officers belonging to the Chasseurs d'Afrique, and when at Tunis went to the wedding of one of them.

In April the 6th Cruiser Squadron left Malta and went to Castellamare, from which we visited Pompeii and other places, including Sorrento. Sir W. Hely-Hutchinson\* came with us as the guest of the Admiral.

He had not long relinquished the appointment of Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Cape Colony, which he had held for nine years. Admiral Gamble therefore invited him to give a lecture on South Africa, which he was kind enough to do, but it was so poetical and so ecstatic regarding the beauty of the scenery of the Cape and its ethereal atmosphere, that I am afraid it was not as much appreciated by the majority of the lower deck portion of the audience as it deserved to be.

After leaving Naples we cruised amongst the Greek islands, returned to Malta, and left again on 12th June for Alexandria. During our visit to Alexandria I went on leave to Cairo. Travelling by train in Egypt, at midsummer, is a trying ordeal. The railway carriages are specially constructed so as to exclude as much of the heat as possible, but despite the double roofs and the louvred windows, the air was stifling, and after 3½ hours of this baking process, nearly, but not quite cooked, I was glad to reach the comparative coolness of Shepherd's Hotel. In the evening we made up a party and visited the Pyramids.

The day I arrived Riaz Pacha died, and his funeral, which was most imposing as a military spectacle, took place next day. Before leaving for Cairo, I had been invited by the Khedive to a dinner at Ras-el-tin (the Palace at Alexandria), to which the senior officers of the Fleet were all summoned. The death of Riaz Pacha, however, caused the dinner to be postponed for five days, but as I had not received notice of this I had to return after having been away less than 48 hours from the ship.

\* The Rt. Hon. Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, G.C.M.G., P.C., who carried out the annexation of Trans-Pongoland territories with Zululand.

On the 22nd June a review took place in which the Suffolk Regiment and detachments from the ships took part. Trooping the Colour in honour of the coronation of King George was carried out by this regiment. On returning from the review with Captain (afterwards Sir Reginald) Tyrwhitt, we were hissed by members of the "young Egyptian" party as we passed groups of them assembled in the principal streets.

When at Alexandria, I had, thanks to Dr. Willmore, an opportunity of visiting the laboratories where researches were conducted on some of the mummies by Dr. Armand Ruffer and his staff. In these examinations many interesting facts have been ascertained, and the cause of death has in many instances been proved to be attributable to diseases to which Egyptians of the present day are still particularly prone.

From Alexandria we went to Jaffa (or Joppa as it is known in the Bible), where I saw the reputed tomb of Tabitha, who was raised from the dead by St. Peter, and also the house of Simon the tanner.\* The country around Jaffa showed many signs of Germany's peaceful penetration. German schools and churches were much in evidence. As wine caterer I was persuaded to invest in some of the local hocks and moselles made by Teutonic winegrowers, and after these had been sampled by my messmates, I was for a time in fear and trepidation lest I personally should be obliged to consume the entire stock!

A good many of the officers obtained leave to visit Jerusalem, but I, unfortunately, was unable to get away, owing to official duties. From Jaffa we went to Beirut, and the day we arrived a dinner was given by the Consul to the Admiral and captains of the ships, to which by request of the Admiral, I went as his representative. This act on his part resulted in my taking in to dinner the lady who should have been his partner. She was a particularly charming Syrian and spoke excellent French. The Syrians are usually described as a Semitic race, but this lady was slight, with blue eyes and fair hair, and although she had a grown-up son, to whom I was afterwards introduced, she had an extremely youthful appearance. When the Jews invaded Palestine, they did not "utterly

\* Vide Acts IX, verses 40 and 43.

destroy " the inhabitants. It is possible that she was descended from Circassians who lived in the fastnesses of the Lebanon or anti-Lebanon mountains, and so escaped the fate of the Amalekites.

When I told the Admiral what he had missed by sending me as his representative, he at once gave a tea-party in honour of my Syrian friend and her relations, and after this he not only concurred in my opinion of the lady, but said that in future he would go in person to dinners at Beirut !

From Beirut we went to Limassol, Cyprus, where we found that most of the residents were on Mt. Troödos, where in summer there is a camp for the troops stationed in the island, and where all whose duty enables them to escape the heat of the plains go during the hot weather, to enjoy the cool mountain air. The highest point on Mt. Troödos is 6,406 feet above sea-level.

When at Limassol, my attention was drawn to the sycamore trees which grow there as well as at Famagusta and Larnaca. I had always been under the impression that the tree described in St. Luke xix 4 in connection with Zacchæus, was a sycamore such as we have at home (*acer, pseudo-platanus*), but it is not this tree, but the *συκομωγαία*, (*figus sycomorus*), which belongs to quite a different family. The *figus sycomorus* bears a small edible fig, called by the Turkish name of " junbez."

From Cyprus we went to Marmarice, where I was glad to re-visit the lovely pool and cooling stream described on a previous visit. I always consider Marmarice by far the most beautiful place in the Levant, frequented by the Fleet.

We next proceeded to Khios for four days and then to Mitylene where we met the Turkish Fleet and had a series of receptions and dinners at which the Turks swore eternal friendship to their " comrades " of the British Fleet. Whilst we were at Mitylene, an amusing incident occurred. The morning after the arrival of the fleets, the signalmen and bands were waiting on the quarter deck of each ship at 8 o'clock, to hoist the Colours and play the English and Turkish national anthems. Eight bells were not struck, and no Colours were hoisted ; but each ship could be seen with its signalmen and

band waiting. Finally, after nearly five minutes had elapsed, the Admiral gave the order to disregard the Turks and hoist the Colours which were then run up in both fleets and the bands all played their respective anthems at the same time, with the result that one got a confused or composite English-Turkish anthem ! That evening we met the Turkish officers at dinner, and I inquired why the delay had occurred in hoisting the Colours ? and the reply was, that although they quite understood that it is customary for ships in their own waters to make the first move, they thought it would please Admiral Gamble, their former naval adviser, if they waited for the English to hoist their Colours before they hoisted their own ! I little thought at the time, when fraternising with the Turks, that within three years we should be at war with one another, and that the Turkish flagship *Barbarossa*\* would within the same period have ceased to exist as a consequence of being torpedoed by one of our submarines.

The Turks, throughout the war, to their lasting credit, fought bravely and chivalrously, and I am sure it must have been a cause of regret to many that they found themselves obliged, by *force majeure*, to go to war with a Power with whom there had for so many years been a traditional friendship.

During the Turkish-Italian war the Turkish fleet was saved from destruction by the inertness of their higher officials at Constantinople. When war was declared, the Turkish fleet was leisurely cruising in the very same waters, where we now met them, and the Ottoman Admiralty did not inform their ships that a state of war existed until 48 hours after hostilities had begun. The consequence was, that the Italian fleet, which hastened to the Dardanelles to intercept them, waited for 24 hours, and as the Turks did not appear, went off at full speed to Cyrenaica where they supposed they must have gone. By the time the Italians were well on their way to the African coast, the news had filtered through to the Turkish fleet, who then

\* The Turkish battleship *Barbarossa* was sunk by E 11 in the Sea of Marmora. She had a large amount of ammunition on board and £300,000 in gold, intended as pay for the Turkish Army on the Peninsula. Some 600 Turks, and 300 Germans were lost, including 50 officers.

went with all despatch to the Dardanelles, and got safely through the Straits ! I heard this story from an English naval officer who, as a gunnery expert was actually serving with the Ottoman navy when this incident occurred.

After our four days' sojourn with the Turkish fleet we went to Phalerum Bay. Here I had many opportunities for seeing the sights of Athens and visiting the Parthenon, Acropolis and other places of archæological interest, after which we returned to Malta for a short time and then left for Gibraltar once more, on account of a " crisis in Morocco."

After a month in Gibraltar we cruised along the southern Spanish coast, visiting Malaga, Alicante and Valencia. When we got to Valencia we found soldiers picketing the streets and bivouacking in the churches. Field guns guarded the approaches to the town, and we learnt that this was owing to a strike, and that on the night before we arrived four men had been killed and seven wounded in street fighting. When ashore, I saw the strikers cut the traces of a cart, and drive off the horses, and shortly after this incident, my friends and I were requested to move away, as there would probably be bloodshed and we might get accidentally shot. This was on the 18th September, 1911.

Whilst at Valencia we were able to see Brook's comet quite plainly with the aid of an ordinary telescope. Our next stopping place was the Balearic Isles. When at Palma, I went one day with Captain Tyrwhitt and two other officers to Miramar, where we were received by the Archduke Louis Salvator of Austria, who showed us over the grounds and gave us tea. The château at Miramar was formerly an ancient convent (Oratorio de la Trinidad) and contains a number of works of art. On our way we passed the old Carthusian monastery of Valldemosa, in which Georges Sand\* lived with Chopin in 1838.

From Majorca we returned to Malta. During our stay there, I served on a committee formed to prepare against

\*Nom de plume of Armandine Lucile Aurore Dupin, Baroness Dudevant. When the wife of Baron Dudevant she went to Paris to collaborate with Jules Sandeau and encouraged by him began to write independently under the name of Georges Sand. In 1837 she met Chopin and in 1838, when his health was impaired, went with him to Majorca and nursed him there. After eight years she left Chopin.

cholera, which had been introduced into the island from Tripoli. It will be realised that the outbreak was rather alarming when it is known that 46 cases and 29 deaths occurred among the Maltese between the middle of October and 4th November. On 13th November we left for Port Said, where the King and Queen arrived on 20th, on their way to attend the Coronation Durbar at Delhi.

From Port Said we went to Platea and Corfu, where we spent Christmas, and then to Argostoli, and returned to Malta at the end of December.

Nothing of special interest occurred until the third week of January, when with three other officers, I was appointed to act as an interpreter on the occasion of the visit to Malta of a squadron of French ships under the command of Admiral Boué de la Peyrère for the purpose of greeting their Majesties King George and Queen Mary on their way home from India. I was first appointed as interpreter to the French ship *Justice*, but as the *Bacchante* was "amatelotée" with the *Verité*, my appointment was changed to the latter.

On the 22nd the navigating officer (Lieut.-Commander Guy Bigg-Wither) and I went out in a picket-boat and joined the French Fleet some three miles off Malta, and came in with the *Verité*, my duty being to translate the instructions of our navigator to the French as he piloted the ship into harbour. The next and following days I acted as a sort of tourist guide to a party of French officers, and saw more of the sights of Malta during the week the French fleet was there than I had in all the rest of my service on the Mediterranean station. Under ordinary circumstances, when in Malta, a naval officer's time when off duty is fully occupied with sport and games, and few trouble to visit the many interesting sights such as the Catacombs, Hagiar-Kim, prehistoric Hypogeum of Hal-Safieni near Casal Paula, or the cauldron-like cavity known as "Macluba," which is about one mile from the village of Crendi. With regard to the last the legend is that in remote times there was a great earthquake and a large mass upheaved which formed the islet known as Filfola, and left the hollow, which in England or Ireland would probably be known as the Devil's punchbowl.

The day after the French Fleet arrived, a dinner organised by Brig-General Granville Egerton, who at that time was commanding the infantry brigade at Malta, was given to the French officers at the Union Club. This club, with its large stately rooms, the walls of which are covered with frescoes suggestive of some old missal, occupies what was formerly, in the time of the Knights of Malta, the Auberge de Provence. Each section of the Knights had its own auberge, thus there was the Auberge de France, Auberge d'Aragon, Auberge d'Italie, Auberge de Castille, etc.\*

During the evening, the pipers of the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) marched up and down the room to the delight of the French, who had never before experienced anything of the kind. A few speeches were made, and one by General Egerton, welcoming the French, led to the wildest enthusiasm on the part of all who were present, "for," he said, "it is no secret that Germany has for some years past been seeking a quarrel with France, in which England will of necessity be involved, and you, who now are toasting one another will, I feel confident, ere long be fighting shoulder to shoulder against a common enemy." The speech was an exceedingly interesting one and was listened to with rapt attention.

The next day their Majesties King George and Queen Mary arrived and the King reviewed the troops on the Marsa. In the evening there was a gala performance at the Opera, attended by their Majesties. Every seat and every inch of space was occupied. Being officially attached to the *Vérité* I was allotted a seat in the front row of the stalls. At this

\* I am indebted to Mr H. Terry, Sub-Librarian, Garrison Library, Malta, for the following :—

	<i>Then</i>	<i>Now</i>
Auberge de Provence	Union Club	The same
" de Baviere ..	?	not in use
" d'Italie ..	R. E. Offices	Malta Museum
" d'Aragon ..	G.O.C. Infantry (Residence)	Office of the Head of the Ministry
" de Castille ..	R. A. & R E. Mess	Head Qtrs. Offices
" de France ..	Residence, G.O.C., R.A.	Government School
" d'Auvergne	Law Courts	The same

There was an eighth Auberge (the Auberge d'Angleterre) but this was pulled down, the site of which is occupied at the present time by the Opera House.

performance, specially selected scenes from some of the most favourite operas were given, and afterwards the French officers were entertained to an informal supper at the Club.

It would be tedious to describe in detail the many entertainments which took place during the visit of the King and Queen and French Fleet. One of the events was a levée held at the Palace, at which I had the honour of being presented to their Majesties with the officers of the French ship to which I was for the time attached. The guardsman who stood in attendance during the levée, was so motionless that some of the French officers thought he was a lay figure.

The King left in the *Medusa* at 10.0 a.m. and the next day the French also departed, after they had given farewell luncheons to the officers of the English Squadron with which they were "amatelotés."

On 22nd February we sailed for England to pay off. On arrival at Gibraltar we met the *Good Hope*, the ship appointed to relieve the *Bacchante* as flagship of the 6th Cruiser Squadron, and Rear-Admiral Doveton Sturdee exchanged ships with Sir Douglas Gamble. Admiral Sturdee, although flying his flag in the *Bacchante* was really only taking passage to England to take over the command of the Third Cruiser Squadron, for which the *Shannon* was re-commissioning on the 5th March, yet, he took pains to get to know all the officers in the ship. His annihilation of Von Spee's squadron in the battle of the Falkland Islands, thus avenging the destruction of the *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* in the battle of Coronel, had a very important influence on the war. If Von Spee had succeeded in capturing the Falkland Islands and had been able to use it as a base, the effect on our food supplies as well as on our supply of Chilean nitrates needed for munitions would have been disastrous.

In connection with the naval battles in South American waters it is interesting to record that before leaving Port Stanley (Falkland Islands) to meet the enemy as he did off Coronel, Admiral Cradock mentioned to some of the residents there, that during the Boxer rising in 1900 he got possession of a piece of old china in the Royal Palace at Peking. He set great store by this as a mascot and took it with him from ship

to ship, but when leaving the *Suffolk* to go to the *Good Hope* it got broken. He said he hoped that this would not bring bad luck and cause him to miss the Germans.

I had served with both Admiral Cradock and Admiral Sturdee and had so many friends, not only in the ships lost, but in those which vanquished the enemy, that I make no apology for giving a brief account, showing by what a narrow margin of time, victory was achieved. When Lord Fisher heard the news of Admiral Cradock's death, he did not stop to repine—he acted—and his promptness in despatching the two battle cruisers *Inflexible* and *Invincible*, resulted, as will be seen, in the battle being won by these ships reaching their objective just in time to save the situation, and so gaining one of the most remarkable successes of the war !

Fisher, as soon as he received the news of Coronel, measured the respective distances from Valparaiso and England to the Falkland Islands. He was confident that Von Spee would make for the Falklands, and it was a question which squadron would get there first. He is reported to have said to Admiral Oliver, "He who allowed the door to be broken must bar the entry," "But," said Admiral Oliver, "Cradock is dead." "It's not Cradock who allowed the door to be broken through; Cradock's squadron was the door itself which someone else allowed to be smashed in. Call Admiral Sturdee." He then told Sturdee that he would have to start for the Falklands without delay, and that a train was leaving for Devonport in one hour.

When the orders to get the *Invincible* and *Inflexible* ready were received at Devonport, the dockyard officials said that would require five days. This meant that the ships would not leave until Friday, the 13th November. Both Friday and the 13th being unlucky in Fisher's opinion he said, "they have got to leave on the 11th, and if the dockyard people have not finished by then, they will go in the ships and get back as best they can."

The ships left on this date and arrived at Port Stanley, Falkland Islands on the 7th December, when early on the 8th the German squadron was sighted. Von Spee had planned to take the place by surprise, land detachments from the ships,

and take possession, but it was he who got surprised, first, when he saw smoke coming from the landlocked harbour, which was at first attributed to the people on shore destroying their stores, and coal. He received a still greater shock when he saw the *Invincible* and *Inflexible* coming out of harbour. When the Germans were first sighted, these two ships were coaling and were "at two hours' notice" as regards steam; they at once stopped coaling, and steam was raised with incredible speed. How the Germans fled, and how they were sunk are now matters of history.

After the expiration of my foreign service leave, I went for a few weeks to the R.N. College, Greenwich, for duty at the Naval Victualling Yard at Deptford, and was next appointed to the *Exmouth*, flagship of Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Briggs, with whom I had previously served in the *Hecla*. I relieved a man of the same name as myself, which led to a curious mistake, not put right for many months.

After the visit of the French squadron to Malta, the French Government sent gifts of Sèvres china to each of the officers who had acted as interpreters during the visit. Six months later, before the china was despatched, the French Government inquired where each of the officers concerned was serving. Although, at that time I was actually in the *Exmouth*, my name had not yet appeared in the Navy List as being in that ship. The French Government, therefore, despatched the gift intended for me to the officer whose name appeared as being in the *Exmouth*, and it was only some months later, when meeting one of my fellow interpreters who had received a very handsome statuette, that I learnt that I should have received the vase which eventually reached me.

During this period the flight of a hydro-plane over the fleet at Spithead caused quite a sensation, yet, such was the progress in aviation that within three years one scarcely took the trouble to notice aeroplanes except to make out whether they were friendly or otherwise.

From the *Exmouth*, I went to Devonport Dockyard and there I remained until the 26th July, 1913, when, at my own request I retired, to take up the appointment of Medical Officer of Health for West Gloucestershire. I was very sorry

to sever my connection with the Navy after having spent so many happy years in it, but I took this step solely with the view to seeing more of my family from whom I had been so much separated. I was not, however, destined to remain long at home.

## CHAPTER XXI

(1914)

OUTBREAK OF WAR — DOVER PATROL AND BELGIUM COAST OPERATIONS, 1914 — "U" BOAT RUSES.

"For they have sown the wind, and they shall reap the whirlwind."

*Hosea viii, 7.*

I MUST now skip an interval of a year, which brings me to the 1st August, 1914. I was at a garden-party given by Lady Marling (wife of Colonel Sir Percival Marling, V.C.), when the news was received that Germany had declared war on Russia, and we heard that all officers on the active list, who were on leave, had been recalled. The following evening I received a telephone message from Gloucester, that the German troops had invaded Luxembourg, and that the Admiralty had mobilised the Naval Reserve.

Next morning (3rd August), I offered my services to the Admiralty and four days later was appointed to the Cunard liner *Mauretania*, which was to be commissioned as an armed cruiser at Liverpool on the 17th August. I was given authority to arrange for two civil surgeons to accompany me. On the 16th, after all arrangements were made, and excellent surgeons secured, I received a telegram from the Admiralty cancelling my appointment to the *Mauretania*, and after visiting the Admiralty in regard to another appointment, was sent to Portsmouth Dockyard to relieve Fleet-Surgeon Bearblock, who had been appointed to the *Invincible*. Bearblock had not long been married, and was looking forward to enjoying a spell on shore, and an official residence. I applied to be allowed to exchange with him, but my application was not approved. The *Invincible*, which later on took such a prominent part in the battle of the Falklands Islands, was lost in the battle of Jutland, so that had my request to exchange into that ship been granted, I should not now be alive to tell the tale. Bearblock

had entered the Service with me, and had spent the whole of his career in ships ; it seemed hard luck that he should have to leave his first shore appointment almost as soon as he had got into his house, and saddest of all never to return.

Feeling that an appointment such as medical officer of a dockyard could be filled equally well by an older man than myself, I applied to be sent to a sea-going ship, and on the 17th October was appointed to H.M.S. *Revenge*, which was to be commissioned for service with the Dover Patrol, and take part in Belgian coast operations under Rear-Admiral the Hon. Horace Hood. Captain Constantine Hughes-Onslow, who had recently been serving in Australia as second member of the Naval Board of the Australian Navy, was in command. The *Revenge* had been, for a long time, on the list of ineffective ships offered for sale, and had been lying on the Mother-bank off Ryde. When she was being got ready, the dockyard-men all thought that she was to replace the existing tender to the Portsmouth gunnery establishment. The outbreak of hostilities however saw a resurrection, not only of old ships, but of officers and men who had retired from the Service, and she was manned with a nucleus of active service ranks and ratings, the complement being made up of reservists, who left employment of the most varied descriptions, *e.g.*, amongst my sick berth staff were a paper-hanger and glazier, and an electric tram driver, who described himself as an " electrical engineer " in civil life.

The *Revenge* was armed with four 13.5 guns, which were later re-lined and reduced in bore to 12 inch, and a secondary armament of 6 inch guns, and it was thought that she would prove of great service in protecting the end of the line which ran from Furnes to the sea coast, and these expectations were fully justified.

In consequence of the deep draught (29 feet) of this ship, navigation among the shoals and minefields off the Belgian coast was a dangerous proceeding, as in the event of her running aground, she could not fail to offer an easy target to the enemy. The place from which we did most of our bombardment was West Deep off Nieuport, and this could only be approached from the Dunkirk end through the Zuidcote Pass.

This was only navigable for a ship as large as the *Revenge* for two hours on either side of high water, but there was no obstacle from the Ostend side, where the enemy had submarines and destroyers.

When we were at Dunkirk, waiting at night in an unprotected open roadstead for the tide, we were under the full glare of the brilliant beams from the lighthouse.

The intention in view, when the *Revenge* was first selected for the Belgian coast, was to heel her over to such an extent as would materially increase the range, but this had a very serious disadvantage, for when heeled over, a considerable portion of her hull below the armoured belt was exposed to the enemy's fire. After the new *Revenge* was commissioned, the name of the old ship was changed to *Redoubtable*, and her place for a time taken by the *Venerable* whilst "blisters" were being built on to her as protection against torpedoes. How the blisters were constructed will be mentioned later, when speaking of certain cruisers known as "blister" ships, which were employed in the Gallipoli campaign.

That she was able to fulfil expectations was shown by the valuable work she did, which was mentioned in one of General Joffre's communiqués, when he thanked Field-Marshal Sir John French for the naval co-operation on the 13th December, 1914.

Before we left for our base (Dover) we had as many of the internal fittings as possible removed and the paint with which the ship, after many years of service, was encrusted, was scraped off. Paint, when in thick layers as it was in the *Revenge*, is especially liable to take fire, as was shown in the battle of the Yalu River. At the beginning of the war, the fear of fire was so great that many of the ships were denuded of woodwork and cabin fittings to such an extent that they were bereft of most of those things which make life on board ship comfortable. In all those ships which were commandeered for war service by the Admiralty the beautiful woodwork with which the saloons of large liners were decorated was ruthlessly torn out. When we left Portsmouth, our quarter deck was encumbered with rafts, for it was more than probable that

these would be required, and we were told by our Job-like friends, that there was little chance of our returning in the ship !

We left Portsmouth on 5th November "under cover of darkness," with an all too-brilliant moon (!) and arrived at Dover the following morning. At this time there was considerable "activity" on the part of the German submarines. On the 1st November the *Hermes* had been sunk by a "U" boat, and a few days later, the gunboat *Niger* met with a similar fate in the open roadstead of the Downs.

During the early part of November the weather was very stormy, notably on the 15th and 16th November. On the latter date the *Revenge* dragged her moorings and bumped up against the detached mole. Her stern was damaged, and she had to be towed off by a tug.

Dover harbour is very exposed, and on one occasion the *Montrose*, an old merchant ship, was swept right out of the harbour through the eastern entrance and piled up on the Goodwin sands. Nothing of great interest occurred until the 20th Nov., when the ship received orders to proceed to sea, and next morning we arrived and anchored off Dunkirk, where throughout the day and night we heard heavy firing going on at a distance, and during the hours of darkness we could see the flashes of guns and bursting shells.

On Sunday 22nd Nov. when bombarding the German positions at Westende Bains and Lombaertzyde the *Revenge* received her baptism of fire. The bombardment was carried on throughout the day, a considerable number of shots being fired at the ship from the enemy's batteries ; she was "straddled" several times, and although some of the shots dropped quite close to us we escaped with only one hit which struck the captain's galley and reduced it to matchwood. At dusk we withdrew out of range, and returned to Dunkirk, and then proceeded to Dover.

Nothing of special interest beyond alarms of submarine attacks and air-raids occurred until the 14th December, when we returned to Dunkirk, and were informed that we should attack at daylight next morning. We were at action stations before dawn, and soon afterwards got under way. It

was not, however, until 11.30 a.m. that the heavy batteries on shore had got our range, and shortly after this, a shell struck the ship right aft and made a hole 14 in. in diameter. The furniture, such as had been left, in what, at one time, were the Admiral's quarters, was considerably damaged. Other shells burst over the ship, and the eagerness with which men rushed to pick up fragments of shell was rather amusing, as, in the comparatively early days of the war, the majority of those men were anxious to secure some relic as a war trophy.

Our guns did a considerable amount of execution at Lombaertzyde and the country to the east of Nieuport at Sluys and St. Georges.

The next day (16th Dec.) our range was picked up quite early in the morning, and before 9 o'clock a shell exploded just below the water line, twisting several frames, and bulging the plating under water, and, incidentally, flooding two watertight compartments.\* After this, several other shells struck the ship on the starboard side, bending the torpedo-net shelf. Shortly after the flooding of the compartments had taken place, we drew out of range in the direction of Nieuport, but in the afternoon, in response to an urgent appeal for our co-operation, we again approached the coast and renewed the attack until the weather became so thick that there was a danger of our firing into the French lines.

On the 15th and 16th our fire was chiefly directed against Westende and Middelkerke. One of the four destroyers *Syren* which accompanied us, had proceeded to a position off Mariakerke for the purpose of making a reconnaissance with a view to locating the enemy's masked batteries, drew upon herself a heavy fire. The captain of the *Syren*, watching the flash of the guns ashore, manœuvred his ship so skilfully that she escaped without any casualties. With a ship of larger size less easily manœuvred this would not have been possible. Shots fell thickly around her, so thickly, in fact, that to an onlooker it seemed unlikely that she could avoid being hit.

\* The compartments flooded included the chronometer room and room where the marines' "slops" (reserve clothing for marines) are kept. The tiller room was also found to be leaking badly, but the water was kept down by the pumps. Several other hits were made, including the semaphore on the port side of the after bridge.

The following extract from the *Times*, 17th Dec., 1914, alludes to the work just described : \*

"British warships† have again been active off the coast of Belgium. Late on Tuesday night a communiqué issued in Paris described a movement of Franco-Belgian troops from Nieuport towards Lombaertzyde.

"Yesterday's communiqué showed that this movement had the support of our warships,† whose fire was directed against Westende, north-east of Lombaertzyde.

"Their guns violently bombarded the German positions in this place. Their fire is said by the German wireless news circulated in Berlin to have 'remained entirely without effect.' It is significant, however, that the Belgians have held the positions won at St. George against a German counter-attack, and have also occupied the farms on the left bank of the Yser."

On several occasions we were so close to the shore, that, with the aid of glasses, we could see troops moving in front of the dunes, *i.e.*, between the sea and the sandhills. When off the Belgian coast we saw two floating mines which had broken away from their moorings in the mine-field. These were sunk by a party of marines sent from the *Revenge*.

During these operations Admiral Hood accompanied us in the destroyer *Crusader*. On the first occasion that we were under fire, one thing which could not fail to impress even the most casual observer was the coolness displayed by everyone. It was with difficulty that those not actually employed at the guns were kept from exposing themselves.

In those early days of the war, no limit was put on expenditure of ammunition, and our 13·5 shells, chiefly shrapnel, were of a pattern not suitable for other ships. On 14th December we fired about 40 rounds of 13·5 inch and nearly 600 of 6 inch.

On the 17th December we left Dunkirk and returned to Dover. On arrival there, divers were sent down to discover the nature of the underwater damage, and this was found to be sufficiently serious to necessitate our going to Portsmouth to be docked. When this was done, three days' leave was given to each watch, and I was able to get home for Christmas.

\* The Paris communiqué of 16-12-14, stated :—

"IN BELGIUM. Westende (north-east of Lombaertzyde) has been violently bombarded by the British squadron. The Belgians have repelled a counter-attack on St. George's and have occupied the farms on the left bank of the Yser."

† It will be remembered that the utmost secrecy was maintained by the Admiralty as to the names or movements of ships.

On the 31st December the *Revenge* (old) left Portsmouth. On the way to Dover a signal was taken in purporting to have been sent out by a tramp steamer in distress off the Isle of Wight, showing "not under control" lights. Captain Hughes Onslow suspected that this might be a trap to enable a "U" boat to torpedo us. He therefore disregarded the signal and proceeded with all despatch, steering a zig-zag course, and next day we received the news that the *Formidable* had been torpedoed in the Channel, so that his surmise was in all probability, correct.

Captain Hughes-Onslow was very much alive as to what an enemy would do. In the early days of the war many important signals, during the hours of darkness, were communicated *en clair* to ships by flash-lamps, thus overlooking the fact that a hostile submarine lying outside the harbour would be able just as easily as ourselves to take these signals in. He pointed this out to the Admiral and this practice of signalling *en clair* was at once stopped.

■

## CHAPTER XXII

(1915)

OFF TO THE DARDANELLES — SIR ARTHUR WILSON'S "COW-CATCHER" — EARLY PHASES OF GALLIPOLI CAMPAIGN  
DUMMY SHIPS — Q v U — MINESWEEPING — ADMIRAL  
DE ROBECK SUCCEEDS ADMIRAL CARDEN — BATTLE  
OF THE NARROWS — LOSSES ON THE 18th MARCH — MR  
CHURCHILL AND "N.M.V." SHIPS — ADMIRAL GUE-  
PRATTE.

ON 1st February, 1915, having been appointed to *Prince George* I at once proceeded to pack up my heavy baggage. As I had not received any orders as to the date of joining, I landed for a walk in the afternoon. On returning to the ship I found that I had got less than one hour in which to pack the remainder of my things, get ashore, and catch the train at Dover for London. At that time, owing to air raids, Dover was without lights, and when I landed in complete darkness on the pier, I had considerable difficulty in finding a conveyance. At last, when I had almost given up hope of catching the train, I managed to get a cab and arrived at the station just as the train was about to leave. I succeeded in getting the station-master to delay the train until I had exchanged my warrant for a ticket, a thing which later on in the war was dispensed with, the warrant itself being retained in lieu of a ticket until the journey was completed.

I reached Paddington about 10.0 p.m., and caught the midnight "sleeper" for Devonport. I had after much delay succeeded in telephoning my movements to my wife who left home by the first train next day and so I was thus able to see her before leaving Devonport as, owing to various circumstances, including enemy submarines reported to be lying off Plymouth, we were delayed until the third of February, when, in the teeth of a S.W. gale we slipped at midnight from Plymouth Sound.



*(Photo by Bassano)*

ADMIRAL SIR JOHN M. de ROBECK, Bart, G.C.B., G.C.M.G.



We were not told our destination, but as we were taking out certain fittings to be landed at Malta, we had a shrewd suspicion as to where we were going. Amongst other things was a huge iron beam arranged for fitting to the bows (after the principle of the cow-catcher of an American locomotive.) This "cow-catcher," as we called it, proved a most awkward encumbrance when on our passage from Malta to the Dardanelles we encountered bad weather. It was the invention of Sir Arthur Wilson, and was intended more particularly for use, when the forts being subdued, the fleet would proceed through the Straits, headed by the *Prince George*!

We arrived at Malta on the 12th February, and two days later I was present at the interesting ceremony of the installation of Lord Methuen as Governor. This ceremony took place in the throne room or hall of St. George, in the Palace at Valetta.

During the fortnight we were in Malta, having the "cow-catcher" fixed, things were beginning to move in the Dardanelles. It was no longer a secret that when ready we were to follow the other ships which had begun hostilities against Turkey by the demolition of the forts at the entrance to the Dardanelles, Sedd el Bahr\* (the "barrier of the sea") on the European side of the Straits, and Kum Kale\* on the Asiatic shore. It was the intention, by a series of deliberate operations, to knock out first the outer forts, and then the inner ones, after which the fleet would proceed through the Straits to Constantinople. It was fondly imagined that with our superior artillery we could play at long bowls and destroy the forts without getting within range of the enemy guns. Even after the fierce bombardment to which the forts were subjected, it was found that quite a number of guns were still intact, although all around was twisted ironwork and shattered masonry. It was only when a direct hit had been made that a gun was rendered useless.

When a bombardment took place, the gunners would seek shelter in dug-outs until the storm was over. Further, field

\* There was a pleasing variety in the ways of spelling all Turkish names. It was seldom that two people spelt them in the same way.

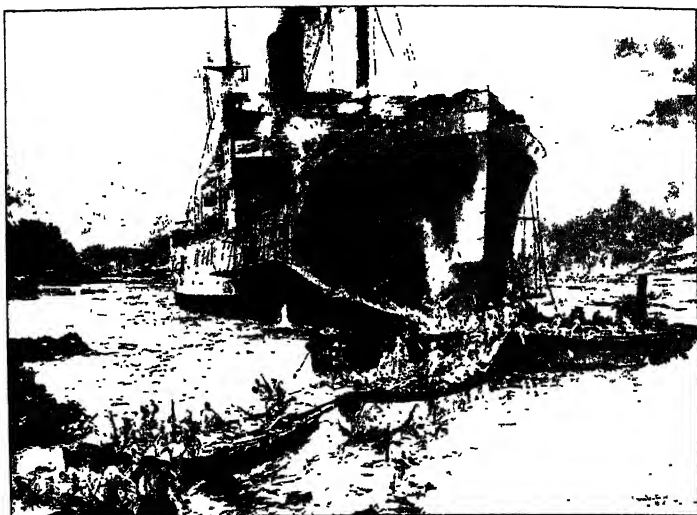
guns and howitzers, the position of which could not be located without aeroplanes, were a constant source of annoyance. Later on, the bigger guns not destroyed by the bombardments were rendered useless by demolition parties landed from the ships. On one occasion, in the neighbourhood of Sedd el Bahr, when a demolition party of Marines from the *Vengeance* had completed its work, they were attacked by a superior force, and Sergeant Turnbull, who was wounded, was later discovered to be missing. A search party then went back for him and he was found stabbed with his own bayonet, besides having several bullet wounds, and, in addition, showed signs of having been clubbed.

The village of Sedd el Bahr was still more or less standing (perhaps rather less than more) when we arrived on the scene on the 3rd March, and the lighthouse at Cape Helles was still intact. The ships which took part in the earlier operations had purposely left the lighthouse severely alone, as it was very useful as a point from which to take bearings. But after a few weeks, when a newly arrived ship proceeded up the Straits, she lost no time in knocking it down, no doubt taking credit for having accomplished something which we had failed to do!

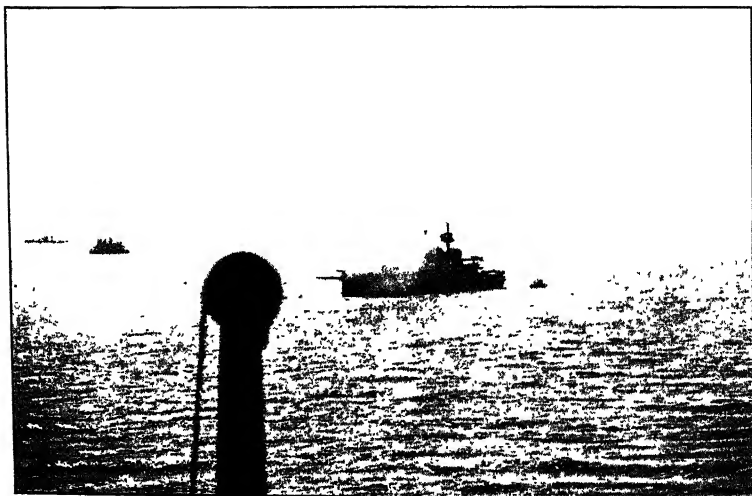
The first day that we began work up the Straits we were fired on from a concealed battery close to the village of Eren Keui. We succeeded in silencing these guns, but during the proceedings, two or three houses were accidentally set on fire. At the time it was regretted that we should apparently have behaved in such a Hunnish manner, and injured a peaceful village, populated, we supposed, by hard-working peasants. But later, on the 18th March, this "peaceful village" showered shrapnel on the *Irresistible*, when, after having struck a mine, she was being abandoned, so we felt sorry that we had not, as expressed in Biblical language, "utterly destroyed the place."

All the ships were subjected to intermittent fire when within the Straits, and to those below the upper deck it would often seem as if we were hit much more frequently than we were. Our Engineer Commander (W. S. Westbrook) solved the mystery of these apparent hits, by going on deck to watch the fall of the shot and waiting for the sound of the knock.





"RIVER CLYDE" LANDING.



THE "PRINCE GEORGE" OFF DARDANELLES, 6-3-1915  
SHELL EXPLODING ABAFT THE SICK BAY.

*(From a photo taken by officer of French ship "Gaulois.")*

He found that shots falling anywhere within 100 yards of the ship gave a distinct knock, just as if we had been hit, followed by two fainter knocks.

When the Dardanelles operations started, there were no aeroplanes, but only a few seaplanes, which would go up for a time and make some observations before departing hence and being no more seen for the day. They were never able to give sufficiently accurate information to enable the hidden batteries to be located.

The French ships did not take part in the preliminary operations and patrolling of the Straits, but were employed in "demonstrating" and reconnoitring other places, as, for example, in the Gulf of Saros and Bulair.

When the *Prince George* was in the dockyard at home, the Commander (Charles Tindal-Carill-Worsley) pointed out to the authorities that, as the ship was supplied with stockless anchors, a cat davit was no longer a necessary fitting. The dockyard officials refused to remove this useless encumbrance, so, when soon after our entry into the Straits, a direct hit removed the davit, the Commander expressed his gratitude to the Turks for their kindly help, and I felt deeply grateful to the dockyard for having left it, as but for this davit which was a massive piece of steel weighing five tons, the sick bay would have been a heap of ruins.

We received many hits from time to time, but the damage done to our wardroom on the first occasion when we had to fire our 12 inch guns right aft, gave a much more realistic picture of the havoc of war than had up to that time been wrought by the violence of the enemy. When in action in the Dardanelles we were not supposed to have our galley fire alight, but we had a very gallant ward-room cook, a Cornishman, by name Menheniot, who said that he would risk a shot breaking up his cooking utensils, if he might only keep the home fires burning in the shape of the galley-stove. So he provided us with what luxuries he could. These consisted of hot tea and coffee, with even fried eggs and bacon for breakfast, and for lunch and dinner, Cornish pasties made of "bully beef" and tinned vegetables. They were devoured eagerly for the first few days, but such is human nature, that, after a

course of bully beef pasties endured for over a week, we loathed the sight of them. When not at action stations we of course fared better, but in the days before the great combined Anglo-French attack on the Narrows, we were up the Straits on most days.

Before we left Malta, we were supplied with two 6 inch howitzers, one on each turret. Later on, these howitzers were turned over to the troops ashore. A howitzer requires a fixed platform, which is seldom obtainable in a ship, but we managed with them to silence two or three guns which had been brought up by the Turks since the big guns were demolished. They were at the back of the Sedd el Bahr fort, and could not be reached by direct fire.

At Sedd el Bahr there were stacks of huge marble cannon balls, relics of the time when these were regularly fired from guns. When Admiral Duckworth's squadron went up the Dardanelles in February, 1807, marble cannon balls of the same kind were actually employed against him. I managed, through the kindness of a brother officer to secure two, and to despatch them to my home, but they never reached their destination, though some others made of stone did reach home for the simple reason that I took them myself.

On the 5th March the *Queen Elizabeth* was ordered to carry out indirect firing at the Chanak forts, from a position to the south of Gaba Tepe. *Prince George* was ordered to discover any shore batteries and prevent them from interfering with the *Queen Elizabeth*. Troops were observed as well as some trenches, which, from the absence of freshly turned soil did not appear to have been recently dug.

At 12.38 a shore-gun opened fire at *Queen Elizabeth* and *Prince George* and *Inflexible* replied on the place from which the enemy appeared to be firing. At 12.45 a shrapnel shell burst in the ward-room of the *Queen Elizabeth*, only a very short time after the last person had left; if it had arrived five minutes earlier it would have caused many casualties.

On the evening of the 6th March, after a long day within the Straits, engaging forts and shelling Eren Keui, just as we were leaving to return to our anchorage at Tenedos, an excited signalman reported the arrival of H.M.S. *Tiger*, which

at that time was one of the latest and most powerful of the battle cruisers. Sure enough, shortly afterwards, the silhouette of what looked for all the world like the *Tiger* was plainly visible on the western horizon. It was in fact a dummy representation of that ship. We had heard that there was a dummy fleet in being, but no one on board had seen any of the ships. After this we frequently saw the *Tiger*, which was later on joined by another dummy, representing the *Indefatigable*. They were always seen at a distance, "never getting nearer, never getting farther," but one day when it was blowing rather hard, distinct signs of flexibility were visible on the after part of the ship, which had a prolongation built up of wood and canvas, representing the *Tiger's* long quarter deck.

The idea of a dummy "fleet" was thought by many to have been one of the inventions of the Great War, but it was not. In February, 1863, during the Civil War in America, an old coal barge or vessel of some sort was found by the Northerners in the James River, and it occurred to some inventive genius to rig her up as a monitor. With the aid of some boards, a few barrels, some canvas and much tar she was built up and made into an excellent representation of one. When completed, she was nearly filled with water, fires lighted beneath the funnels which gave out volumes of smoke, and was turned adrift on the Mississippi. As she floated past the Vicksburg forts, the gunners opened fire, but never a shot was returned, for the simple reason that the monitor carried neither guns nor men. The firing from the battery was heavy but ineffective, and, apparently unsinkable, the monitor drifted on. The ruse which had taken in the Vicksburg gunners succeeded equally well with the Confederate ships lower down, one of which (the *Queen of the West*) fled incontinently, and another, the *Indianola*, which was aground, was promptly blown up by the Confederates, in order to prevent that ship from becoming a prize to the Federal monitor.

No such startling success as this was achieved by our dummy fleet, still, it is just possible that they served some more useful purpose than enriching the owners who sold the ships. If dummy ships were of doubtful utility and comparable to the ass described by Æsop as masquerading in a lion's skin,

the same can never be said of "Q" or Hush ships, which might be likened unto wolves disguised in sheep's clothing.

"Q" *versus* "U." At a time when our merchant ships were being sunk by the ruthless submarine warfare decreed by the German High Command, ways and means had to be devised to stop their depredations, otherwise the Nation would be brought to her knees through actual starvation. Many were the devices employed; the sinking of the "U" boats by disguised merchantmen was perhaps the most hazardous.

Fortunately whenever there is risky work to be done, there is never a lack of volunteers. In the case of the "Q" ships most of these were drawn from the retired list of the Navy, from amongst officers and men who after various periods of service had retired to enjoy the blessings of the land and the fruits of their labours. There were certainly some officers and men of the active list in these "Q" ships, but they were present in very limited numbers. In "Q" ships, officers of quite high rank were content to serve under others of the active list many years their junior; all they were out to do was to serve their King and country. The "Q" ships were indistinguishable from the most ordinary "tramp" or coasting vessel, and their crews were the exact counterpart of the type met with in these particular classes of vessels. They dressed in old clothes, many wore garments much the worse for wear, and even patched, some had billy-cock hats, others peaked caps of the kind worn by fishermen and others. They were often unkempt as to their hair and beards, swore strange oaths, smoked foul pipes, chewed the humble quid, and expectorated with that skill and precision attained only by accomplished spitters (!) happily now becoming a lost art.

These men looked the part and played the part but never over-acted; if they had not been accomplished actors they would not have achieved the success which they did. Truly an illustration of the tag "*Ars est celare artem.*"

"Q" boats took in cargo, lay in ports alongside of ships on board of which were foreigners, some of whom most certainly were trained spies. There was none of the courtly politeness of the regular service; this would have been incongruous. If respect were shown, it was just such respect as the skipper

of a small coasting vessel receives ; in a word, these men were indeed born actors, they struck the exact note, without exaggeration.

“ Q ” ships, like ordinary vessels of their class, were armed with a small gun, usually placed right aft. No attempt was made at its concealment, and the use to which it was sometimes put will be described later. But the real armament, consisting of guns and even torpedoes, was so well hidden that no one could possibly tell of its existence until, when the time for “ action ” arrived, certain flaps fell down and the ship showed her true colours.

When dealing with a nation which rejoiced at the sinking of the *Lusitania*, did not refrain from sinking the *Sussex* hospital ship, and executed Captain Fryatt (a mercantile marine captain) whose only “ crime ” was that he endeavoured to save his ship the *Brussels* when attacked by a German submarine, there should be no scruples. “ *A corsaire, corsaire et demi.* ”

The gun which was carried aft and unconcealed was occasionally employed as “ bait. ” On sighting a “ U ” boat the “ Q ” would open fire with its unconcealed gun and then start to run, a ruse which at times was most successful. The next move was the lowering of a boat containing the “ panic party. ” The occupants handled it clumsily after the manner of those unaccustomed to boat work ; the “ U ” boat would then approach in order to obtain identification papers, for in the early stages of submarine warfare the “ U ” boats’ crews were not awarded prizemoney unless they could give proofs of their achievement. Those of the crew left on board remained silent and hidden until the right moment came, when they would open fire at close quarters. In one instance a sailor, with long and dishevelled hair, dressed in female clothes, appeared shrieking on deck, carrying a baby in long clothes. She was apparently distraught with fear, when suddenly in her frenzy she hurled the baby into the submarine, when *mirabile dictu*, the baby exploded and sank the submarine !

It was evident that if any “ U ” boat, after a conflict with a “ Q ” boat, survived to tell the tale, the Germans would

warn all their submarine officers of the danger of approaching too near to even the apparently most innocent and defenceless craft, and that in future it would not be necessary to produce evidence of having sunk any particular ship which they claimed to have destroyed. As soon as the secret was out, the Germans took no risk, torpedoed everything at sight, and if the ship did not sink with sufficient rapidity—for “*Q*” ships often carried a great deal of wood as “cargo”—they then would open fire with their gun.

On one occasion, a “*U*” boat sighted a ship, the *Dunraven*, torpedoed her and opened fire, without any response. The *Dunraven* caught fire astern, and a “panic party” put off from the ship, but no-one else appeared. Later on, some of the ammunition blew up and with it a disguised gun, and a second “panic party” left the ship. The Boche, more truculent than ever, again opened fire, then dived, and came back.

When he was in good position, Captain G. Campbell, V.C., D.S.O., made a sign, and a torpedo was fired and just missed the “*U*” boat by a few inches, but as the Hun did not see it Campbell got another chance, and when in position fired yet another torpedo which, alas, like its predecessor, missed. The Hun this time saw the wake of the torpedo and then began bombarding the *Dunraven* without cessation. Campbell called up the patrols by wireless and the Hun made off. But so far as the “*Q*” were concerned the game was up, the Germans ran no more risks, but sank everything at sight without attempting to obtain identification papers.

“*Q*” ships, however, had accounted for some ten “*U*” boats, so had more than justified their creation. I will now proceed from what was done in the Dardanelles to give some idea of the hazardous work of the minesweepers.

On the 13th and 14th March mine-sweeping on a very extensive scale was carried out by trawlers. As there was a strong 3-4 knot current running in the Dardanelles, it was impossible for the trawlers, with their sweeps out, to work against the stream. They were therefore directed to steam to a certain point and do the “creeping” and “sweeping” after they had turned. One of our officers (Lieut. Bernard T. Cox, R.N.R.) who was badly wounded in these operations, made a

graphic report of the proceedings on the 13th. He was in the last trawler but one going up the Straits, but getting a hot bearing in one of his engines, he had to drop behind and put the hose on it. The minefield was traversed, so far as could be made out, to the point at which the trawlers were directed to turn, when at 3.15 a.m. the first shots were fired at them from howitzers on a hill on the European side. An hour later in the full glare of a searchlight on Kephez Point, he turned to port, having been under fire for 45 minutes, and stopped for another trawler to come up alongside and take the sweep. By this time the wheel-house had been holed twice and the trawler had been struck several times in the after part. Lieut. Cox sent Mr. W. H. Young, acting boatswain, aft to get the sweep out, and he found one man with both legs shot off, Charles Jeffery of the *Prince George*, wounded in both thighs, and he himself also was wounded. He then went back to the wheelhouse to give the skipper directions as to his course, and found the helmsman lying on the deck wounded in the head, with the skipper himself steering.

Lieut. Cox again went aft to see if it were possible to get the sweep out, but he could not find anyone to do it ; so he told the skipper to go full speed ahead and hailed No. 10 trawler saying that it was impossible to get the sweep across, as the skipper and himself were the only people on deck. The forts appear to have concentrated on the point where the trawlers turned, and during all this time Cox's trawler was under heavy fire. After proceeding for a few minutes, an unknown picket boat crossed his bows, and he had to go full speed astern to clear her. Cox then hailed her, and asked if they had anyone who could help him to pass the sweep, but they themselves were in difficulties, as their boiler was holed. Mr. Young at this time was attending to the man who lost his legs, and another picket boat came to the rescue and took the disabled boat in tow.

The same night the light cruiser *Amethyst*, when in Sari Siglar Bay beyond Kephez Point, got under heavy fire, and one shell which burst in the stokers' bath-room, just after the engine room watch had been relieved, killed 16 stokers and

wounded 20 others. The trawlers, in addition, had 8 killed and wounded, and the total casualties that night amounted to 69.

Another report on the mine-sweeping operations of the 13th March, made by the torpedo gunner (Mr Chubb) of *Prince George*, described how when proceeding up the Straits with the mine-sweeping trawlers, after getting out their sweep a shell struck the wheel-house and killed the two men who were within. Owing to shell-fire the wire on the drum of the winch became jambed, and they had to slip the sweep and proceed to the entrance of the Straits with all possible despatch, as the trawler was holed and making water badly, only being kept afloat by plugging the hole with some of their clothing.

The Dardanelles are very narrow at the spot above the minefield, where the minesweepers turned, and this was in the glare of the searchlight at Kephez Point, opposite which (though not so narrow as at Chanak) it is a little under two miles wide. The searchlight, whilst making the trawlers an easy target, blinded those who were in them.

Nothing daunted, Mr Chubb went away the following night in the picket boat of *Prince George*, together with a number of others, this time for the purpose of "creeping," i.e., severing the cables of the mines by means of grapnels and charges of high explosives. He got somewhere above Souhan Dere, which was the point where at almost point-blank range they came under fire, and succeeded in securing one mine-cable, and firing his charge. He got the "creep" over again but this time caught nothing. For these exploits Mr Chubb was decorated with the Distinguished Service Cross and Lieut Cox received the D.S.O.

The *Times* for the 19th March, 1915, when reporting on the dangers of mine-sweeping, said :—

"The dangerous character of the minesweeper's work was referred to in one of the Admiralty communiqués. Both the trawlers engaged in these operations and the light cruisers protecting them must move comparatively slowly, and thus offer a better target for the Turkish gunners. The plunging fire from the howitzers also may effect more damage than that from the guns. . . . The coolness and courage with which the trawler crews perform their risky duties merit the highest approbation."

The day after the minesweeping operation, Vice-Admiral Carden signalled that

“the sweeping operations on the 13-15th March were carried out in a highly creditable manner and with considerable success, as the mines reported now coming down the Straits fully show. The resulting casualties are much regretted, but the spirit displayed was excellent, fully maintaining the traditions of the Service.”

On the 16th March we took in coal and provisions, and when this had been done, and the collier and store ship had left, it was discovered that our mascot, a cat named “Percy,” was missing. Signals were made to the ships as to whether anyone had seen it, and to the relief of the superstitious, the *Baron Ardrossan* store ship reported that “Percy” was on board, and next morning he was brought back. In selecting a store ship instead of a collier for his new home, “Percy” had shown sound judgment!

On the 16th we learnt that Vice-Admiral Carden had been relieved on account of ill-health and Rear-Admiral de Robeck had taken over command of the combined fleet.

On the 17th we went to sea at 4.0 p.m. on patrol duty off the entrance to the Dardanelles, and were informed that the combined fleet would begin the great attack on the forts of the Narrows early next day, and that night some of the picket boats went away creeping for mines in preparation for the morrow.

On the morning of the 18th March, the English ships assembled not far from the entrance to the Straits, and formed up in the order in which they were to go into action. The fleet was divided into two divisions, the first of which was to remain in action for four hours, and then be relieved by the second, and, at the conclusion of the day, the watches during the dark hours were to be divided between other ships. It is important that these orders should be recorded, as Turkish and German communiqués, when they saw certain ships relieved, spread the report that these had been placed *hors de combat*.

The first division was placed in the following order, from left to right:—*Prince George* (next to European side), *Queen Elizabeth*, *Agamemnon*, *Lord Nelson*, *Inflexible*, *Triumph* (next Asiatic side), and ahead on the left of the line were the French ships *Charlemagne* and *Gaulois*, and on the right *Suffren* and

*Bouvet*. Owing to delay on the part of the French, apparently due to confusion arising between local and Greenwich mean time, we did not enter the Straits until 10.45 a.m. (B.S.T.)

At 10.45 *Queen Elizabeth*, *Inflexible*, *Agamemnon* and *Lord Nelson* bombarded the Forts Tekeh, Namamzieh and Hamidieh, whilst *Prince George* engaged the batteries of Souhan Dere and Dardanus, and *Triumph* those near Kephez Point. The French ships fired very rapidly, apparently with much less deliberation than we did, so that their fire resembled that of glorified machine guns.

Being at my station on the lower deck during the greater part of the day, I missed seeing some of the things that happened but what I did see of the day's proceedings, from the after conning-tower, was as follows :—At 11.30 the enemy appeared to be directing the greater part of their fire on the *Inflexible* and *Agamemnon*. I just missed seeing the fore "fire-control" position of the *Inflexible* struck by a shell which killed Commander Rudolph Verner, and all who were with him, except one who escaped without even a scratch! Commander Verner of *Inflexible* was gunnery lieutenant of that ship during the battle of the Falkland Islands, and was specially promoted for his services on that occasion.

Although I said that the enemy appeared to be concentrating on the two ships mentioned, it must not be thought that the rest were neglected; all came in for a share of attention. Each ship had a picket boat accompanying her, and as we entered the Straits these went ahead of their parent ships, looking for mines, but when we took up our fighting position most of them went to the side away from the enemy for shelter. It was, however, shelter of a very doubtful nature, as they were very liable to come in for "overs."

Everywhere around the ships, water-spouts were rising to a considerable height, caused by the shells dropping in the water. One of our picket-boat's crew had a camera in the boat and was endeavouring to take snap-shots, when the splash from a shot falling close by covered him with water, and he appeared to me to be much more concerned about the camera than he was about himself!





LE VICE-AMIRAL P. E. GUÉPRATTE, WHO COMMANDED THE FRENCH SQUADRON  
IN THE DARDANELLES.

At five minutes to two (11.55 G.M.T.), just as the ships of the 1st Division were, according to plan, turning in order to be relieved by those of the 2nd Division, the French ship *Bouvet* struck a mine. This was immediately followed by a second explosion, and a huge puff of yellow and black smoke; she listed rapidly to starboard, turned turtle and sank, stern first, bows in air. When she went over, steam issued in huge jets like the spouting of some gigantic whale, and all the time she was visible she continued to move rapidly through the water. One of our midshipmen who was stationed in the fore-top secured the only photograph taken of this terrible catastrophe. It appeared in the *Graphic* and also in the French paper *L'Illustration*, and showed quite clearly the movement through the water after she had turned over. No more than three minutes elapsed from the time she struck the mine until she sank. All available steam-boats rushed to the scene, and we lowered the cutter, the only boat in the ship, as we had left all but this one and the picket boat at Tenedos before starting for the attack.

Disregarding the shots falling ahead of her, our picket boat went straight on and succeeded in rescuing 2 officers and 38 men, out of the 49 survivors, which included 5 officers. All picket boats, before starting into the Dardanelles, had the sides and all around the wheel protected by lashed up hammocks secured to broomhandles in rows; when the spot was reached where the survivors were picked up, regardless of their own protection the picket boat's crew threw these hammocks to the people in the water and this enabled them to keep afloat until they were picked up.

After the action, the French Admiral (Contre-Amiral Guépratte) who on the 18th had flown his flag in the *Suffren*, came on board and thanked the Captain and officers of *Prince George* for their valuable services in rescuing some of the "Bouvets," but he thanked more especially the crew of the picket boat of *Prince George*, which had rendered such signal service. In recognition of his gallantry C.P.O. Thomas P. Roche, coxswain of the picket boat, was specially promoted to the rank of gunner (T) and the French Government rewarded him with the cross of the Légion d'Honneur.

During the hottest part of the action *Inflexible* struck a mine which resulted in the flooding of the fore submerged flat, and 27 men, including a warrant officer (carpenter) were actually drowned between decks. They had gone into the compartment to shore up the bulkheads, which would otherwise have been liable to give way under pressure of water. The *Inflexible* managed to retire unaided and reached Tenedos the same evening.

About the same time *Irresistible*, which in accordance with plan was coming in with the rest of the 2nd Division to take up her place in the firing line, struck a mine. She had already avoided three others, which were spotted by an officer who was looking out from the masthead position, and these three mines had been fired by her own picket boat. Not under control, she drifted into Eren Keui Bay and came under heavy fire, but she remained afloat in spite of serious damage, and was in the end sunk by our own people to prevent her from falling into the hands of the enemy. During the time that the ship's company were fallen in on the quarter-deck awaiting transshipment to the destroyers, *Jed*, *Chelmer*, *Colne* and *Scorpion*, about two hundred casualties occurred.

The *Chelmer* was, later on, holed below water when taking off the ship's company of the *Ocean*, who, although fired on continually by the Turks, got off much better than the "Irresistibles." The *Ocean*, which had gone to the assistance of the *Irresistible*, appears to have struck a mine, and after everyone had been taken off, sank in deep water about 8.0 p.m.

The French ship *Gaulois* was badly hit in the fore part, and was seen by us at 5.0 p.m., considerably down by the bows. With all her ship's company ready to leave her, they succeeded in beaching her on Rabbit Island, near Tenedos, and in a few days she rejoined the Fleet.

It should be stated that throughout the action Major C. E. Eady, R.G.A.—who had by special permission joined the ship as a visitor on 16th March—was stationed in the lower fore top and kept a minute record of all that took place.

In spite of our heavy losses on the 18th, three ships completely lost, two badly disabled, and all others more or less damaged, we confidently expected that we should renew the

attack either next day or shortly afterwards. There is no doubt that the Turks had suffered severe punishment, much more than we had, and their reserves of ammunition were almost exhausted. It was, however, quite clear that ships cannot knock out modern forts when they are situated in a place like the Dardanelles, for the Straits are nothing more than a defile in a hilly country, and our military guest said that for ships to attack forts under such conditions, was in defiance of all military science. Although our casemates were protected with chain cable and bags filled with ashes, it was quite evident that the danger arising from plunging shot was very great.

The need for combined military action was clearly shown by the utter impossibility of clearing the Straits of mines, as long as the mine-sweepers were liable to be under fire at such close quarters.

Mr Winston Churchill, whenever we had naval losses, was wont to look at the *matériel* and not at the *personnel* side. When the *Aboukir*, *Hogue* and *Cressy* were torpedoed with heavy loss of life, the ships were described as of "no military value." The same was said of the *Good Hope* and *Monmouth*, when they were lost with all hands in the battle of Coronel, and now, most of the ships selected for the Dardanelles were thus described :—

"The ships we proposed to risk were almost all valueless for any other purpose. Four of them, indeed, had already been condemned to be scrapped, and most of the others were of similar type. Had they not been used in this way, they would have rusted in our southern dockyards."

The question which one naturally asked was, whether the officers and men with which the ships were manned were of an inferior type to those employed in the Grand Fleet, and, whether, like the ships which they literally expected to go down in, their lives were a *quantité négligeable* ?

It was well-known in the fleet that Mr Winston Churchill was anxious, at any cost, to renew the attack, and a story which was current at the time was, that the French admiral, when asked whether he were willing to renew the attack, replied, "certainly," and that when further questioned as to what he considered would probably be the result, said "We lost five

ships on the 18th March, next time we shall probably lose eight or more," so, early this year I wrote to the French admiral (whom I had had the honour of meeting on various occasions), for confirmation of this story. His reply was a complete denial of its truth as shown by the following extract from the letter dated 28th January, 1926, which I received from him :—

" Sous la forme que vous me précisez, je me vois contraint de vous dire que la documentation que vous avez eu est absolument inexacte.

Je n'ai aucun souvenir d'un Conseil de guerre, le 20 mars 1915, ayant eu à envisager l'éventualité d'une nouvelle attaque, par suite, je n'ai pu répondre dans les termes qui vous ont été indiqués.

L'amiral J. M. de Robeck, le Commodore Roger Keyes et moi-même, qui somme demeurés immuablement unis dans nos vues [‘la tête dans le même bonnet’, comme nous disons familièrement]. Nous trois, dis-je, avons songé immédiatement à entreprendre un nouveau coup de force, ayant pour objectif la prise de Constantinople, la destruction du *Goeben* et du *Breslau* et la prise du contact avec la flotte russe de la Mer Noire. Mais nous avons jugé qu'il impotrait de modifier absolument notre mode d'attaque. Considérant que le 18 mars nous avions dominé l'artillerie ennemie et que c'étaient les mines dérivantes qui nous avaient cassé les reins, nous jugions que, pour assurer le succès, il fallait annihiler l'action des mines dérivantes, et nous obtenions ce résultat en forçant le passage par surprise, de nuit sombre et sans lune, après plusieurs fausses attaques, de façon à dérouter l'ennemi sur nos projets.

Nous préparâmes tout dans ce but dans les premiers jours de mai, lorsque ma Division décimée fut reconstituée. Tout était prêt, et il suffisait que les Cabinets de St. James et Paris répondissent ‘oui.’ En ce cas nous foncions avec une colonne d'attaque de seize bâtiments. Quatre croiseurs à crinolines *Edgar*, *Endymion*, *Grafton* et *Theseus* et 12 cuirassés, dont huit Anglais et quatre Français.

Le 7 mai 1915, la réponse arriva ‘No ! Too late !’ et tous nos beaux rêves dont nous apprétions à faire une réalité furent réduits à néant.

Quelques jours après, d'ailleurs, j'étais relevé de mon commandement.”

The remainder of the letter is personal and ends thus :—

“Voilà, cher médecin général, ce qui s'est passé. Je conserve pour mes ‘Brothers-in-arms’ d'Angleterre le plus fidèle et indefectible attachement et particulièrement pour ces deux ‘pur sang’ que sont Sir John Michael de Robeck et Sir Roger Keyes.

à vous pour la Vie,

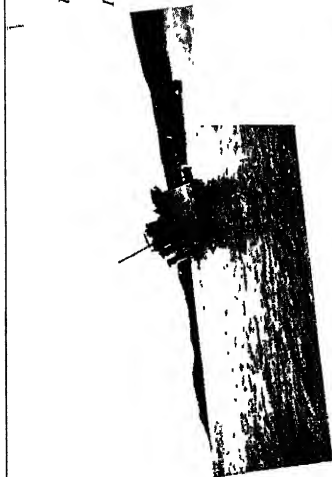
P. E. GUÉPRATTE,

Vice-amiral.

Votre galant captain du *Prince George*, l'amiral Alexander Campbell, est également demeuré tout près de mon cœur.”

P.E.G.

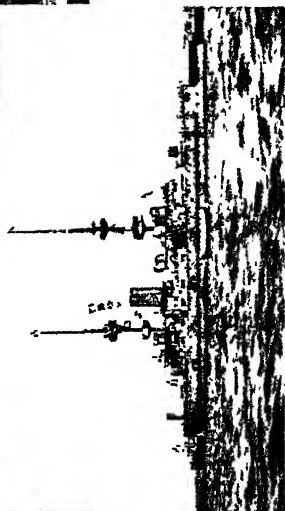
This lends support to Mr Churchill's statement in *World's Crisis*, that, in the first place, all were prepared to renew the attack but not, as Mr Churchill wished, at the useless risk of ships and men.



*Left*—Wreck of USS Ioules



*Right*—La tour blanche in distance



USS Prince George



*Left*—A Landing in the Dardanelles

*Right*—USS Prince George, showing "Cow Catcher."



Mr Churchill, in the book quoted, says :—

“ On the 20th March the Admiral had telegraphed : ‘ From experience gained on the 18th I consider forts at the Narrows and batteries guarding minefields can be dominated after a few days’ engagement sufficient to enable mine-sweepers to clear Kephez minefields.’ ”

‘ But,’ says Mr Churchill, ‘ quoting a telegram dated 23rd March, received from Admiral de Robeck, it appeared that after consultation with Generals Hamilton and Birdwood, the idea of a fleet being able to keep the Dardanelles open ‘ without first destroying all guns of position guarding the Straits was not reasonable.’ In this telegram it was said : ‘ These guns are numerous and only a small percentage can be rendered useless by gunfire . . . . If the guns are not destroyed, any success of fleet may be nullified by the Straits closing up after the ships have passed through, and as loss of matériel will possibly be heavy, ships may not be available to keep Dardanelles open.’ ”

Admiral de Robeck, therefore, was not averse to renewing the attack, but he was not desirous of attacking under the same conditions as existed on the 18th March, *i.e.*, without the support of troops on shore.

A few days after what is generally described as the “ Battle of the Narrows,” we received a translation of the Turkish paper *Tanin*.

Exactly as we had expected, the replacement of certain ships after five hours’ fighting was claimed to be due to their being rendered *hors de combat* ! The Turks made a great point of attributing the loss of *Irresistible*, *Ocean* and *Bouvet* to gunfire, and not to floating mines as was really the case. The Teutonic inspiration of this Turkish report was clearly shown, when it said that two of the ships, *viz.* the “ *Ocean and Irresistible showed a quite un-English self sacrifice in saving their comrades,*” words which were used by the Germans on another occasion, in a different war zone.\* The article in the *Tanin* ended thus :—“ These blows, struck at the very foundation of her sea-power have given England a bitter lesson.”

The day after the attack on the Narrows one midshipman and seventy men from the *Irresistible* joined us at 5.0 p.m. They had nothing but the clothes they stood up in and many of them were still wet and cold.

\* *Vide* reports of the German press on the sinking of *Aboukir*, *Hogue* and *Cressy*.

On the 20th we were once more on patrol off the entrance to the Straits, and a very gracious message from H.M. The King to the fleet was received the same day :—

“ His Majesty follows the attack on the Dardanelles with the deepest interest and desires me to convey to all in your command and to the French Squadron his appreciation of your gallant efforts to win this great prize.”

The Admiralty also sent messages of approval and appreciation to the English and French fleets.

Sundays and weekdays were much the same as regards work; perhaps Sundays more than other days were devoted to coaling and replenishing our magazines, but the chief difference was that it frequently happened that Sunday forenoon was the time specially selected for Turkish aeroplanes to visit the fleet.

Censoring letters was included amongst the many duties which I had to do, and *à propos* of these flying visits from the Turks, one of our seamen, paraphrasing the words of Keble's morning hymn, wrote :—

“ New Taubes, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray,”

which was somewhat after the style of the naval captain who brought down a Zeppelin at the Nore, and in order to evade censorship rules, wrote to a friend and said, “ with regard to what we have just been doing, read the last verse of Hymn 224 A. and M.”, which on reference was found to conclude with the words :—

O happy band of pilgrims,  
Look upward to the skies,  
Where such a light affliction  
Shall win so great a prize.”

I have heard the name of Admiral Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt connected with this story and that he made a general signal to his ships to sing the hymn mentioned, but when the story was told me the name of the officer who made the signal was not stated.





























## CHAPTER XXIII

(1915)

REPLACEMENTS — AEROPLANES ARRIVE — TORPEDOING OF  
THE *MANITOU* — GROUNDING OF SUBMARINE E. 15  
SAILING OF THE NEW ARMADA — GALLIPOLI LANDINGS  
— “P.G.” HOLED BELOW WATER-LINE.

ON the 25th March the fleet was reinforced by four fresh ships, *Queen*, *Prince of Wales*, *London* and *Implacable*.

These were sent to replace the *Irresistible* and *Ocean*, lost, and the *Inflexible*, temporarily out of action. This was interpreted by us to be an indication that we were merely awaiting a favourable opportunity to renew the attack, a view which received additional support when a few days later the French Squadron was strengthened by the arrival of several fresh ships. I use the word *fresh* advisedly, for they were very ancient and quaint; most of them had that bulging bow and prominent r2m which at one time was so marked a feature of French men-of-war. One of these, the *Henri Quatre*, received the name of *Angry Cat*, and talking of nicknames the Russian cruiser *Askold*, which had five equally distant funnels, was known by our sailors as “the packet of woodbines,” and by the French as *le pipeau de Pan*.

About this time, transports in great numbers began to arrive at Mudros. This is the capital of the island of Lemnos, and, when we first saw the place, was little more than a small village, but with surprising rapidity it soon grew to be a huge camp, with English and Australians on the one side, and French on the other. It was nominally Greek, but the Allies had bought up the entire harbour and all the country round it for miles, so that there was little to remind us that we were not in British territory, except that a Greek flag flew on shore, and a certain number of Turks and Greeks were to be met with on the jetty and in the village.

During the time we were there, every encouragement was given for taking exercise ashore, of which officers gladly availed themselves, and for the men, route marches were occasionally organised in order to give them exercise and a change of scene ; but before many days, they got plenty of work when we went to Tenedos to assist in the landing of stores for the huge aerodrome which was put up there. Forty thousand gallons of petrol were landed, in ordinary 2 gallon tins, and our sailors handled most of this, besides several aeroplanes and a great many aeroplane fittings and stores.

On Good Friday, Turkish aeroplanes attempted to bomb two of our ships ; they must have mistaken the day for a Sunday ! During our time at Tenedos we met various people, who, as the journalists describe it, had a " good Press," too good, some of us thought, as whenever they performed duties, for which regular officers received no mention or recognition, these services appeared to be glorified when rendered by those who were only employed temporarily !

On 9th April we were ordered to shell a battery which had lately been established close to what is known as the Achilleum, or tomb of Achilles. The firing was indirect, as between us and the object was the high ground at the back of Yeni-shehr. Commander Samson, who belonged to what was then the Naval Air Force, did the spotting from an aeroplane, and the rate at which the fall of the shot was noted and reported was said to be more satisfactory than usual, and four hits were obtained. The Turks appear to have considered this battery well placed, for, previously, at the end of February, a demolition party destroyed two 4-inch guns close to this spot.

Nothing of general interest occurred until the 16th, when, whilst on our usual patrol we received an S.O.S. signal stating the position of the transport *Manitou*, which was reported to have been torpedoed off the island of Skyros, in the Aegean Sea. Several ships and destroyers were despatched to her assistance, and the Turkish torpedo-boat was rounded up and beached in Kalomuti Bay in the island of Khios, and all the crew were interned by the Greeks.

It was reported that the *Manitou*, which was on her way from Egypt with troops, was sunk with all hands. This, we

learnt two days later, was happily not the case; the ship was not even hit, though three torpedoes in quick succession were fired at her at close range. One, which went right under the ship and came up close by, made some of those on board not familiar with torpedoes, think that it had gone right through the ship!

Our gunnery lieutenant, Hammick, who had been on board the *Swiftsure* with Captain Campbell, brought back the true story of the *Manitou*, which was as follows :—

In the forenoon of the 16th she and another transport were on their way to Mudros when they were approached by a torpedo-boat flying the white ensign. The soldiers on board the transport lined up and gave three hearty cheers. Then the captain of the Turkish T.B. hoisted Turkish colours and gave them three minutes in which to get the boats out and abandon ship. He next drew off to about 700 yards, and fired three torpedoes, all of which as we have already said, missed. In the meantime, a number of soldiers had jumped overboard, and about sixty were drowned, some were injured by pieces of timber thrown overboard for their support, and others were drowned through the boats capsizing when overcrowded. The amazing part of the affair was that no attempt was made to fire on the Turkish T.B.

On the 16th April, the same day that the *Manitou* was attacked, Submarine E. 15 went aground on a shoal about one mile south of Kephez Point. The Turks at once opened fire on her, and killed the Captain (Lieut-Commander Charles G. Brodie) and several others, the remainder being taken prisoners. Unsuccessful attempts were made to destroy her by bombs dropped from aeroplanes, but on the night of the 18th, the very hazardous operation of sinking her by means of torpedoes fired from picket boats was successfully carried out. The *Majestic's* picket boat, which was in command of Lieut. C. H. Godwin, had the honour of actually sinking the submarine, but after it had been sunk, it (the *Majestic's* boat) was also hit and sunk, and her crew taken off by the *Triumph's* boat. Next day the vice-admiral signalled to Lieut. Commander Robinson and boats' crews, his congratulations on performance of a difficult and dangerous task, and the names of officers and men engaged were ordered to be forwarded to him.

Lieut-Commander Eric G. Robinson of *Vengeance* was awarded the V.C., and Lieut. C. H. Godwin of *Majestic*, the D.S.O. I was afterwards shipmates with the latter in the *New Zealand*. Those who have read the account already given of the work done by the minesweepers on the 13th and 14th March, in the narrow stretch below Kephez Point, will readily appreciate the hazardous nature of that done by these picket boats, which was carried out under the full glare of the search light on Kephez Point, in the same deadly zone. In order to make sure of sinking the submarine, the picket boats approached within 200 yards of their target, all the time under heavy fire.

On the 20th April we spent a long day in the Straits bombarding hidden batteries on the Asiatic side, and at night, between 11.30 and midnight, when the Turks thought all was quiet, we suddenly opened fire on a redoubt and trenches in rear of the lighthouse on Cape Helles, where it was known that the Turks were busy working under cover of darkness. When the guns were duly laid on the position, the searchlights were switched on. It was not possible to know the result, but it was thought that the fire could not have failed to be effective.

On the afternoon of the 24th we went up the Straits to support the *Albion*, which was laying buoys in preparation for the landings next morning. The batteries fired on the *Albion*, which sustained some casualties. No shots fell very near *Prince George*, and just as we were leaving the Straits the Turks fired on us, so we returned to quiet them and succeeded in doing so. Later on, just as we were again leaving, they once more opened fire on us, thus showing the ease with which gunners can run to ground for safety when they are being shelled, and emerge when the trouble is over.

On the same day, the whole fleet put to sea, some, like ourselves, to patrol the entrance to the Dardanelles, others to create diversions by making feint attacks at Suvla Bay and Gaba Tepe. The Armada consisted of fourteen English and three French battleships, nine English and one Russian cruiser (*Askold*), about twenty English, several French destroyers, and two ships connected with the air service—the sea-plane and ballon ships—*Ark Royal* and *Manica*. In addition

to these there were mine-sweepers and trawlers and also aeroplanes in readiness at the aerodrome on Tenedos.

After the transports (there were close on a hundred of these), ammunition ships, store-ships and colliers arrived, one would have thought that all the ships in the seven seas had congregated for some spectacular purpose akin to a naval review at Spithead.

Before the armada left, the vice-admiral, in the name of the officers and men of the allied fleet made a signal to the allied army, wishing them success and victory as their reward, and to the fleet he expressed his confidence in the same devoted service as characterised their previous efforts.

General Hunter-Weston, in an address to the Army, described the forthcoming operations as "a glorious enterprise." The landings were ordered to begin at 5.30 on Sunday morning, 25th April, after half an hour's bombardment by the fleet. We took up our position to the north of Kum Kale fort just as the first streaks of dawn were visible over the site of ancient Troy. We were sent to this position to cover the landing of the French troops on the Asiatic side. The bombardment began on the stroke of 5.0 and was indescribably terrific; it lasted for a whole hour instead of for the half-hour previously ordered. It seemed to me as if nothing could possibly have lived through the storm of shells which covered the whole of the southern extremity of the peninsula, from Morto Bay within the Straits, to the country round Gaba Tepe on the western side.

The troops, for the most part, were brought over in transports, and three men-of-war carried the covering force of 1,500 Australians. Five miles from shore, the men were transferred to boats; each ship had four tows of four boats, made up of steam-boats, men-of-war cutters, and lifeboats from the transports. When within about two miles of the shore, the tows were slipped from the ships and each string of boats was towed by its own steamboat. Each man was fully equipped with food and ammunition for three days.

All the transports were in their places by five o'clock, but the troops did not actually land until six. As the boats got

near the shore, they were fired on and a certain number of casualties occurred before they ever reached the allotted landing places, but when the disembarkation began the troops were enfiladed by a murderous fire from rifle and machine guns ; so that it was quite apparent that despite the heavy bombardment the Turks had not suffered as we expected, and that they had been sheltered in carefully prepared dug-outs. The picket-boats, armed with 3-pdr. guns, in command of midshipmen, fired into the trenches. In many instances when the men left the boats they found they were up against barbed wire entanglements in the water.

The resistance put up by the Turks at all the landings was considerable, but nowhere so severe as at V beach, Sedd el Bahr, the small sandy bay, some 300 yards wide, where the *River Clyde* (an old collier painted khaki to match the sandy cliffs), was beached. She had specially constructed platforms and ports concealed by flaps, which were let down when the time for disembarkation arrived. The troops swarmed out on to the lighters which were to act as pontoons, but unfortunately the lighters did not quite reach to the shore and the men had to jump into the water breast high, with a strong current running, and also found themselves up against barbed wire entanglements. Notwithstanding all these difficulties—negotiated under heavy fire—a large number reached the shore, but the casualties were terrible. Midshipman Drewry, R.N.R., who jumped into the sea with a rope in his teeth in order to secure a drifting lighter, earned the *V.C.* by what Masfield described as one of the bravest deeds of the war.

#### Quotation from despatch of Admiral de Robeck.

“ Commander Unwin, seeing how things were going, left the *River Clyde* and standing up to his waist in water under very heavy fire, got the lighter into position ; he was assisted in this work by Midshipman G. L. R. Drewry R.N.R., of H.M.S. *Hussar*, Midshipman W. St. A. Malleson R.N. of H.M.S. *Cornwallis*, A. B. William Charles Williams O.N. 186774 (R.F.R. B 3766), and Seaman R.N.R. George McKenzie Samson O.N. 2408A, both of H.M.S. *Hussar*.

The bridge to the shore though now passable could not be used by troops, anyone appearing on it being instantly shot down and the men of the *River Clyde* remained in her till nightfall.

At 9.50 a.m. *Albion* sent in launch and pinnace manned by volunteer crews to assist in completing bridge which did not quite reach beach, these boats however could not be got into position until dark owing to heavy fire. It had already been decided not to continue to disembark

on V Beach, throughout the day men-of-war and the maxims mounted on the *River Clyde* doing their utmost to keep down the fire directed on the men under partial shelter on the beach.

V.C.s. announced 16 Aug., 1915—

Edward Unwin, Commander.

George L. Drewry, Midshipman R.N.R.

Wilfred St. A. Malleson Midshipman R.N.

A. B. Charles Williams.

Seaman R.N.R. George McKenzie Samson."

During the landing at Sedd-el-Bahr one hundred and fifty were killed or wounded within half an hour, including Brigadier-General Napier.

At 4.0 p.m. the *Prince George* took in the following signal :

"About 1,100 men still in *Ribblesdale*, remainder on the beach from which no progress has been made, every effort is cut down by close range maxim and rifle fire from positions which it is difficult to locate. No progress is likely to be made by them, At dusk it is proposed to land remaining men and get a footing at Sedd-el-Bahr."

The ships kept up intermittent fire all day. The crack of rifles and rat-tat-tat of maxims never ceased. The *Prince George* covered the landings of the French troops at Kum Kale, whilst the French ships and the Russian cruiser *Askold* bombarded Yeni Shehr. We were so close to the shore that we could see men falling.

26th. Early to-day we found that the South Wales Borderers who had landed on a point known as Eska Hisarlik or de Tott's battery were completely cut off; they however succeeded in holding the position against enormous odds, assisted to a great extent by the gun fire from the ships.

General Hunter-Weston sent them a signal :—

"Well done, South Wales Borderers. Can you manage to maintain your position for 48 hours? I am sending four days' supplies, plus fifty rations left in boat, to you to-night."

All through the forenoon hand to hand fighting took place in the village or what remained of the village of Sedd el Bahr, all of which we could plainly see from the ship. We were unable to fire on the Turks for fear of hitting our own troops. At 2.15 p.m. I witnessed the storming of the redoubt which dominated Sedd-el-Bahr. We could see our troops advancing in rushes up the hill, led by Colonel Doughty Wylie and Captain Walford, both of whom were killed and awarded posthumous V.C.s. The Turks retreated over the hill and

through the wooded plain at the head of Morto Bay, where they came under a terrific fire from *Lord Nelson* and *Agamemnon*, and must have suffered very heavy losses.

On the Asiatic side, the French, who had captured the fort at Kum Kale, had to clear out some trenches in the rear of the village. We were able to witness the whole proceeding. The Senegalese troops fought well and soon cleared out the Turks at the point of the bayonet. They next attacked a cemetery near Yeni Shehr, made considerable progress, and in the height of the action I had to leave my place of vantage as a French destroyer dashed up, and I was sent for to the bridge to interpret a message delivered by the French officer, informing us that they were attacking forthwith at a certain point, the position of which should have been notified in orders to us, but which through some unfortunate accident were not received until the 8th May.

In connection with this incident, the captain received a letter on 13th May from Amiral Guépratte, in which he expressed his regret that the orders dated 23rd April had not reached us, and at the same time he signified his appreciation of the "most precious services" rendered by *Prince George*, alike by the density of the fire as well as the good timing of the salvoes.

Towards evening on the 26th April the Turks began shelling Kum Kale fort which had been captured by the French and dropped shell after shell right into it. The casualties must have been heavy, as there were a great many men massed in and around the fort. The Turks approached the village in the evening, and during the night the French evacuated the place, a day before the scheduled time, leaving many of their dead unburied, and later on we saw dogs devouring the corpses.

The landing on the Asiatic side was only undertaken as a feint and with a view to preventing the Turks from shelling Sedd el Bahr from the Asiatic side.

At 8.0 p.m. we left the firing line to ammunition ship, and early next day we were back in the Straits. Throughout the previous night, a large number of troops and stores were landed at Cape Helles, by which time our troops had become firmly

established. Two Turks who in the retreat had succeeded in getting away in a boat which they found in Morto Bay, were discovered by a destroyer and made prisoners.

During the next few days we were stationed on the European side and saw a good deal of the fighting in the village, where the Turks from behind the houses contested every inch of ground. On one occasion, through field glasses, when our troops had advanced some distance beyond de Tott's battery, I saw a Turk going round amongst his own dead and wounded, gathering up ammunition which he collected in a haversack. As he came across men lying on the ground he could be distinctly seen prodding them with a bayonet to ascertain whether they were alive or dead !

On one occasion I saw a shell strike the after turret of the *Henri IV*, which was followed immediately by a big explosion, and a number of men could be seen jumping up from within ; later on I noticed some bodies lying on deck covered with the French flag.

Another day, when we ourselves were hit, a French officer succeeded in obtaining a photograph just as the shell struck us, and a few days later he gave me two prints of it.

One day early in May as we were lying off Yeni Shehr for the purpose of indirect firing at concealed howitzer batteries on the Asiatic side, a sausage balloon was detailed to "spot" for us, and had scarcely ascended when the enemy got her range very accurately and she had to be hauled in, whilst the *Manica*, to which she was attached, had to shift billet. Whilst weighing, she accidentally entangled the cable which by now connected Sedd el Bahr with London. Shortly afterwards our balloon again went up and again splashes kept occurring quite close to her parent ship, and we then discovered that these were due to bombs which were being dropped from an aeroplane.

On the 3rd May, when in Morto Bay, we came under fire as soon as it was light ; we were straddled several times by a battery on the Asiatic side and soon received several hits. Lieut. Avery R.N.R., who was stationed in the crow's nest, thought that he had located the battery which was annoying us, and our guns searched the whole ridge. At 6.30 a shot

struck us below the water line, and the first intimation received on the bridge was the sight of bedding floating by. The shot, which in its passage wrecked a cabin, made a big hole under water in the Paymaster's "slop room," *i.e.*, the place where spare bedding, clothing, boots, etc., was stored. Our paymaster (Fleet Paymaster Parker) was a musician, and his particular instrument, the mandoline, which for greater safety he had put in this place, was found to have been reduced to matchwood.

As we took in a good deal of water, we were ordered to get out of range, and then, after a hasty inspection by Rear-Admiral Stuart Nicholson, it was found necessary to send us to Mudros, where divers got to work and patched up the hole, but the damage done was found to be more extensive than could be put right without docking, so we were ordered to Malta. As none of us had had much sleep for the past eight days, we were not altogether down-hearted on receiving this order.

## CHAPTER XXIV

(1915-1916)

STRANGE OCCURRENCE ON BOARD *ALBION* — DILIGENT DOCKYARDSMEN — GOLIATH TORPEDOED — ARRIVAL OF HOSTILE SUBMARINES — TURKISH REPORTS — SANDING PARTIES — BLISTER SHIPS.

**B**EFORE we left for Malta, the following signal was received from the vice-admiral, Mediterranean Squadron :—

“ *Prince George* to proceed to Malta and return as soon as possible after making good defects. ‘ *P.G.* ’ has done most excellent work and I do not want to lose her services,” and Captain Campbell’s reply was, “ Your kind message much appreciated by all hands. Every effort will be made to rejoin your flag as soon as possible.”

When we were at Mudros I met my old friend Hodnet de Courtmacsherry, my *opposite number* in the *Albion*, and we compared notes as to our war experiences. The *Albion*, like the “ *P.G.* ” was one of the old ships (Mr Churchill’s N.M.V. class\*) which had received a good many hard knocks. “ H. de C.” told me how on one occasion when the *Albion* was engaging a battery within the Straits, they were hit by a shell which penetrated the mess deck and killed the sergeant of Marines. The manner of his death was remarkable, for when his body was found it was in a sitting posture in his mess, but his head had been completely shot away and was never afterwards found. The shot which decapitated the sergeant, cut through the halliards of the ensign which was flying at the peak, with the result that the colours immediately dropped to half-mast, and remained in that position. The captain’s attention was drawn to the position of the flag, and it then was discovered what had happened.

\* We were as proud of being in the “ N.M.V. ” class (“ No military value ship,”) as the British Expeditionary Force was of the Kaiser’s description of it as “ contemptible.”

Our shipwrights worked night and day putting a patch over the hole in the ship's side, and on the 6th May we left for Malta, where we arrived on the 8th. We went straight into dock, and the dockyardsmen were soon busily at work on the repairs.

As the damaged part was directly below my cabin, and hammering and rivetting with pneumatic riveters continued without cessation for five days, I obtained leave to sleep ashore, at the Club. The dockyard people were on their mettle, for within eight days from the time we arrived we were again at sea, with our wounds healed and an old worn-out 12-inch gun replaced by a new one. The dockyard people started removing the old gun at 9.0 a.m. on the 14th May, and by 7.0 p.m. the same day we had a new gun in position. One must, not however, give the dockyard all the credit for this smart evolution, as our gunnery lieutenant and his staff had got everything ready for them; still, it was a very creditable piece of work.

On the 15th May we left Malta at 9.0 p.m. and were back at Mudros on the 18th. We coaled on arrival preparatory to rejoining the flag next day.

After we left the Dardanelles our place in Morto Bay was taken first by the *Agamemnon* and then by the *Goliath*, and at 1.30 a.m. on the 13th May, in misty weather, the latter was torpedoed and sank in about four minutes, with a loss of over 500 lives, including Captain Shelford, who years before when a lieutenant I had known in Australia. The manner in which the ship was torpedoed showed ingenuity. A Turkish destroyer, stern first, drifted quietly down the Dardanelles with the current, so that she might appear to be one of our own destroyers going up on patrol. The officer of the watch of the *Goliath* challenged her and received a reply in good English, which was followed immediately by three torpedoes.

After the *Goliath's* experience we never anchored at night without having our torpedo-nets out, but whether they were much good is another matter, as we were torpedoed during the evacuation at Helles on the night of the 8th-9th January, 1916, but that is another story which I shall come to later.

About this time the weather was beginning to get unpleasantly hot. The thermometer in the after station for the

treatment of the wounded in action registered 90 degrees day after day, and as we were in action during lengthy periods on most days, we found the heat very trying.

On the 22nd May we were at action stations from 6.0 a.m. until about 3.0 in the afternoon, when another ship took our place. During this time, as the heat below was very bad and the air not what could be described as exhilarating, I frequently went on deck with Parker (whose action station was with me in the after dressing station), to observe what was going on. Whilst on one of these excursions to the upper deck I saw three shots straddle us, so we went below with all possible despatch, and had only just reached our stations when we received two hits, one on the searchlight on the fore bridge and another through the ship's side which severed a steam-pipe, cut off the electric light, and burst below, just outside the issuing room (for stores), killing one of my first aid party, Wells (a chief writer), and wounding Mr Chubb, the torpedo gunner.

As soon as I heard that there were casualties forward, I hurried to the spot, but all the lights on the mess deck were out, and the air full of smoke from the shell and escaping steam from the broken pipe, so I had to grope along as best I could with the aid of an electric torch which was about as useful as it would have been in a pea-soup November fog in London.

When I reached the casualties, I found Wells was dead; mercifully he had been killed instantaneously. Curiously enough, he was always very nervous when in action and afraid that he might be drowned like a rat in a trap, so, in order to avoid this, he was standing half-way up the ladder leading from the fore-dressing station to the deck above, and so got caught. Truly a case of Kismet.

Our gunnery lieutenant told us that the shells which struck us that day were of English manufacture sold to the Turks before the war. Unfortunately for us, they were of better quality than some of those with which they had been supplied by the Germans.

The same afternoon, after we had left the Straits, on our way to Cape Helles, we saw the periscope of the first hostile

submarine. We opened fire and started zig-zagging at full speed. Meanwhile, two destroyers and a trawler had joined us, and went over the spot where the wake of the periscope had been seen, hoping to ram the submarine. The affair was suggestive of a rat-hunt on a large scale.

We spent the night at anchor off Cape Helles, but the " U " boat did not appear again that day.

Next day we transferred the remains of the chief writer, who was a Roman Catholic, to a trawler for burial at sea. There being no priest available, the funeral service was conducted by the senior R.C. on board, and as many of us as could be spared attended. After this was over, we took up our position inside the Straits supporting the right flank.

On 24th we left for Mudros in order to coal, and heard that an armistice from 7.0 a.m. to 4.0. p.m. had been granted the Turks in order to enable them to bury their dead, so we concluded that the enemy losses must have been very considerable. A great many dead mules and horses were floating about; later on measures were taken to prevent this.

25th May, we heard that the *Triumph* had been torpedoed off Gaba Tepe, where she was supporting the troops; she sank in a few minutes. No one had suspected the presence of a submarine until the track of the torpedo was seen in the water. The *Triumph* had her torpedo-nets out, but they were of no use.

Next day we received a signal informing us that 37 officers and 661 men (including 2 officers and 28 men who were employed on the beach) had been saved, and it was probable that others had been picked up.

After this we were not allowed to anchor at night off the Gallipoli coast.

The *Queen Elizabeth* by now was on her way home. We never heard when she left, but concluded that her departure coincided with the arrival of the " U " boats in these waters!

We left Mudros on the night of the 26th and arrived off Cape Helles at dawn and there saw the *Majestic*, which we had received orders to relieve, but we were told that no orders had reached the rear-admiral and therefore we were to return. On our way back we took in a signal from the

*Cornwallis*, as follows :—" *Majestic* sunk, rear-admiral and nearly everyone saved."

We received another signal a little later ordering us to return to Cape Helles, and were well on our way back, when we had yet one more signal cancelling the last, and just as the ship was turning in order to shape course for Mudros, the periscope of a submarine was sighted. We altered course with a view to ramming her, and also opened fire with 12 pounder guns.

We returned to Mudros, arriving at noon, and later in the day the French destroyer *Fanfare* came in with some of the survivors from the *Majestic*.

About 3.0 p.m. we heard that the ammunition and supply ship *Carrigan Head* had been torpedoed. She was to have left the day before with mails for Malta and England. However six hours later we heard the rumour contradicted.

The *Vengeance* narrowly escaped being torpedoed off Anzac, the torpedo, which missed her by only a few inches, exploded on striking the shore. Other ships also reported having had torpedoes fired at them.

About this time, when alarming rumours flew thick as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa, we received reports from Constantinople through "fairly reliable sources."

One dated 19th May announced the sinking of the *Goliath* by *Monavenet Millieh*, and that there were 25,000 wounded Turks at Constantinople.

Another, dated 20th, was to the effect that there were anti-German demonstrations in Constantinople, that a Turkish regiment had mutinied against the Germans and had been made prisoners and their Turkish officers executed.

We also heard of Turkish losses in the Marmora, but the most priceless was the following:—It was said to be sent from a man from Keshan. I give it just as it was received.

"It should be here mentioned that it is not feseible for people to take the high road from Keshan to Bulair as the naval guns make the passage too exciting. One Xeron did attempt the passage in the daytime in a buffalo-cart. Bimeby a shell came along and when he looked round again, lo, his buffaloes were not, so lamenting sore, he picked himself out of his oxless cart and passed out of the story."

By the same person is an account of the *Lord Nelson* shelling Gallipoli.

"There was a touch of Spring in the air (to quote the official eye-witness at French fort) when on Sunday, May 2nd, the good people of Gallipoli were surprised to hear a loud explosion near the port. Thinking a bomb had been dropped by an aeroplane, all rushed out to look and were scanning the sky anxiously for aircraft when lo, another explosion again occurred near the port. Again the skies were scanned with result when it penetrated to their coffee-sodden brains, the fact that large shells were sliding over the hills from Saros Gulf quicker than any train. At once there was a *saute-qui-peut*, and Moslems and Christians legged it for all they were worth out of the town. Some, like our friend the narrator, have not yet stopped running, some ran to the suburbs, others hastily embarked for Lapsaki, but finding no bread there, returned to the flesh-pots of Gallipoli. As a result of the bombardment four or five vessels in the inner harbour were sunk, the mosque between the two ports, and shops adjoining were burned out and near the shops a shop belonging to one Toglez Hassein (so-called because his father could speak English) was also burned out (irony of fate!)"

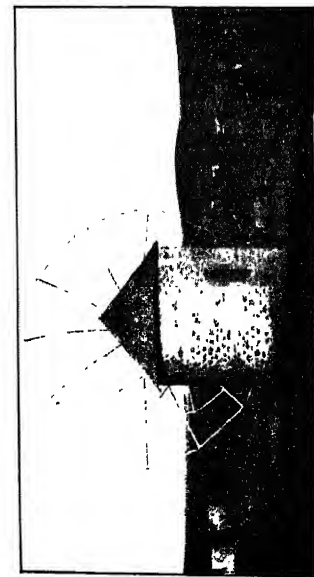
The activity on the part of the "U" boats led to our having to stay over at Mudros for a while, and on the 30th May the dummy *Tiger* was sunk at 10.0 p.m., six miles E. of Strati. On the following day we were visited by a hostile aeroplane which dropped two bombs, and killed twenty-five men in the French camp.

About this time we got news of Lt. Commander Nasmith's successes with Submarine E 11. Despite all the mines, nets, and steel hawsers laid down to intercept submarines, he got through into the Marmora, sank a ship alongside the arsenal at Constantinople, also two ammunition ships, on his way back, and finally a large Turkish transport off Nagara. The next day the Vice-Admiral made a general signal complimenting Nasmith on his marvellous achievement, for which he was afterwards awarded the *V.C.* The story of the risks which he took and the difficulties which he overcame would demand more space than is available in a book of this kind.

On Sunday the 13th June we had another Turkish aeroplane over us. We drove it off with gun-fire after it had dropped a bomb which happily missed a French transport quite close to the *P.G.*

We now had a spell of rest for a little while, taking our turn as emergency ship, and had very enjoyable bathing and picnic parties, in a lonely sandy bay which we called by the unpleasant name of "Dead Horse Bay." On one of these

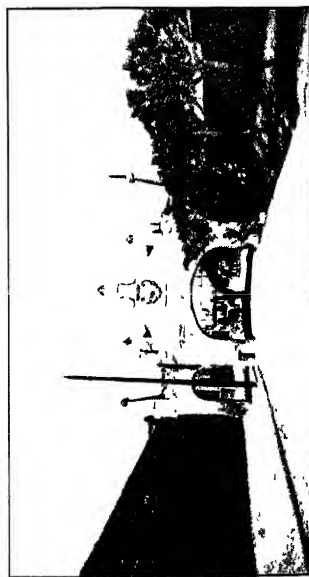




A MILL NEAR MUDROS.



CHURCH AT CASTRO, LEMNOS.



A GATEWAY IN MALTA.



STREET AT CASTRO, LEMNOS.

days I went for a walk to Castro with three other officers of the *P.G.* Castro is an old Turkish town on Lemnos, about ten miles distant from our landing place. The heat was intense, and we got so thirsty that on our way back we were obliged to drink at a horse trough, and at one time I was so exhausted that I began to wonder whether I should complete the return journey. However, when I got down to the beach I had an experience which acted like a spur to a jaded horse, for I found a Greek wine-seller with a donkey laden with bottles of the most deadly form of fire-water labelled *KONIAK*. This ruffian, contrary to regulations, had been selling his poisonous liquor to sailors on shore. As this was more than I could stand, I went up to the villain and took a number of his bottles and broke them.

Shortly after this, I met the Captain and reported what I had done, half fearing that my zeal had outstripped the bounds of prudence; but he, on learning of it, said I had acted quite rightly, and immediately went in pursuit of the man, and after giving him and his pony into the hands of the picket, smashed the remainder of his stock !

The next day we returned to the Dardanelles and renewed our bombardment, which cheered us up, as no one really enjoyed resting when we felt we should be doing something.

At the end of June an International Committee was appointed to take steps to prevent cholera being introduced into the camps ; this gave me plenty of work, as it entailed a good deal of organisation. We had several suspected cases, but happily these did not prove to be the genuine article.

From the last week of June to nearly the second week of July, certain ships, including *P.G.* were employed filling old steamers with sand for the purpose of sinking them later on at various points on the Gallipoli coast for use as piers and breakwaters. The work, which would be laborious at any time was particularly so under the intense heat of midsummer at Mudros. Our men, however, always merry and bright, contrived to get a certain amount of fun out of the job, and if it did nothing else it made them physically fit.

The other ships similarly employed filled coal bags with sand, and took them off in lighters, but our Commander, being

of an inventive turn, rigged up sheers and wires and ran the bags from a cliff to the lighters. The whole apparatus was rather suggestive of some of Heath Robinson's mechanical devices, for at the end of the funicular railway a man slung in a bo'sun's chair sat armed with a boat-hook, tipped the bags when they reached him, and dumped them in the place indicated. There was an element of skill in this method, which was lacking in the others.

Our officers rigged up a tent and formed a sort of "Welcome Club" called "Ye olde Bell and Gun Inne," where in rest intervals they were at home to their friends, and adorned the place with certain things, including a ship's bell and two brass saluting guns, looted from the old ships which were being filled.

Towards the middle of the month we received orders to proceed to Imbros, preparatory to combined operations with the artillery on the peninsula. Early in the morning on 12th July these began with an attack on Achi Baba and the village of Krithia. We were assisted by an observation balloon, but the smoke from our artillery ashore, combined with the morning mist, hampered us to such an extent that after about half an hour we retired. In the meanwhile the enemy got our range and we were hit four times within the first quarter of an hour, but without any material damage. Possibly the Turks claimed that they had driven us off!

Later in the day we returned and when the atmospheric conditions were more favourable, we resumed the firing. According to a report made by one of our R.N.R. officers (Lieut. Halliday, A.M.\*) our firing was exceedingly effective. This officer, who was employed on "W" beach, landing 15 pdr. ammunition, reported that a Turkish officer who had surrendered, had said that when the *P.G.* started the afternoon bombardment the shells began to fall in the Turkish trenches, and the order was passed that no one under any pretext was to leave them, and that if anyone disobeyed he would be fired on with machine guns from behind their own lines. As the fire from the *P.G.* began to sweep the trenches, the occupants preferred to risk their own 0.303 inch and 0.45 inch rather than

\* A.M.=Albert Medal, the peace-time equivalent of the V.C.

endure the heavier metal from our guns. They started to bolt, and herding together in groups, came under fire from their own guns. Those who tried to regain their trenches were caught by our guns, truly a case of out of the frying-pan into the fire! The result, according to the report, was, that an entire regiment was wiped out, with the exception of three men who went stark mad. Lieut. Halliday completed the report by adding that some of the Australians at Anzac were prepared to swear that they saw arms and legs flying sky high. Anyhow, whether or not these last statements were merely embellishments, there is little doubt that our firing was most effective.

*(I am indebted to Commander F. H. T. Ree, R.N., who was Torpedo Lieutenant of "Prince George" throughout the Dardanelles operations for the following :)*

In July 1915, during a period when the Fleet was lying temporarily inactive in Mudros harbour, an appeal was made by the General-in-Command, for the Navy to extemporise a supply of hand-grenades to meet the shortage pending the supply of the official article from home.

The design was put out to competition among the ships present and, on the appointed day, a dangerous looking collection of infernal machines was sent on board the flagship, embodying the ideas of the various gunnery and torpedo staffs of the fleet.

It was essential that the constituent parts should be readily obtainable in quantities and the ubiquitous cigarette tin therefore featured in most of the exhibits.

The winning model, designed, I believe, by Lieutenant Budgen of the *Cornwallis*, consisted of a cigarette tin with an internal chamber containing the charge and a movable head which, carrying the striker, exploded a revolver cartridge on impact, the space between the outer case and the charge being filled with lead pellets or similar missiles. A canvas tail at the bottom provided a means of throwing the grenade and ensured the flight being made business end forward.

This device, after a slight modification had been introduced by Commander Vavasour, to improve the reliability

of the firing gear, formed a simple and very fairly reliable weapon.

The approved design then went into mass production, cigarette smoking became a patriotic duty, and the stream of cigarette tins was diverted from the ash-shoot to the armourers' benches.

In the *Prince George* a staff of eight set up an improvised munition factory in the forward twelve inch space, in charge of two pensioner chief armourers whose keenness and zeal, aided by ingenious jigs of their own devising, led to a very creditable output.

To stimulate production the number of grenades completed was signalled at intervals to the flag-ship and the manufacture became a matter of considerable rivalry between the ships.

It is regrettable to note that these weapons were never to be used in anger. Packed in cases with full instructions for use they were transferred to the Army Ordnance ship for loading with high-explosive but, either owing to some mischance or possibly to excusable mistrust, the whole supply was capsized into Mudros Harbour, at the bottom of which presumably they still rest with their mission unfulfilled.

The only occasion known on which their use in any way endangered life was when two of them were taken on shore and tested at an officers' picnic party. One officer insisted that by a certain method of throwing the grenade a greatly increased range could be obtained. He proceeded to demonstrate but, while the range was good the trajectory was vertical. The firing gear worked admirably and it was perhaps fortunate that gun-powder had been substituted for gelignite and that the members of the picnic party were all in good training!

A few of these bombs were also given to submarine E 14 before she sailed for her exploit in the Sea of Marmora, but whether use was found for them is not known.

It had been evident for some few days that some important project was pending, as many re-inforcements had arrived and extensive arrangements had been made for receiving wounded.

The secret however was well kept and not until August 3rd, when officers were informed that a fresh landing had been planned, was the true reason for these preparations understood.

On the following forenoon it was a motley gathering of brigands that assembled on the quarter-deck of the *Prince George*. The assistance of the army store ship *Minnetonka* had been requisitioned for khaki tunics, permanganate and coffee had done their worst with what was once white clothing, and the assembly of 12 officers and 90 men, led by Commander C. N. Tindal-Carill-Worsley, who were to form the beach party at "C" beach in the new Suvla landing, was more picturesque than smart.

At noon this party was embarked on board Trawler "770" and a service launch which had been converted into a hospital boat was towed astern, and the journey to the advanced base of Kephalo, on the East coast of the island of Imbros, was commenced.

On arrival at this harbour in the evening the party was transferred to the aeroplane carrier *Ark Royal* there to wait until settled weather should give the attack the best prospects of success.

The two days thus passed dragged wearily, the time being spent in filling petrol tins with drinking water, drill, and over-haul of rifles which on careful inspection were found to be past their prime and uncertain in their action. This defect in our small arms was of no consequence since they were never required for serious use and they added tremendously to our self respect.

At 7.0 p.m. on August 6th the party once more rejoined Trawler "770," this time with Major H. O. Peacock, the Principal Military Landing Officer and his staff, and after some delay the final journey to our objective, Suvla, was begun in company with several other vessels and convoyed by the Sloop *Aster*.

On arrival soon after midnight, with vivid recollections of the inhospitable reception at Helles in one's mind, the promised land was viewed with justifiable suspicion and, after a short pause to allow the lighter with the covering party to be beached, the naval beach party was landed.

It was a pitch dark night and calm, no opposition whatever was encountered, and a faint sound of musketry some way off was the only reminder that our visit might be resented.

It was fully expected that gun-fire would be opened on the beach at daylight, so one of the four sections of the beach party, after landing stores, proceeded to make sand bag protection for the party as the shore was devoid of cover, whilst the remainder dealt with the troop-laden motor lighters that arrived in quick succession, the troops when landed forming up on the beach and moving off to their appointed positions.

The beach was ideal for landing purposes, being sufficiently firm to prevent gun and limber wheels sinking in, and the work proceeded smoothly and continuously throughout the night.

Daylight came at about 4.0. a.m. but brought no unpleasant surprises with it and the work of landing troops, etc., was continued without a hitch. At about 5. a.m. all landings at " B " beach, between " C " beach and Anzac, were completed and the *Prince George's* party was reinforced by Captain Metcalfe and some 40 officers and men from *H.M.S. Glory*.

A visit to " A " beach, the other side of Nebrunezi point, revealed a very different aspect. Three motor lighters were aground about 100 yards from the shore, the bay and shore were being heavily fired on with 4 to 5 inch high explosive shell, 12 pounder shrapnel and machine guns, and the landing here was temporarily held up.

" C " Beach, in its turn, came under fire at about 7.30 a.m. and continued to be subjected to intermittent shelling throughout the day until about 3.30 p.m., but fortunately very little damage was done and casualties were few in spite of the fact that the fire was at times fairly severe. The landing was therefore able to be proceeded with without interruption. A hostile aeroplane joined in the entertainment at about 9.30 but after dropping three bombs uncomfortably close to the working parties, retired.

The work on the beach was much assisted by the arrival of the " Anson " battalion of the Royal Naval Division, which helped in the unloading of lighters and enabled the beach parties to be divided into watches.

Sunday the 8th, except for one aeroplane bombing attack, was observed in a Christian spirit by the enemy and disembarkation proceeded without interruption and the opportunity was taken to move the Naval camp from the exposed beach to a well sheltered cove near Nebrunezi Point where the P.M.L.O. and his staff joined the Naval mess and the small strip of beach adjoining the camp was thereafter known as " Peacock's Plage," but Monday apparently brought a fresh battery of six guns into action and the work was slightly checked at intervals by shrapnel, one lighter and the tug *Rescue* being struck by shells.

At noon on this day Commander Worsley left " C " beach to take up another appointment at Anzac.

After the first few days, work on the beach became more or less a matter of routine, enlivened by intermittent shellings. With constant practice the accuracy of the enemy batteries was much improved and disembarkation of stores, etc., became only possible at night, since the advent of a motor lighter in daylight was invariably the signal for a well-directed fire from the 75 mm. batteries, K.5 being sunk twice in three days, fortunately in shallow water enabling the shot holes to be plugged by a bathing party and the lighter towed off. On the second occasion of K.5 sinking, she was laden with mules and these intelligent animals made not the slightest difficulty in finding their own passage ashore by swimming.

The motor lighters, known as " Beetles," from their black ungainly appearance, were admirable craft, driven by heavy-oil engines, drawing very little water and carrying a " brow " or bow gangway which greatly facilitated the landing of troops and stores. They were officered by a most capable body of men, though at times a little impatient of interference from the regular service. On one occasion when the Beach Master was giving directions through a megaphone to one lighter which had grounded on some rocks, he was surprised to receive the ungrateful reply of " Can't you leave me to get off my own b—— lighter my own way. Haven't I run her ashore seven times already and got her off."

In course of time unloading from lighters became a somewhat trickier proceeding, as in the course of their adventures many shed their brows and engine trouble became endemic.

It was a matter of considerable anxiety if just when the sky was beginning to pale, one of these cripples would limp in, ground firmly on the beach and then be incapable of starting her engines, as the first glimpse of daylight would infallibly bring a few shells to complicate matters. This trouble was eventually got over by making each lighter drop a stern anchor as she came in.

The provision of water for the troops was naturally a most important part of the beach work, and this was arranged for by beaching large water-lighters on the shore and filling them through a hose at night from a tank steamer. These water lighters were supplemented later on by large canvas tanks erected higher up on the beach, as the supplies in the lighters were apt to be rendered brackish by the heavy seas breaking over them in rough weather.

In spite of many difficulties however, the supply of fresh water on the beach never failed.

Flies were an ever present pest and multiplied exceedingly so that a spoonful of food was always black with them before reaching the mouth. The consequence was that beach parties suffered much more from dysentery than from shell fire, in fact with regard to the latter the casualties on "C" beach were very few throughout the operations. Much of this immunity from bursting shell was due to the nature of the beach, the shell burrowing for some distance into the loose shingle before exploding and then throwing up a shower of pebbles which was sometimes painful but never dangerous. This was also of great assistance to the "souvenir hunters," a minor industry that flourished, and it was usual after each shell burst to find a sailor with a spade emerge from the nearest cover and dig furiously to obtain what was left before the next shell arrived.

This craze for souvenirs sometimes led men too far afield and on one occasion two of the beach party were brought back under arrest from somewhere near the front line on the suspicion of being Turkish spies, a suspicion that was well justified by their bizarre costume. A threat of the worst possible punishment, *i.e.*, to be sent off the beach to rejoin their ship, was sufficient to check this roving disposition.

The monotony of proceeding was occasionally broken by minor incidents such as when a 4·5 inch shell burst in the Plum and Apple section of the R.A.S.C. dump and turned a large section of the beach into a glutinous and fly-smitten horror for days, or when a Highland regiment stacked their kit in a conspicuous corner and drew a concentrated fire which gave the naval encampment the benefit of the "overs."

As a general rule the Turk showed a punctilious chivalry in his shellings that was almost mediæval. On one occasion he signalled that he wished to shell one particular portion of the beach on which a field hospital was situated and gave twenty-four hours for this hospital to be removed. The hospital was moved, and the shelling was duly carried out without any breach of good manners or ill-feeling.

A south-westerly gale in the early part of September, gave an idea of the difficulties that would have to be faced if operations extended into the winter, as the wind and sea drove straight on to the beach and caused all the stern moorings of the lighters and boats to drag. The water lighter filled and foundered, a horse boat was flooded and the ships' cutters were thrown up on to the shingle and broken up.

"C" beach, owing to its complete exposure to gun-fire, never took on the civilised appearance of "A" beach and except for a few store dumps it remained bare and desolate throughout. Mention however should be made of one small dwelling which a gallant Scottish sergeant, putting all his faith in Providence, constructed of cases of high explosive, and lived in unscathed.

"A" beach on the other hand, with its piers, light railways, rows of wooden shanties, and large dumps resembled a miniature if somewhat primitive dockyard town.

\* \* \* \* \*

With the exception of a luncheon party given by Amiral Guépratte, on board his flagship *Suffren*, at which I was present with Captain Campbell, the captain of the Russian ship *Askold*, and some other officers, there was nothing of particular interest to record until the 31st July, when E 11 came alongside P.G for ammunition. I was shown round by Lieut.

D'Oyly Hughes D.S.C., who gave me a graphic account of how they torpedoed the Turkish transport off Nagara, and blew up an ammunition ship. Before torpedoing the former, they went alongside and ordered everyone to leave her; the last person to do so was Mr Silas C. Swing, war-correspondent of the *New York Sun*. When the boarding officer went alongside, he said with the characteristic American drawl, "I'm Silas C. Swing of 'Amurra.' Don't shoot." Mr Swing then introduced himself, employing the customary formula as to the pleasure it gave him to meet the boarding officer.

When the others had left, they searched the ship for papers and found valuable things, *e.g.*, a fur-lined coat and leather sleeping bag, both of which Commander Nasmith appropriated, a twenty guinea typewriter and sufficient revolvers to enable each member of the submarine crew to have one as a memento. Lastly a box of chocolates, addressed to some Turkish officer "per favour of Mr Silas C. Swing," which at first they were not inclined to try, but which later on were eaten without any ill effect.

On one occasion in the Marmora they struck a Turkish "Q" boat, and went alongside her, when suddenly the apparently harmless merchantman let down a flap and began firing on them, first with a 12 pdr. and then with rifles. Happily for the submarine, they were such bad shots that they missed every time. The submarine then lay off and sank her. These "dirty dogs," as Hughes put it, had in the first place hoisted the white flag and surrendered, and it was only by the grace of God that he and his shipmates were not all killed.

When the enemy submarines got busy, it was quite evident that after the sinking of the *Majestic* and *Triumph* some other way would have to be devised for supporting the troops, for, unless some means were found, it would not take long to dispose of all our "N.M.V." ships. A way *was* found, and it took the form of protecting certain cruisers of the *Theseus* class with what we called "blisters" and the French called "crinolines." These blisters or crinolines were appendages built on to the side of the ships, and were divided up into separate compartments, some of which were air-tight and

others filled with water, but each compartment was fitted with a pipe reaching to the upper deck. They were in the experimental stage when first tried in the Dardanelles, but they achieved their object, and not one of the ships thus protected was sunk.

In addition to the “ blister ” ships, there also appeared a number of monitors, shallow draft vessels armed with big guns which were originally constructed for consignment to Hamburg ! These ships were able to get very near the shore and gave the support that those like *P.G.* and *Majestic* used to do. We thought that we had become a back number, but, happily later, equally important work was found for us; it was not of the kind which makes history.

The “ U ” boats, after the arrival of the “ blister ” ships, devoted their activities to transports. On the 14th August the *Royal Edward* was torpedoed when off Crete with a loss of 1,100 lives, and amongst those lost was my old friend Mowat, who retired before the war, had rejoined the navy, and was Fleet-Surgeon of the *Hermes* when she was torpedoed early in the war in the Straits of Dover. On this occasion he had shown great gallantry and had succeeded in saving the life of an officer whose leg was broken, and who would have been drowned but for his aid.

After this experience afloat he applied for a shore job, and finding that there was none available, returned to civil life, but almost immediately obtained a commission as Major in the R.A.M.C., where he supposed that he would at least escape the dangers of the sea, if not exempt from the violence of the enemy. It seemed hard luck that, almost as soon as he joined the Army, he should again be torpedoed, and lose his life.

Early in September another transport, the *Southlands*, was torpedoed, with a large number of Australians on board, but she managed to reach Mudros. I saw her there and photographed the huge hole in her side. Her repairs were successfully carried out by the fleet.

During this time I was kept busy with the cholera committee, which had now grown in importance, and was known as

the "International Sanitary Commission." Three commissioners\* from the War Office came out from home to inquire into the outbreak of dysentery, which was the cause of so much loss, and these commissioners were referred to the "International Sanitary Commission" with the result that, shortly afterwards, my name was submitted for special service in connection with the health of the allied naval and military forces.

This Commission was composed of seven naval medical officers :—three were French, Médecin en chef Labadens (who acted as President), and Messieurs Peyrelongue and Cazeneuve, and three English, Fleet-Surgeon (later Surg. Captain) John Menary C.B., Fleet-Surgeon John W. Craig and myself, and one Greek, M. A. Vassilogabros. Our work included all matters connected with the prevention and spread of infectious disease.

In previous campaigns in the Balkans one of the most terrible scourges which had to be contended with was cholera. This disease is a constant menace in the Near East on account of its easy access from places where it is endemic. That the Commission justified its formation by the strict surveillance which it exercised was shown by the fact that not a single case of cholera occurred amongst the expeditionary forces of the Allies.

One admiral at Salonika whom I asked to lend assistance to the International Commission, laughed at the idea of our attempting to keep out diseases from that place, where, he said, so many maladies were already rampant that the introduction of one more could not make any appreciable difference !

Although by no means anxious to leave the *P.G.*, I saw, as I thought, greater opportunities for work, but when the question of my leaving the ship was proposed to the Naval Authorities, it was decided that I was to remain afloat as it was asserted that my services would be of greater value in a ship.

On 10th September, the ship left for Suvla Bay, where we did duty supporting the troops until the evacuation on the 19th December.

\* Dr Andrew Balfour, C.B., C.M.G., etc., Sir George Buchanan, C.B. and Colonel Sir Ronald Ross, K.C.B., F.R.S., etc., constituted the Medical Advisory Committee, Mediterranean War Areas.

Life at Suvla Bay was full of interest, as every day we were required to "strafe" some point or other, and were able from time to time to land and visit the trenches and see the marvelous piers and supply railways which had been installed there.

Although I have said that we were at Suvla from September till the end of the occupation, this is not strictly accurate, as at the end of every fortnight, with clockwork regularity, one of the two ships employed at Suvla Bay would be replaced by a third and return to Mudros for a few days to coal and replenish with ammunition and stores. Within a week of our departure we were back again. It always seemed to us that on the nights on which we crossed from Suvla to Mudros and made the return journey the moon was particularly bright. Before the war, I remember hearing the captain of a French man-of-war, say, "that it was a pity there were not two moons for sailors, so that they would always have light at night." In war time it would have been better to be without one at all, for it was on the bright moonlight nights that the "U" boats were able to work to the best advantage.

At Suvla during our second spell of duty I obtained permission to visit Anzac with Sir Alexander McCormick, the eminent Australian surgeon. We went over in a trawler, and after coming under fire from the Turkish gun known as "Beachey Bill," landed at Anzac cove and visited the various places of interest which are now famous in the annals of the Australian and New Zealand forces. The landing was not altogether free from risk, as in a certain zone between the trawler and the shore one was liable to get under rifle fire in the form of "overs" from the Turkish lines.

In the early days of the landings, sniping of those in the ships frequently occurred, causing casualties. Fleet-Surgeon Adrien Forrester of the *Implacable* was killed in this way, and when we were supporting the troops at the landings very many bullets struck the ship.

Apropos of snipers, some of these were women who with leaves in the hair, mud and green paint on their faces, and bushes to camouflage their bodies, sniped our men. One, quite a young girl, said to be about seventeen, was eventually

captured, and round her neck was found a necklace composed of identity discs taken from the victims of her rifle.

Few people who have not experienced a hot climate under war conditions can have any idea of how irritating a plague of flies can be ; we, who were afloat, suffered considerably from these pests, which with the first streak of dawn started annoying one, but our sufferings were slight compared to those of the soldiers ashore. On one occasion, when lunching with General Sir Julian Byng in his dug-out at Suvla, I was able to realise how troublesome they could be. Everything had to be kept covered, for anything left unprotected even for an instant, became black with flies. One could not drink even a glass of water without their getting into it.

The same day, when I got back to the ship after being ashore, I found that the *P.G.* had been hit by the Turkish guns. Lieut.-Commander Pipon, whose cabin was on that part of the upper deck, which suffered the most, had a very lucky escape. He was on the sick-list at the time and in bed in his cabin. As soon as the firing began, he got up and went below and had only just quitted his cabin when a shell burst therein.

That was the only time that I was out of the ship when the *P.G.* was under fire, and as happily no casualties occurred, my absence was of no consequence.

A few days later, when the time came for our fortnightly relief, we returned to Mudros. Hammick, our gunnery Lieutenant, who had had a very trying time ashore, came with us. The observation post in which he was stationed at Suvla had been knocked about rather badly on two occasions and the parapet shot away. He now began to show signs of dysentery and jaundice and became so weak that it was quite clear that there was nothing for it but to get him away. On the 17th October he was surveyed, and a few days later sent home in the *Acquitania*.

On the 22nd October we were back at Suvla Bay, and were kept busy every day shelling various positions and receiving occasional hits in return. The weather had completely broken by the end of October and we came in for very tempestuous times. One could scarcely believe it possible for such heavy seas as we experienced to get up as they did, but a few

days later we had a far more serious storm in which the *Louis*, one of the newer destroyers, was driven ashore. As she lay hard and fast on the rocks, she offered a splendid target for the enemy ; our carpenters, however, within an hour or two of her going ashore, working in the dark hours, so camouflaged her that by dawn she could scarcely be differentiated at a distance from the land. It actually took the Turks four days to discover her, but as soon as they did, they shelled her for all they were worth, but by this time she had broken her back, and the after part had been bent by the force of the waves as to form a right angle with the rest of the ship, but at this time her crew had been transferred elsewhere.

As the Turks had a limited supply of ammunition, we felt that the more they expended on her, the less there was for us ! After the enemy fire had subsided, I managed to get on board her in the afternoon and take photos of what was left.

On 17th November we had an exceptionally severe gale, far worse than any we had already experienced, and we lost three of our steam boats, but happily all the crews were saved. The next day we heard that the *Cornwallis* had had two picket boats sunk, which, with our three, as well as three motor lighters (one of which was used for removing sick and wounded, and another lighter and a water-tank ship driven ashore), brought our losses to more than the Turks had occasioned during several months.

On the 10th November, one of my staff (Surgeon Oakden) was lent for duty to the *Earl of Peterboro'* monitor ; whilst away in that ship the T.B.D. *Scourge* had a boiler explosion which resulted in nine casualties, six killed and three badly scalded. Whilst he was on board the destroyer, attending to the wounded, she drifted towards the shore and came under fire from a Turkish battery, but was eventually towed out of range.

On 28th November we came in for a N.E. gale accompanied by a heavy fall of snow and severe frost. The hills were soon quite white, and next day we heard that a large number of the troops were suffering from frost-bite. Captain Campbell asked me how many cot cases I could accommodate ? I told him I only had sufficient bedding for thirty. He said,

“ Well, we’ll have to take not less than three hundred, as there are any number of severe cases on the beach, and if not removed, they’ll die ! ”

That night 12 officers and 345 men came on board, all in various stages of frost-bite, and these poor fellows all had to be medically treated, fed, and billets found for them somewhere ; they were for the most part accommodated on the bag-flat (which is the deck below the main-deck).

From the soldiers we learnt that the storm had begun with torrential rain, and that the trenches had acted as water-courses, and soon those in them had literally to sink or swim. Some were actually drowned, but the majority managed to get out, and then the cold wind froze the mud and water on their clothing. By the time they got on board many of the poor fellows were famished, not only by the cold but for want of food ; some had not had anything to eat for thirty-six hours. Our men suffered severely, but the Turks were in an even worse plight, and if at that time we had only had a few fresh troops available, the Peninsula could have been captured at little or no cost.

We left Suvla at 1.0 a.m. on 30th November, and next morning arrived at Mudros and landed the soldiers. The cases which we had on board did very well, and I heard afterwards that they could not say enough in praise of the kindness which they had received from everyone on board. As they were not rationed much of the food provided was supplied by our sailors from the stores in the canteen, at their own expense.

Whilst at Suvla Bay we made two dummy howitzers, exact replicas in wood of those employed by the artillery ashore. Shortly after they were landed the Turks shelled them heavily and an officer from one of our own observation posts, who was unaware that the guns were dummies, signalled that “ howitzers placed near . . . spot are not properly concealed, and are drawing Turkish fire.” They had been carefully placed in a position (not far from a real howitzer battery), partly concealed by some reeds, in such a way that they were just visible from the Turkish lines. We were all delighted when we heard that these dummies, which had been so carefully made, had achieved their object.

During the last fortnight at Suvla, when there was a whisper going round that we were about to evacuate it, I obtained leave on several occasions to visit the trenches and various positions. The Turks were quite in ignorance as to the reduction in the number of troops which had been steadily going on for quite a long time. They became far more active, and the ships came in for a good deal of their attention.

Throughout the week preceding the evacuation of Suvla, with the exception of December 15th, we had fine, calm weather. That the Turks never suspected the evacuation, but on the contrary anticipated an attack on a big scale, was shown by the way in which, during the last week at Suvla, they strenthened all their positions with fresh barbed-wire entanglements. Day after day, the number of troops grew less, but no change was apparent, fires still burned in the camps, in fact, the refuse destructors were if anything, more active than usual, but during the hours of darkness, the evacuation was rapidly proceeding.

Two nights before the end, our commander (Tindal-Caril-Worsley) arranged a raiding party for the purpose of securing supplies of provisions which, if left, would fall into the hands of the enemy. Before carrying out the project, he applied to the officer in charge of the Army Service Corps dumps for permission to take what he wanted. This, it was said, could not be allowed unless proper "indents" were made out and receipts given for the stores issued. This did not suit the commander, as it would have entailed a lot of paper-work which in the circumstances would have been futile. He accordingly sallied forth one evening with a cutter in tow of a steam-boat, and with the crews of these boats succeeded in capturing sufficient bacon, cheese, condensed milk, etc., etc., to supply the entire ship for at least a week. When the goods were safely on board, these were mustered, and the "loot" apportioned to each and all of the messes.

On the 19th December, soon after it was dark, we opened fire on a certain position, which was indicated by lanterns placed at points which had been marked out during the day so as to give the direction. This bombardment occupied the

attention of the Turks during the time the last of the troops were leaving the front-line trenches.

Long before daylight on the 20th, the place was evacuated, with the exception of some casualty clearing stations which were kept standing for the reception of the wounded should the necessity arise. As it turned out, this last precaution happily proved unnecessary, but no-one could ever have supposed that the evacuation could possibly be effected without casualties, and late on the night of the 19th, Lt. Colonel Weld and two other R.A.M.C. officers came off to the *P.G.* thankful that their services had not been needed.

The last troops to leave the front line trenches were specially selected, and for the most part belonging to Lovat's Scouts. They were in such good training that they were prepared to create new sprinting records, if the circumstances required speed. The route they were to take had to be clearly indicated, in order to prevent them from falling into the snares in the shape of land mines which they themselves had laid privily for the undoing of any Turks rash enough to pursue them. In order that those holding the front line trenches should have time to retreat, recourse was had to mechanical devices by which a number of rifles continued firing at intervals after the trenches had been deserted. As soon as the Turks discovered that these were unoccupied they advanced and their progress was shortly announced by the explosion of the mines.

At 4.0 a.m., after the last soldier had left, the dumps of stores previously drenched with petrol were set on fire. The blaze was terrific. The fires had scarcely started when the Turks began bombarding the same dumps which we were endeavouring to destroy, and then might have been witnessed the extraordinary scene of the enemy co-operating with ourselves in firing on the same objects.

At 6.30 a.m., on 20th, we were still firing on Hill 10, and at some of our own lighters, which could not be got away, and we did not intend to let the Turks have these as a gift. At 8.30 a.m. we took our last look at Suvla and departed, with heavy hearts when we thought of the terrible sacrifices which

had been made, and the small margin which on more than one occasion had stood between us and complete victory.

Throughout the time that we were at Suvla we met a large number of military officers who were glad to avail themselves of such comforts as a ship afforded and which were unobtainable under active service conditions ashore. Amongst these I might mention Captain Leslie Cheape and Colonel the Hon. Charles Coventry; the former was one of the famous polo team which before the war represented England in America; he was killed after the evacuation at Suvla when those mounted troops which had been doing duty as infantry on the Peninsula were transferred to Egypt and Palestine and employed as cavalry.

Later during the war when serving in H.M.S. *New Zealand*, I met Captain Cheape's sister Mrs Ellis (author of "The Squire of Bentley") at Queensferry, she was very glad to meet someone who had seen her brother in Gallipoli. Colonel Coventry was one of the celebrated Jameson raiders captured by Kruger.

Those officers, however, of whom we saw most belonged to the Gloucestershire Yeomanry (Royal Gloucestershire Hussars) as both Lieut-Commander Francis Cadogan and I, coming from their county were particularly pleased to be able to welcome anyone from our own part of England. Lord Quenington and Major Charles Turner were amongst those most frequently on board when we were at Suvla. The former had a singular charm of manner, was always cheerful and an excellent raconteur. One of his stories which I well remember related to a brother officer (Lieut-Colonel H. C. Elwes, D.S.O., M.V.O.) concerned a conversation which he overheard between two troopers in his regiment. "What be the meaning of M.V.O. which they wroite arter our colonels' name?" "Why, doan't 'ee knaow, you vule, that M.V.O. means Maister of Vox 'ounds."

Poor Lord Quenington was killed at Katia in Egypt at the same time as a number of others belonging to the regiment fell on 23rd April, 1916.

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*I am indebted to Lieut.-Commander Francis Cadogan for the following account of various conversations which he had*

*with General Liman Von Sanders\* at Fort Ricasoli, Malta, during March and April, 1919. As it is always interesting where possible to hear what our enemies say I am going to quote from those conversations which referred to the Gallipoli campaign. They were held in French and the gist of them was as follows :—*

Enver Pasha's idea was not to attempt to defend the Dardanelles, but to line both shores of the Marmora. Liman was asked to be his chief of Staff, but refused, and in March, 1915, was given absolute command of the forces employed in Gallipoli and by the night of April 14th had completed his dispositions for holding the Straits. When we began the attack on the 25th April Liman von Sanders was on the high ground above Bulair carefully watching the feint made by the Royal Naval Division. By noon he came to the conclusion from the way they manœuvred and the few troops to be seen on board the ships that this attack was only a feint, so he ordered all his reserves to what he realised were the true fields of battle.

Almost as soon as he got to Helles to reconnoitre in person, he was found by an observation balloon, and shelled, so that he gave orders to gallop, but seeing that it was impossible to avoid the shell fire, he stopped, secured the horses under a tree and with his staff lay flat on the ground for two and a half hours, and it was not until sundown that he was able to resume his journey.

On a later occasion at a dépôt near Chanak they were badly worried by our gunfire, till one day observing a tree on the hill above which evidently served as a direction mark he ordered it to be cut down during the night, and after that things were a good deal easier in that locality.

One day he was crossing the Narrows in a motor-boat when *Queen Elizabeth* dropped several heavies near him and seeing five ships (four of which were full of troops) he did all he could to shift them, but the Turks were too lethargic, and the "*Q.E.*" hit and sank the empty one (an old British ship).

\* General der Kavallerie L. von Sanders was the German military adviser to the Turks throughout the Great War, and after the Allies occupied Constantinople, Liman and the German officers were allowed to depart, but later when on his way home he was for five or six weeks apparently interned at Malta pending an inquiry respecting Armenian massacres.

He usually rose at 5 a.m. and visited different sectors of the line unexpectedly, which kept the Turks going to such an extent that as the Swedish military attaché remarked, "They feared Liman far more than the Allies."

His health was good throughout, except once when his Turkish chief of staff was absent and he dined with a friend of Enver's. During the night he awoke feeling as though his inside was being torn asunder; he recovered next day, and afterwards never touched any food except what had been prepared by his Armenian servants or a German sailor cook from the *Goeben*.

In July, 1915, he had only practice projectiles and reduced charges left, and these he only fired in order to hearten his own troops.

When the Suvla attack began, he had only one battalion, one battery, and some gendarmerie ready at his disposal, but he immediately brought up the reserves (7th and 12th Division) from Gallipoli Town, and then held out effectively.

The Suvla evacuation was a complete surprise, and the mines left behind had a very demoralising effect on the Turks, who were now getting stale.

Two German artillery officers did venture an opinion that an evacuation was coming, as the shore fire had decreased and the ships' fire increased proportionately. He was practically certain that the Helles evacuation was coming off, but in some operations on the British left wing the day before, they touched off a mine, which killed over 200 Turks, and this news went round the lines, so that when Liman ordered a "General Attack," only one battalion obeyed the order, and it was held by a British regiment, and left 400 Turks on the field, all dead from bayonet wounds in front.

When in Germany he met von Bethmann Hollwegg and they discussed the submarine question. Both represented to the Kaiser that he had a first rate example of submarine possibilities in Gallipoli, where his had only sunk 3 British ships of war, and those of the English, excellent as they were, had not altogether stopped the victualling of his 300,000 men, although they had hindered it seriously.

Liman said that his Gallipoli troops were Anatolians, fine courageous men, but he was ever and again hampered by intrigues at Constantinople. There were 800 German officers in Turkey, but he never knew what those attached to Enver's staff were up to.

With regard to the ships which were lost in the Battle of the Narrows (18th March, 1915), he said all the ships of the Allies were sunk by mines, none by gunfire, and that the projectiles fired by the British were mostly good, those of *Queen Elizabeth* being especially so.

He found that the naval guns did only local damage, but had a great effect on the *moral* of his troops, though he admitted that they undoubtedly did inflict very severe losses on the defenders at the beginning and shook them badly.

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After the evacuation of Suvla, we went to Kephalos on the island of Imbros, where the G.H.Q. of Sir Ian Hamilton was situated. We left the following day for Salonika, and during the night sighted a suspicious craft firing Verey lights and showing signals of distress. This was a well-known ruse of the Hun, so no-one was misled, and we proceeded on our course.

Salonika, which was reached the next day, presented a very warlike appearance with batteries of artillery rolling along through the paved streets, convoys of baggage and supply waggons, coming and going, and soldiers and sailors representing England, France, Serbia and Greece, everywhere. The place was said to be full of spies, some of whom, including women, had received short shrift. In some of the papers captured at an enemy consulate, was found an inventory of all the troops which had landed; ordinary infantry and artillery were duly listed, but when it came to the Cameron Highlanders, these were described as men in red and green skirts!

When the French arrived at Salonika, one of the first things which happened was the arrest of a well-known French music-hall artiste, who, when war broke out, should have rejoined the colours. Being, as he thought, in a part of the world not likely to be visited by French troops, he continued to earn a good salary by attracting "large houses" at the

Odéon Temple of Varieties. In England, he would no doubt have been treated with much consideration had he pleaded "conscientious objections," but unfortunately for him the French would not have recognised these excuses even if they had been made, and he was accordingly put up against a wall and shot.

We had one air-raid whilst at Salonika, a few days after Christmas, in which six Hun aeroplanes dropped about a dozen bombs on our camps; the casualties reported were two English and two Greek soldiers and one shepherd killed.

We left Salonika on 3rd January for Mudros, and on the eve of our departure had a visit from several ladies, including Lady Muriel Herbert and Miss Miles, who had been doing Red Cross work with the Serbians, and who had suffered great privations during the retreat from Ghevgheli. We persuaded them to stay to dinner, and when they left, they said that this was the only occasion for many a long day on which they had had enough to eat!

Shortly after we arrived at Mudros we received secret and confidential instructions respecting the evacuation which was to take place within a few days at Helles.

An officer of the R.A.M.C. and twenty orderlies arrived on board, and I drew a large amount of extra medical stores from the Military Authorities so as to be prepared for casualties, and beds were made ready for a large number of cot cases.

On 8th January we left Mudros at 2.0 a.m. and later anchored in Aliki Bay, Imbros, where we remained until 9.30 p.m., when, on a pitch dark night we left for Cape Helles. The upper deck was all marked out with arrows and white lines leading from various points on the ship's side. This was to prevent disorder in the dark, so all the soldiers had to do when they came on board was to follow these lines.

At 11.30 p.m. Lieut.-General Sir Beauvoir de Lisle and Staff came on board, followed immediately by motor lighters full of troops, who swarmed up ladders specially rigged for their reception. The night was dark, the weather stormy, and the sea so rough that one of the places arranged for embarkation was unusable. This hampered the evacuation by causing congestion at the others. Before 2.0 a.m. we had 120 *officers* and 1,840 *men* safe on board, and by 2.15 a.m. on

the 9th we were under way. During the time the men were coming on board a hostile submarine was reported as having been heard going down the Straits, but owing to her being on the far side of the strong beam of light thrown by the search-light at Kephez Point, she could not be seen.

Between 2.0 and 2.30 a.m., when I was sitting in the ward room helping to look after the military officers who had come off from the Peninsula, a sharp knock which shook the ship was felt. At first I thought it was caused by an armoured hatch being let down too sharply, but next minute we knew that the shock had been caused by a torpedo. The engine-room department rose to the occasion, and despite the fact that the ship was getting old, they succeeded in getting a greater speed out of her than was obtained during her full-speed commissioning trials.

When I got on deck, volumes of smoke were pouring from her funnels, rockets and Verey lights were going up, and destroyers darting hither and thither in their endeavour to ram the submarine. Although we had been struck by a torpedo on the port quarter sufficiently hard to make a big dent in the ship's side, the torpedo failed to explode.

Some attributed our escape to the possibility of the safety-bolt on the war-head not having been released when the torpedo was fired; another explanation was, that when torpedoes are fitted with net-cutters, the pistol on the head is so designed that the first impact, when it strikes the nets, does not explode the charge, but does so with the second. Our nets not being out, the second impact did not occur, but as I am not a torpedo expert, I cannot give an opinion; anyhow, be the cause what it may, it did not explode, which after all was what really mattered. If it had, it would probably have caused the loss of nearly three thousand lives, for, with our ship's company and the troops, there were about that number on board.

The *Majestic* and *Triumph*, when they were torpedoed, had their nets out, and these offered little resistance, so if the second explanation of our escape be correct, their nets proved their undoing.

The evacuation at Helles was carried out with practically no more casualties than occurred in the ordinary daily course

of events, but unfortunately many horses and mules had to be destroyed. An artillery officer whom we took off at the final evacuation of the Peninsula told me that one of the saddest experiences and the greatest trials which he had suffered that day, was in parting from his magnificent teams of horses. He had been obliged to shoot them, as they could not be got off and he would not allow them to fall into the hands of the enemy.

In this manner the Gallipoli campaign came to an end. Our losses, including killed, wounded and missing, have been estimated at 118,477; heavy as these were, they were far less than the lowest estimate of that suffered by the Turks. In the Turkish official history these figures are given as 186,802 and Liman von Sanders gives 218,000 as the total number.

It would therefore be absurd to describe an effort such as the Gallipoli campaign as a failure. If it accomplished nothing else, it kept many of the enemy from fighting in other places, where our troops could not have had the support from the navy which they were able to receive on the Peninsula.

A general signal from the Vice-Admiral to all ships and destroyers was made on the 11th January, '16, conveying the message of H.M. the King, which was as follows :—

“ I heartily congratulate you and all concerned on the well-conceived and successfully carried out plans by which the troops were able to withdraw from ‘ Gallipoli ’ without loss. The combined naval and military operations in this theatre will always rank amongst the finest achievements of this war.”

George R.I.

Three days after the final evacuation we were back at Salonika. Nothing of special interest occurred until the 22nd of January, when a transport full of mules was sunk by a German submarine, at the entrance to the harbour, off Kara-Bouroun, and the task of salving the ship fell to Captain Campbell and P.G.

This attack, made in Greek territorial waters, forced the Allies to take vigorous measures to prevent a recurrence. The P.G. and some destroyers were therefore ordered to proceed to Kara Point, whilst detachments of marines and French troops surrounded the fort. At daylight on the 28th we

landed our marines, together with 50 others from *Albion*. Two aeroplanes circled over the fort, and we went to action stations with our guns trained on it, whilst three officers proceeded to demand that it should be evacuated by the Greeks and handed over to the Allies.

At first the Greek officer refused to surrender, but when it was explained to him that if he did not give it up peaceably, we should reluctantly be obliged to employ force, he at last consented, and after three hours' delay the Greek garrison marched out with the honours of war.

In order to assure the Greeks that the Allies had only taken over the fort as a precautionary measure, it was agreed that their flag should continue to fly, guarded by a small detachment of Greek soldiers under the orders of a corporal. Our people said that what finally convinced the Greek officer that resistance was useless, was the appearance of a marine officer reputed to be the heaviest man in the whole corps ; he weighed, it was said, over twenty stone, and in any case we may say he carried great weight !

In the small hours of 1st February I was awakened by the sound of a Zeppelin at close quarters. I ran on deck and was just in time to see bombs dropped on the Hospital ship *Egypt*, which was quite close to us, and a minute later they began to fall on shore. Some damage was done to the *Egypt* and a considerable amount to railway trucks and stores, but a munition-ship had a most marvellous escape, as a bomb intended for her missed by a yard. Our sailors were occupied during three or four days in extinguishing the fire in the stores, which were full of highly inflammable material, which included naphtha.

From the course which the Zeppelin took and the precision with which the bombs were dropped, there is little doubt that there was someone on shore who gave her the leading marks. Shortly after the raid she was brought down near the Vardar river. A propos of this, Admiral de Robeck says "No doubt she was hit by a shell from our ships. *Agamemnon* claimed her. There were not a few who were of opinion that she should have been laid low when over Salonika, as then it appeared impossible to miss her, but the senior naval officer at the time was French and he refused to run the risk of

endangering life and property ashore, as after dropping the bombs she flew so low down over the town, that even if we had destroyed the Zeppelin the town would undoubtedly have come in for a good deal of the bombardment.

By a curious coincidence, the day after the Zeppelin's visit, a German "Taube" was brought down and conveyed to Salonika, where it was on view outside the French "quartier général." This did much to restore the confidence of the civilian population which consists largely of Jews.

Whilst at Salonika I got to know a number of the officers of the French flying corps and one day when lunching in their mess expressed a desire to go for a flight, so I was taken for a trip in a Maurice-Farman biplane piloted by Lieut. Massonneau, a distinguished aviator, who was an instructor in the French flying school and who won many honours during the war.

About this time I had a bad attack of neuritis for which I underwent a course of electrical treatment at the Scottish Women's Hospital camp. This establishment was said to be entirely a feminine community, quite independent of men, but for all that there were a certain number of men employed. The hospital was under the command of Mrs Harley with Miss McIlroy, M.B. as Medical Superintendent. Mrs Harley (who was a sister of Lord French), died from a shell wound received after the hospital was moved to Monastir.

Salonika was not only a hot-bed of spies, it was also a veritable den of thieves. I was having tea one afternoon at the house of an important Armenian, when two of our own secret service agents were also present. During tea our host called attention to the excellence of the butter, which he said was some which he had just received. The agent agreed that the butter was excellent, and as he had occasion to suspect its origin, requested permission to see the tin it came in, with a view to purchasing some for his own consumption! Our host rang the bell and sent for a tin, which when produced led to a rather awkward situation. This particular brand of butter was *only issued to the Army*, and that very day a large amount had arrived in a store ship. The agent asked to be informed as to the name of the person who had sold him the

butter. Our host said it had been bought from someone whose name, unfortunately, he did not remember; all he knew was that the firm of which he was managing director had that day purchased 30 or 40 tins of it. Needless to say, the butter was all confiscated.

On another occasion an unarmed Army Service corps waggon full of blankets which were on their way to one of our camps at Langaza, some little distance from Salonika, was held up and every blanket taken. After this robbery, committed in broad daylight, stores were never despatched without an armed escort.

On the 16th February, Captain Alexander Campbell left us to go to *Albion*, and Captain Loring of *Albion* took command of *P.G.* which was now ordered home to pay off. We gave Captain Campbell a good send off, and he was rowed to his new command by a cutter manned entirely by officers, of which I was coxswain. We were all very sorry to part with him and I am quite sure that the feeling was reciprocated.

On the 14th March the *P.G.* was paid off and I proceeded on a few days' leave before taking up an Admiralty Recruiting appointment in East London. Beyond the air-raids, there was nothing special to chronicle during the period that I was there. The appointment was given me as a change from service afloat but I found the work very arduous and not nearly so congenial as ship life. I experienced quite a number of air-raids, and one which occurred just before I left London appeared to have its storm-centre over Stratford. One bomb dropped within a few feet of my office at a time when it was packed with recruits. Four casualties were given first aid and removed to hospital.

At the end of June I was appointed to H.M.S. *New Zealand*.

## CHAPTER XXVI

(1914-1918)

H.M.S. *NEW ZEALAND* AND BATTLE CRUISER FORCE.— MAORI PROPHECIES — LIFE IN THE GRAND FLEET — SWEEP AND ACTION IN BIGHT OF HELIGOLAND — CONVOY DUTY — A WINTER JOURNEY — BILLIARDS AND J. W. STEVENSON — “U” BOAT SUNK AT ENTRANCE TO SCAPA.

I WAS very glad to be once more afloat, and this time in a modern battle-cruiser of nearly 20,000 tons.\* and one which had already a distinguished war record, with Heligoland, Dogger Bank and Jutland as battle honours.

The “*N.Z.*” was built at the cost of the New Zealand Government. She was first commissioned in November, 1912, to join the 1st cruiser squadron and in the January following was despatched for special service and sailed from England in the first week of February for a cruise round the world. She visited South Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, British Columbia, South America and the West Indies. On her return home after having steamed 45,320 miles, she rejoined the 1st cruiser squadron. Her captain during this period and until June, 1915, was Captain Lionel Halsey, who in October and November, 1918, had the unique experience of flying his flag in the same ship which he had, as a captain, commanded earlier in the war.

In 1914 the “*N.Z.*” went on a cruise to the Baltic and whilst in Russian waters was honoured by visits from the ill-fated Royal Family, and to commemorate the occasion signed portraits of the Czar and Czarina were presented to the ship and hung in the wardroom.

\* When first built her displacement was given as 18,000 tons, but after many additions and alterations effected during the war, her tonnage was increased to nearly 20,000 tons.

During the time she was in New Zealand the ship was visited by 376,086 people, including a Maori chief, Tamati Waka-nene, Honorary Captain, R.N., Chief of the Nagapuhi and Ngatihao Tribe, who presented a native cloak composed of beads for the use of the commanding officer and also a Maori tiki,\* both of which were said to possess talismanic power capable of preserving the wearer, as well as the ship, from danger. They were given with the expressed wish that in the event of the ship ever being in action, the commanding officer should at such times wear them. This injunction was faithfully carried out, and the sailors who are always inclined to be superstitious attached great importance to it.

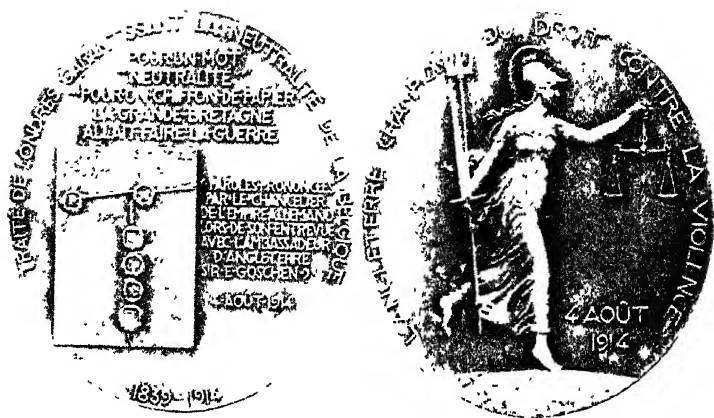
The same Maori chief predicted, that later on, the ship would be in action, and that the ships immediately ahead and astern of the "N.Z." would be sunk, but that she would escape with certain hits. Strange to relate, the prophecy came true, for during the battle of Jutland, the *Queen Mary* and *Invincible* were the ships lost, and with regard to the hits received in the same action, a shell struck "X" turret, blew a hole in the upper deck and did some damage on the mess deck. One large splinter pierced the armoured deck, entered the engineers' workshop, shattered the grindstone and only just missed several men stationed there.

The women of New Zealand presented a silk ensign and jack to the ship; both flags were invariably flown in action, and for the last time on the occasion of the surrender of the German ships (21st November, 1918).

The union jack was holed by a shell, and both it and the ensign are now preserved by the Dominion Government, together with the ensign staff which was also pierced by a splinter of shell.

Another of the ship's mascots was a bull-dog named "Pelorus Jack," he came of a long line of distinguished ancestors and was named after the famous dolphin already mentioned in a previous chapter. Whilst in South Africa the Public Works Department at Pretoria presented him with a very handsome silver collar which he always wore on full-dress

\* The talismans referred to, together with certain other things, were sent back to New Zealand after the war, the former to Christchurch for preservation in the museum.



MEDAL STRUCK BY THE FRENCH MINT TO COMMEMORATE ENGLAND'S  
ENTRY INTO THE WAR



PORTION OF TURRET OF H.M.S. "NEW ZEALAND," REMOVED BY GERMAN SHELL  
IN BATTLE OF JUTLAND, AND "PELORUS JACK," THE SHIP'S BULLDOG.



occasions. During the battle of Jutland “ Pelorus Jack ” for his own security was shut in in the stokers’ bathroom, a proceeding which he greatly resented !

When war was declared the white ensign was painted on both sides of the foretop, in order that the flag could always be visible, so that in the event of the colours being shot away, it could never be said that she had struck to the enemy. All the plate and other valuable things presented during the ships’ cruise were retained in the ship, as it was felt that if she were lost they might as well go with her, as they could never have the same sentimental value for others, and if the ship survived the war their value would be greatly enhanced.

During the summer the ship was less at sea than in the winter. The reason for this was that during the summer months, owing to the longer hours of daylight, it was less easy for the enemy fleet to put to sea without our vedettes being aware of their movements ; nevertheless the ship was always ready for emergency with steam at short notice.

Sometimes for days we would be at “ two hours’ notice,” when leave was out of the question, but whenever it was possible to give leave in the afternoons for sport or games, it was granted, as it was recognised that the moral effect of waiting and watching was particularly trying for all, and it was of the utmost importance that everyone should be kept as physically fit as possible.

When at “ four hours’ notice,” officers in the ships in the Firth of Forth were allowed to go as far as Edinburgh, provided that they inquired from time to time at certain places (where fleet signalmen were posted), to receive orders for their recall. In addition to facilities for games of every description, the Fleet kept a pack of basset hounds, which through the kindness of land-owners and farmers were hunted in the country north of the Firth. The pack was composed of hounds given by or lent from packs in various parts of the country and known around Rosyth as the “ sailor dogs ”

The difficulties connected with feeding them were great. A ton of damaged rice was procured on one occasion, and this, with a scanty allowance of horseflesh and dog-biscuit had to suffice. There was always a good deal of uncertainty with

regard to the meets, as on those occasions it not infrequently happened that the fleet would be at sea or at "short notice," and when a run did take place, a signalman had always to be posted somewhere whence messages could be despatched if the ships were ordered to sea.



THE "HAKA."

Despite all these difficulties we had a great many very good runs, though a "kill" was rather a rare event. At any rate, the pack, notwithstanding the difficulties experienced, was the means of affording healthy exercise in the open to a great many officers.

On the 1st October Captain John Green was relieved by Captain Richard Webb, the former having been promoted to Flag rank. Shortly after this Sir Thomas Mackenzie (High Commissioner for New Zealand) and several others visited the ship, and our "Haka Party" gave an exhibition of a Maori war dance. These sailors learnt the steps and cries when on the world's cruise, and were dressed (really undressed!) so well for the part that visitors would express surprise at the presence of Maoris on board an English man-of-war! Their fame spread, and on several occasions they were requisitioned for entertainments ashore in aid of charitable objects. Even in weather when we were glad of warm clothing, our "Haka party" would give their exhibitions with little other covering than a plentiful supply of grease paint!

On 2nd November I was present at Edinburgh when the degree of LL.D. was conferred on the Hon. Walter Page, American Ambassador to the Court of St. James. I was not favourably impressed on that occasion by the behaviour of the students, which seemed to me to go beyond the limit of licence usually extended to undergraduates on similar occasions, but the reason given for their rowdiness was that nearly all the best students were away on active service, and those left behind were for the most part not of unmixed European blood.

On the 3rd November Lieut. Commander M.S. Boutoulin, Imperial Russian Navy and naval attaché at the Russian Embassy in London, joined the ship. He came to us from one of the light cruisers which had just carried out an effective raid on the Skager Rack and Kattegat, in which one auxiliary German cruiser, one other ship and nine trawlers were sunk and sixty-one prisoners taken.

The same day we went to sea in consequence of a report that the German ships *Derflinger*, *Von der Tann* and light cruisers were out. The report did not prove correct and on

the following afternoon we returned but went out again next day in the hope of meeting the enemy.

About this time, alarms were of frequent occurrence, and a few days later we again went out and after two days at sea returned to harbour, where we remained for forty-eight hours and then left with the whole of the battle cruiser force (except *Australia* and *Indomitable*), and light cruisers, this time for the Bight of Heligoland. Everyone's spirits improved with the prospect of a "scrap."

The next morning (17th November) we went to action stations at 6 a.m. and our light cruisers, together with the *Repulse* and *Glorious*, went a considerable distance into the Bight over minefields, which, with our deep draught could not be crossed by the larger ships. Our light cruisers engaged the enemy light cruisers, one of which was set on fire, and another badly damaged. Three of our own light cruisers suffered casualties, *Caledon* in addition was holed above the water-line, and one of the 15 inch guns of the *Glorious* damaged.

At 2 p.m. we retired from action stations and learnt that the light cruiser squadron had been obliged to retire on account of superior enemy force, including some battleships of the *Bayern* class, several submarines coming to the assistance of their comrades.

We remained at sea in the hope that the retirement of our light cruisers would lure the German battleships to within range of our guns. Early on Sunday, "*N.Z.*" and *Tiger* were narrowly missed by torpedoes, one passed just ahead of us and another close astern. Everyone was ordered on deck, and the cruiser squadron, at full speed, scattered and steamed round in hopes of ramming the submarines.

At 3.0. p.m. we left our action stations, guns were secured and we started back for Rosyth without having broken our silk flags, which, as already stated, were only flown in action. We got back before the light cruisers, and were thus able to cheer them after their successful engagement in the Bight of Heligoland.

Captain Herbert L. Edwards, of the light cruiser *Calypso*, was one of those killed in action on the 17th November. On the 22nd he was laid to rest in Queensferry cemetery, and his funeral attended by a very large number of officers and men.

Alarms of Zeppelin raids and stories of the High Sea fleet which never materialised kept us for a considerable number of days at "short" and sometimes "immediate" notice, and a week before Christmas we began convoy duty between Scotland and Norway, Methill in Largo Bay, Fife, being the port of departure, and Bergen the destination.

The ship, for nearly four months, was in command of Captain E. C. Kennedy, Captain R. Webb having been left in a nursing home to recover from the effects of a severe fall.

Convoy duty for battle cruisers arose in consequence of the sinking of the destroyer *Mary Rose* by enemy cruisers when engaged on this work. The day we began our new duties a "U" boat sank a ship within seven miles of May Island near the entrance to the Firth of Forth.

Our worst time was when we were off the coast of Norway, open to the full force of the Atlantic and bitter Arctic winds. It was frequently so cold that seas which broke over the upper deck froze, with a result that our means for obtaining fresh air and exercise were much restricted. At such times, one saw groups of officers standing on the lee side of the foremost funnel with a view to escaping for a time from the unpleasant atmosphere between decks. Those who had to keep watch on deck were clothed as if in the Arctic regions, and this was very necessary in view of the exposure on the fore-bridge.

The activities of enemy submarines were evidenced by the amount of wreckage which was frequently seen floating past—chest of drawers, bedding and wood in all sorts of forms. After our first convoy trip to Norway we went to Scapa.

Early in December, 1917, I learnt that my cousin Brigadier-General Roland Bradford, V.C., M.C., had fallen in the battle of Cambrai. He was the youngest member of a family consisting of four brothers which will be remembered by posterity as the "Fighting Bradfords."

These consisted of:—

Lieut.-Commr. George Nicholson Bradford, V.C., R.N.

Lieut. James Barker Bradford, M.C.

Captain Thomas Andrews Bradford, D.S.O., and

Brigadier-General Roland Boys Bradford, V.C., M.C.

George Bradford fell in the historic attack on the Mole at Zeebrugge, St. George's Day, 1918. The "V.C." was awarded as a posthumous honour. At the time when he and others were specially selected for this glorious enterprise he was serving in the Grand Fleet in H.M.S. *Orion*. It was frequently stated in the Press at the time of the storming of Zeebrugge that all those who took part were volunteers from the Fleet; this was true in the sense that all those who were specially chosen were told that they would be permitted to volunteer for a particularly hazardous service and that it was left to them to say whether or no they were willing to take part in it.

James Bradford, M.C., of the 18th Batt. Durham Light Infantry went to France as a trooper in the Northumberland Hussars, he also fell in action.

Roland Boys Bradford, V.C., M.C., who when war broke out was only a subaltern in the 2nd Batt. Durham Light Infantry had at the age of 25 attained to the rank of Brigadier-General in the British Army, and was in fact the youngest officer to attain that distinction. He fell at the Battle of Cambrai when leading his brigade into action on 30th November, 1917.

Thomas Andrews Bradford, D.S.O., served with the 8th Batt. Durham Light Infantry.

I do not think there is any other family which can lay claim to a more distinguished record, though instances have occurred where father and son have both won the Victoria Cross, but not so far as I am aware during the same war.

Of these four brothers the sole survivor is Thomas who was awarded the D.S.O. and twice mentioned in despatches. He has also distinguished himself as a County Cricketer and Rugby Football player and is a Deputy Lieutenant for the County of Durham.

Leave from the Grand Fleet could only be granted under very exceptional circumstances, except when a ship was docked for a fortnight. On one occasion leave was granted to a man in *November*, in order for him to assist in harvesting the oats in one of the Shetland Islands. This was not one of those conventional reasons, like that of the "grandmother's funeral,"

which are said to be employed in offices and places where men work, when anyone is particularly anxious to attend a race-meeting or International football match, but I, for reasons which, to use Mr Churchill's phrase, "were considered sufficient," was lucky enough to be granted a few days' leave at Christmas, a large proportion of which was spent in the train.

The day after we reached Scapa, I made an early start with a view to catching the small steamer *St. Ninian*, which was the connecting link between the Orkneys and the mainland.

Unfortunately I was delayed by a very young officer who was proceeding to Edinburgh to join a ship which happened at the time to be within a mile of where we were! We reached the place where the steamer left, just in time to see her leave, and despite frantic wavings she refused to stop, and with her departed my hope of reaching home for Christmas. However, next day, Sunday, by the kindness of the Admiral, I was allowed to cross to Thurso in a trawler on the off chance of being able to catch some kind of train before the naval train which left on Monday. On arrival at Thurso I was told that the first train to leave would be a slow goods train leaving about midnight. I persuaded the station master to let me travel in it, after I had satisfied him that I was a true man and no spy.

For the information of those who have never experienced a journey in a slow goods train in the depth of winter, in the extreme north of Scotland, with a biting N.E. wind and the temperature somewhere between 16° and 32° F., I may say it is anything but comfortable. I occupied one of the guard's narrow seats, obviously arranged for the prevention of sleep. The train invariably started with a jerk and at frequent intervals would stop, and one would hear the bumping of the trucks approaching like a wave until the final shock was felt in the guard's van. The re-starting which generally took place as soon as the bumps had been completed led to a further series of jerks in the opposite direction. So, by fits and starts, after what seemed a very long time, we at length reached Georgemas junction, not far in actual distance from Thurso. Here I was bundled out and changed into another goods train much the same as the last, the only redeeming feature in each case being the kindness of the guards.

I journeyed as far as Helmsdale in the next train and then got into a cold and comfortless Highland train which took about five hours to reach Inverness. From Inverness I got a train to Edinburgh and with the exception of a wait at Crewe between 1.0 and 2.0 a.m., the rest of the journey was as comfortable as travelling could be in war time. When at this station I was much impressed by the work done by those ladies who met every train, no matter at what hour, and supplied cocoa, tea and coffee to naval and military passengers. At 6.0 a.m. on Christmas Day I reached Newport, where my wife met me with a car, and after a thirty mile drive got home exactly forty-eight hours from the time I had left the ship.

The return journey, a few days later, was accomplished in the naval train which ran from Plymouth to Crewe, and there connected with another similar one which ran from King's Cross to Thurso. These naval trains were in charge of ship's police, who kept order and took tickets. At certain stopping places, in strictly naval fashion, the passengers, (other than officers *bien entendu*), had to clear up decks, *e.g.* get out and sweep out the carriages.

The use of these trains was restricted solely to naval passengers, and they were rather suggestive of Drury's yarn respecting the "Homecoming of the Strange Children." Finally, I returned to my ship after a stormy crossing of the Pentland Firth, arriving in a blizzard with such a heavy sea running that it was with difficulty that we could get alongside the ship.

January at Scapa was bitterly cold and the weather frequently stormy, with occasional severe snow-storms. The middle of January, after several false alarms, saw us at sea off the coast of Norway, where, from information received, it was hoped that it would be possible to meet the High Seas fleet or at least a portion of it. After three or four days of particularly unpleasant weather, we returned once more to the Firth of Forth without having sighted an enemy ship.

Many of the battle ships and battle cruisers (including the "N.Z.") had billiard tables which in calm weather in harbour were as steady as any on shore. With the ships constantly at "short notice" and no leave, billiard tables were a valuable

source of recreation. Soon after our return to the Forth the fleet was visited by H. W. Stevenson, the great exponent of billiards, who, in order to entertain the fleet, very kindly gave exhibitions of his skill in various ships. The evening on which he visited the "*N.Z.*" he first asked what was the biggest break recorded on our table, and then promptly broke it, which for one who had made breaks of 1016 and 994 with composition and ivory balls respectively, was not difficult, after which he gave an exhibition of fancy strokes and billiard tricks, one of the most remarkable being a cannon made with one ball on the table and the other on the deck. Before leaving, he presented the ship with a billiard cue, to be given to the officer who made the highest score in a series of competitions.

To describe the events during the next few months would be to record a series of convoy trips to Norway, returning sometimes to Scapa, and sometimes to the Forth. Hostile submarines were sighted from time to time, and during one of these trips, one of them made an ineffective attempt at torpedoing the end ship amongst those which we were convoying. When on convoy duty we were generally a few miles from the ships we were safeguarding and only occasionally sighted them. These convoys were very large : composed of never less than thirty ships—they were generally about thirty-five or forty.

When not on convoy duty we were constantly receiving signals to go to sea, and occasionally we would go out for 36 hours. This necessitated frequent coalings, as we always had to be kept full up with coal ready for any emergency.

On 1st June the ship went into Dockyard hands for her annual refit, and the same afternoon, after discharging ammunition (which must always be carried out before a ship is docked), we all went on leave, a special train being provided which started from Rosyth Dockyard. On the 15th June we were all back again on board the "*N.Z.*"

Nothing of special interest occurred until we were again off the coast of Norway, this time not on convoy duty, but for the purpose of covering our mine-layers. The next occasion when we went to those regions was in September, this time for the purpose of protecting American mine-layers which were engaged in laying an extensive "barrage" across the

North Sea, composed of mines infinitely more sensitive than any previously laid by us. They were, in fact, so sensitive that on one occasion we counted 125 explosions which occurred during the process of laying, and on another as many as 200, each explosion was accompanied by a vast upheaval of water, and the shock in every case was easily felt in the ship, though we were at a distance of several thousand yards.

During the summer months, we spent a fairly considerable proportion of our time in harbour, yet by the 1st September our daily expenditure of coal since the 1st January, 1918, averaged over eighty-one tons, not to speak of oil fuel,\* from which it will be readily seen that we put in a considerable amount of time at sea.

On 29th September Captain Webb was relieved by Captain L. A. B. Donaldson, C.M.G., who, previous to joining the "*N.Z.*" had been in charge of a Division of Submarines.

We went to the Forth on 1st October, and on 5th October arrived at Scapa. Soon after this it was reported that strong Peace propaganda were being issued from Germany.

On 28th October, despite the overtures for Peace, the Germans made a desperate attempt to penetrate the anchorage at Scapa Flow, the entrance to which was guarded by lines of observation mines, capable of being exploded from a control station on shore, and in addition there were two lines of nets, with a "gate" which was opened when required. Late that night, when a trawler was being passed in through the "gate," a hostile submarine, "*U.B. 116*," following in her wake, endeavoured to get through, but was detected when passing over the observation mines which were duly fired. We felt the shock in the ship, and shortly afterwards, in order to make assurance doubly sure, destroyers dropped depth charges over the spot where the submarine was seen. Depth charges are composed of high explosives dropped from a ship or aeroplane and set to explode automatically at a certain depth. Picket boats from the ships kept guard all night, and next day divers went down and ascertained that the submarine had been destroyed, and with her had perished the whole of her crew, which was made up entirely of officers, for by that time the

\* During 1918 we steamed 19,593 miles.

German sailors had refused to go to sea. The man who had kept watch and ward over the observation mines since they were first placed, had, by the irony of fate, just gone on leave for the first time when this event occurred. In connection with this incident it should be recorded that at the surrender of the German fleet the first question which Admiral von Hipper asked, was whether there was any news of “ U.B. 116.” When informed that she had been sunk at the entrance to Scapa Flow he received a terrible shock, as no news had ever reached Germany as to her fate.

By this time things were moving rapidly. Bulgaria had ceased to fight, and on the 31st October we heard of Turkey’s unconditional surrender, and that Austria had capitulated.

On the 8th November it was reported that Germany had been given 72 hours in which to consider the terms offered by the Allies, and, as everyone knows, hostilities ceased at 11.0 a.m. on the 11th day of the 11th month (November), six hours after the signing of the armistice.

Next morning, after “ Divisions,” the Captain read the King’s message to the Fleet.

## THE KING’S MESSAGE TO THE FLEET

*11th November, 1918.*

“ Now that the last and most formidable of our enemies has acknowledged the triumph of the Allied Arms, on behalf of Right and Justice, I wish to express my praise and thankfulness to the officers, men and women of the Royal Navy and Marines, with their comrades of the Fleet Auxiliaries and Mercantile Marine, who for more than four years have kept open the seas, protected our shores and given us safety.

Ever since that fateful Fourth of August, 1914, I have remained steadfast in my confidence that, whether fortune frowned or smiled, the Royal Navy would once more prove the sure shield of the British Empire in the hour of trial.

Never in its history has the Royal Navy, with God’s help, done greater things for us, nor better sustained its old glories and the chivalry of the seas.

With full and grateful hearts, the Peoples of the British Empire salute the White, the Red, and the Blue Ensigns, and those who have given their lives for the Flag.

I am proud to have served in the Navy. I am prouder still to be its head on this memorable day."

GEORGE, R.I.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### INTERNAL EXPLOSIONS — THE SURRENDER OF THE GERMAN FLEET — QUEEN OF NORWAY AND CROWN PRINCE — CHRISTMAS DAY UNDER PEACE CONDITIONS.

“ And in the Haven rides the Fleet secure.”

R. L. Stevenson.

AS soon as the Armistice was signed, a number of the wives of officers, including my own, came to Queensferry, where I was fortunate enough to obtain accommodation for her. The hotel most in request was the Hawes Inn, Queensferry, being the one most conveniently situated as regards the pier used by boats belonging to the fleet. There was, of course, the general food restriction, but what seemed to matter most, was the shortage of fuel. A destroyer officer's wife who had had experience of fireless hotels, got her husband to bring down some of the drift wood with which the beach at Flotta Island, Scapa Flow, was strewn. This wood was sawn up by the visitors at the hotel, and at one and the same time helped them to pass the time and keep themselves warm. A great deal of the wreckage on Flotta beach came from the *Vanguard*, which was blown up on 9th July, 1917, with the loss of 627 lives.

During the war there were four ships which were blown up in a most mysterious manner by internal explosions, viz., *Princess Irene*, *Natal*, *Bulwark* and *Vanguard*; all were Chat-ham ships. Possibly at some future date something will be made known, but although one heard many theories put forward as to how these ships came to be blown up, I never heard it explained how it was that those which were lost in this way all happened to belong to the same home port. Storer Clouston's novel, *The Man from the Clouds*, describes a case very similar to that of the *Vanguard*.

The monument to that ship, a Celtic cross, in the naval cemetery at Hoy, has the following inscriptions: on one side, the word *Vanguard*, on the other a bronze bust of Lord Nelson with "The Nile, 1798," engraved on it, while underneath are cut out the words, "Traditions never die, 9th July, 1917."

Whilst on this subject I should like to mention two others; that erected to the memory of those of the *Malaya*, who were lost in the battle of Jutland is also a Celtic cross, and its inscription struck me as one of the most beautiful which could possibly have been chosen. The words are taken from the Book of Common Prayer (Forms of Prayer to be used at Sea), and are:—

"That the inhabitants of our Empire may in peace and quietness serve thee our God."

Lastly, a monument recently erected at Hoy by the Imperial War Graves Commission, to the memory of all sailors and soldiers who were killed, has this inscription: "To the honoured memory of those sailors and soldiers who gave their lives for their country in the Great War, 1914-1918, and who lie buried in this cemetery.

"Their name liveth for evermore."

\* \* \* \* \*

On the 20th November, H.M. The King, accompanied by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, inspected the fleet in the forenoon, and in the afternoon leave was given until 7.0 p.m., when the ships were ordered to prepare for sea and the Great Surrender.

Between 2.0 and 3.0 a.m. on the 21st we got under way, preceded by the light cruiser squadrons and destroyer flotillas, and followed by four British battle squadrons and one American (6th B.S.). The visibility was poor, but by 9 o'clock the sun could be seen through the haze, and patches of blue sky appeared from time to time.

Outside the defences of the Forth we formed into two parallel lines six miles apart. The *Cardiff* flying the flag of Rear-Admiral Alexander Sinclair, and two light cruisers had gone in advance to pick up the German fleet and lead them to the rendezvous some thirty miles to the east of May Island. Airships were also out, with the object of scouting.

Shortly before 9.0 a.m. the order "action stations" was sounded in every ship as a measure of precaution, for although one of the conditions of surrender was, that ships should be delivered void of ammunition, the possibility of this not being carried out had to be provided for.

At about 9.30 the German ships came into view. By this time the visibility had slightly improved and the sun could be seen struggling to show itself, but the light was not good enough for photographic purposes.

On reaching the rendezvous the allied ships turned so that the *Cardiff* became the head of a central line of German ships with parallel lines of British ships on either side at a distance of three miles.

May Island was reached, on the way in, about 11.0 a.m. Here we all turned, in order to enable the forty-nine German destroyers\* in five columns escorted by our own and two French destroyers to pass on, and finally, between 3.30 and 4.0 p.m. the whole fleet anchored off Inchkeith, the German ships in lines forming a square, with our ships outside.

As soon as this was done, each German ship was allocated for inspection purposes to a British vessel of the same class. That allotted to the "*N.Z.*" was the *Derflinger*, a battle-cruiser which had already made her acquaintance in the battle of Jutland. The crews were reported to be untidy and unkempt, and the officers appeared sullen and dejected. One could scarcely expect the latter to be otherwise, for no more complete acknowledgement of the collapse of Prussian hopes for world supremacy could be afforded than the surrender of their powerful fleet.

"Der Tag" had at last arrived, but it was not the sort of "Der Tag" they had longed for and confidently expected. Painted in a prominent position on the *Derflinger* were "Battle Honours" surmounted by the Iron Cross: these "Battle Honours" recorded the "victories" achieved by German raiders when they bombarded such defenceless towns as Scarborough, Whitby, Yarmouth and Lowestoft and they even recorded the Dogger Bank and Jutland, the latter described as "Skagger Rack." Similarly *U.75*, which claims

\* 50 started but one struck a mine and was lost on the way to the surrender.

to have laid the mines one of which sank the *Hampshire* when Lord Kitchener and his staff were lost on 5th June, 1916, had "H.M.S. *Hampshire*" and an "Iron Cross" painted on one of its doors.

## GOTT MIT UNS

Scarborough  
Whitby  
16. xii. 14  
Dogger Bank  
24. i. 15



Lowestoft  
Yarmouth  
25. iv. 16  
Skagger Rack  
31. v. 16

The members of the "Soldiers' and Workmen's Councils," wearing white bands on their arms, insisted on being represented at the inspection with their officers, to whom, brought up as they had been, this must have been gall and wormwood. The inspection proved satisfactory, the magazines were all empty, and in many cases the guns had been rendered useless by the removal of the breech blocks.

Before anchoring, the C. in C. (Admiral Beatty) signalled:

"The German flag is to be hauled down at 3.57 p.m. (sundown) and is not to be hoisted again without permission."

As the time for sunset approached, the crews of the German ships could be seen standing in groups, and when the "preparatory" signal was made, signalmen went to the ensign halyards, and as soon as "sunset" was sounded, the flags came down simultaneously.

On the evening before the surrender I had said good-bye to my wife, who was returning home next day. During the afternoon I was agreeably surprised to receive a signal from the tug *Volcano*, informing me that she, with a number of others, had come out to see the Surrender. The *Volcano* had been placed by the Admiralty at the disposal of the wives of senior officers; another vessel was told off for those of junior officers, and a special tug was also allotted to dockyard officials.

The procession was the most wonderful naval pageant ever witnessed; it could not have been less than nine miles in

length, as all the German ships were 3 cables apart (1 cable equals 200 yards), and each escorting squadron was  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles behind the one next ahead.

*King Orry*, which was the ship employed to tow battle practice targets, very rightly took part in the procession, was  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles astern of the last German battleship and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles ahead of the light cruiser *Phæton*, which led the line of 7 German light cruisers, and 3 miles astern of the *Karlsruhe*, which was the last of the line of German light cruisers, came the light cruiser *Castor*, with British and two French destroyers escorting the German destroyers.

During the afternoon Admiral Beatty issued the following signal :—

“ It is my intention to hold a service of thanksgiving at 6.0 p.m. to-day for the victory which Almighty God has vouchsafed His Majesty’s arms, and every ship is recommended to do the same.”

Needless to say, the recommendation was adopted.

The day following the Surrender was cold and foggy, and we remained with the German ships in Largo bay, and on 24th the German battle cruisers left for Scapa, under the escort of the 1st battle cruiser squadron, and on the 25th, at noon, the Hun battleships sailed for Scapa, escorted by the 5th battle squadron, which was composed of *Barham*, *Valiant*, *Warspite*, and *Malaya*, and four hours later we (the 2nd Battle cruiser squadron) proceeded up harbour and anchored below the Forth Bridge.

Early in December we were told that we should get Christmas leave and be allowed to start on the 12th. Several of us, accordingly proceeded to Edinburgh and engaged sleeping berths in the night mail for that date, but such is the uncertainty of naval life, that no sooner had we booked the berths than we received a signal cancelling previous arrangements for leave, and ordering us to proceed to the Baltic on or about the very day we had expected to go on leave.

On the evening of 13th December we left Rosyth, and early on the 15th we arrived and anchored off Bergen. At noon that day Her Majesty Queen Maud of Norway, accompanied by the Crown Prince, joined the ship for passage to

Scotland. His Majesty The King of Norway came off at the same time and after we had all been presented to him he inspected the ship's company. Shortly after this he left and we got under way. The passage down the fiords, which were lovely even in midwinter, left nothing to be desired, and as Captain Donaldson was busily engaged on the bridge, I had the honour of being in attendance on Her Majesty, and also of dining with her the following evening, when Prince Olaf was the guest of the gun room officers.

We reached Rosyth late in the evening on the 16th after a very rough crossing, and as Queen Maud and most of her retinue had suffered a good deal when in the open sea, she remained on board that night and left the ship early the following morning.

During the few hours we were at Bergen we heard much of the hardships inflicted by prohibition, and the strange resorts to which those anxious to partake of something stronger than water were driven. One method, we were told, was an ingenious plan by which something, if not alcoholic, at least very like it, was obtained from a particular brand of *boot-polish*, which I rather suspected of being somewhat akin to *boot-legging* !

Christmas Day was kept in truly naval peace-time manner, and ended in an officers' fancy dress dance on the quarter-deck, in which the more senior officers exchanged uniform with those most junior, I exchanging uniform with a midshipman ! Shortly after dinner a sailor who acted as " Lord of Misrule," was disguised in that of the commander, entered the ward room and assuming a peremptory manner such as he considered befitted his rank ordered everybody on deck. Everyone entered into the fun of the thing with a true Christmas spirit, and when midnight came all turned in quietly, after having spent a most enjoyable Christmas, the like of which it was never my good fortune to have previously experienced. A civilian who was particularly fond of the " N.Z." and who was known to the ward room officers as the " Universal Provider " or " Fairy Godmother," sent a case of champagne for the purpose of drinking his health and helping us to spend a merry Christmas.

On the afternoon of the 27th we left the Forth for Devonport, and were ordered to proceed by the west coast route, via the Pentland Firth. This was not with a view of enabling us to have a last look at Scapa Flow, but in order to avoid unnecessary risk in the shape of mines which might possibly have been met with had we proceeded down the east coast and through the Straits of Dover. Early on the 30th December we anchored in Cawsand Bay, and in the afternoon proceeded up harbour, and next day the dockyard people started getting the ship ready for Lord Jellicoe's world cruise, and for the next six weeks life on board was almost impossible.

There is little more to be said. On New Year's Day I went home on leave, returning to Devonport for about six weeks, was then demobilised and returned home to enjoy the blessings of the land and the fruits of my labours, replete with thankfulness that I had come safe and sound through the many vicissitudes of war.

FINIS.

Jolly sailors, come near and I'll sing you a song,  
 Come, landsmen, and listen to me ;  
 I'll sing you about a great ironclad ship  
 Which went down in the Irish Sea,  
 Run into by another great ironclad  
 A mighty fine thing do you see,  
 " For it shows what a jolly fine ram she has got,"  
 Said the Lords of the Admiraltee.

Our Captain he was a sailor bold,  
 Had been all his life on the sea ;  
 He'd been as far as Madagascar,  
 West Indies, the Cape and Chinee.  
 He know'd all the spars and he know'd all the stars,  
 A very fine officer he.  
 So they picked him out for an ironclad ship,  
 Did the Lords of the Admiraltee.

The Captain he took the 1st Luff down  
 And gave him some champagne prog,  
 But " Bust me boiler plates," says he,  
 " If I know what to do in a fog !  
 I'm told to steer East and I'm told to steer West  
 And to steam both low and high,  
 There's General Orders and Signal Books,  
 But Damn me the're all my eye."

We steered N.E., we steered S.W.,  
 We steamed both fast and slow,  
 When into us crash ! Another one came  
 And quickly we went below.  
 A ship that cost half a million or more  
 Went down to the bottom of the sea.  
 " What ho ! My eyes, there will be a row,"  
 Said the Lords of the Admiraltee.

We can't punish Admirals 'cos they are swells  
 And about the sea must know.  
 A lieutenant is only a common chap,  
 So overboard he must go.  
 " In steering," said he, to avoid mishap,  
 I used commonsense," said he.  
 " Oh, we don't understand that sort of man,"  
 Said the Lords of the Admiraltee.

Now Messmates, I say, in Jack Tar's plain way,  
 Such things did'nt ought for to be,  
 Our men were not shipped and our ships were not built  
 To go down to the bottom of the sea.  
 We ought to have men up there in Whitehall  
 That know something of ships and the sea,  
 And get rid of landlubbers who call themselves Lords  
 From out of the Admiraltee.

(The *Vanguard* was rammed by the *Iron Duke* during manœuvres in a fog and sank in a few minutes on 1st September, 1875, off the coast of Wicklow.)

## "COME, ALL HANDS, AHOY TO THE ANCHOR."



Chorus—Repeat first four lines.

Come, all hands ahoy to the anchor,  
From friends and relations we go.  
Poll blubbers and cries, devil thank her,  
She'll soon take another in tow.  
And the wind like the old man will kick us  
About on the boisterous main.  
Heave away boys if death does not trick us  
We'll soon be coming back again.

(Chorus) Heave away, Haul away, jolly boys,  
At the mercy of fortune we go.  
We're in for it, damn it, what folly boys,  
So don't be downhearted yeo-ho !

The Gunner's a silly old buffer,  
 The Carpenter can't fish a mast,  
 The Surgeon's a lazy land lubber,  
 And the Master can't steer if he's arst.  
 The Lootenants conceit are all wrapt in,  
 The Midshipmen ain't worth their flip,  
 And there isn't a soul save the Captain  
 Knows the stem from the stern of the ship.

(*Chorus*) Heave away, Haul away, etc.

The Bo'sun looks after the rigging,  
 Especially when he gets drunk,  
 The bobstays supply him with swigging,  
 The cable he cuts up for junk.  
 Of the stun'sails he made him a hammock,  
 Of the clewlines he made him a call,  
 And ensigns and flags in a mammock,  
 He's sold to buy trinkets for Poll.

(*Chorus*) Heave away, Haul away, etc.

Our Parson's both holy and godly,  
 And leads us to Heaven agog;  
 But to my mind he looks rather oddly,  
 When swearing and drinking his grog.  
 When he took on his knee Betty Bowser  
 And spoke of her beauty and charms,  
 Cried I, "which is the way to Heaven now Sir?"  
 "Why you dog," says the Parson, "her arms."

(*Chorus*) Heave away, Haul away, etc.

Of the Purser this here is the maxim—  
 Slops, grog, and provision he saks;  
 How he'd look if you was but to ax him  
 With the Captain's Clerk who 'tis goes snacks!  
 Oh, he'd find it another guess story,  
 That would bring his bare back to the cat,  
 If His Majesty's honour and glory  
 Was only just told about that.

(*Chorus*) Heave away, Haul away, etc.

And now fore and aft having abused them,  
 'Twas just for my fancy and grig;  
 Did I find anyone to ill-use them,  
 Damn me, but I'd tickle his wig.  
 Jack never was known for a railer,  
 'Twas in fun every word that I spoke;  
 For the sign of a true British sailor,  
 Is to give and to take a good joke.

(*Chorus*) Heave away, Haul away, etc.

## SPANISH LADIES (Old Song)

Farewell and adieu to you fine Spanish ladies,  
 Farewell and adieu all you ladies of Spain,  
 For we've received orders to sail to old England  
 And perhaps we shall never more see you again.

*Chorus.* We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,  
 We'll range and we'll roam over all the salt seas,  
 Until we strike soundings in the Channel of Old England—  
 From Ushant to Scilly 'tis thirty-five leagues.

We hove our ship to when the wind was sou'-west, boys,  
 We hove our ship to for to strike soundings clear,  
 Then we filled our main tops'l and bore right away, boys,  
 And right up the Channel our course we did steer.

The first land we made it is known as the Deadman,  
 Next Ram Head near Plymouth, Start, Portland, and Wight.  
 We sailed past Beachy, past Fairley, and Dungeness,  
 And then bore away for the South Foreland Light.

Then the signal was made for the grand fleet to anchor,  
 All, all in the Downs that night for to meet.  
 So stand by your cat stoppers ! See clear your shank-painters !  
 Haul out your clue-garnets ! Stick out tacks and sheets !

Now let every man toss off a full bumper,  
 Now let every man toss off a full bowl ;  
 For we will be jolly and drown melancholy  
 In a health to each jovial and true-hearted soul !

*Chorus.* We'll rant and we'll roar like true British sailors,  
 We'll range and we'll roam over all the salt seas,  
 Until we strike soundings in the Channel of Old England—  
 From Ushant to Scilly 'tis thirty-five leagues.

## WE DON'T WANT TO FIGHT

*(Written and composed by G. W. Hunt and sung by the great music-hall singer G. H. Macdermott, who introduced this at the Westminster Aquarium.)*

The Dogs of War are loose, and the rugged Russian Bear,  
 Full bent on blood and robbery, has crawled out of his lair.  
 It seems a thrashing now and then, will never help to tame  
 That brute, and so he's out upon the " Same old game."  
 The Lion did his best to find him some excuse  
 To crawl back to his den again, all efforts were no use  
 He hunger'd for his victim, he's pleas'd when blood is shed,  
 But let us hope his crimes may all recoil on his own head.

*Chorus.* We don't want to fight yet by jingo when we do,  
 We've got the ships, we've got the men, and got the money too !  
 We've fought the Bear before, and the Turks have proved so true  
 The Russians can't get near Constantinople.

Since "Pious Alexander" commenced his "Holy work"  
 Has the Russian proved in any shape the better of the Turk?  
 Was it Christian-like of Cossacks and brutal Russian hordes,  
 To mutilate the wounded with their lances and their swords?  
 Have they not committed deeds which all mankind must detest,  
 Slain old men, maidens, mothers, aye and infants at the breast,  
 And when 'tis o'er—ah when!—who shall ever count the slain,  
*May such a cruel needless war be never known again!*

To sweep out "bag and baggage" the "Muscov" blindly rushed,  
 And now to find his prestige gone, near bankruptcy, nigh crushed,  
 Towards the "Christianising" Russ dire punishment still rolls  
*For the crime of having caused the death of a hundred thousand souls.*  
 But while the Turk still holds his own no power should interfere,  
 Unless in aid of peace and then 'twill find an echo here,  
 Should Russia be defeated and deprived of all her posts,  
 Alexander should be made to pay both "damages and costs."

Those who despised the Turk surely "reckoned without the host,"  
 Of hardy gallant soldiers and good generals they can toast,  
 Of a Chief like Mukhtar Pasha no land need be ashamed,  
 And "Hero of Plevna" Osman 'mongst generals will be famed.  
 Let Englishmen remember they fight also for us,  
 'Tis also England's duty to keep back the crafty Russ,  
 Victoria's "gentle reign" does not show one aggressive strain,  
 We've drawn the sword but for our rights and so we would again.

---

*Translation of letter facing page 156*

RAROTONGA,

*August, 1893.*

To Doctor Andrews,  
 H.M.S. "Ringdove."

Salutations,

I wish to thank you, Doctor, for your great kindness in attending to so many of the sick people of this island of Rarotonga. You have given relief to many who will gratefully remember you. Herein is a likeness of myself and another of my husband, Ngamaru. They will remind you of your visit to Rarotonga.

From your friend,

(Signed) MAKEA TEKAU,

Ariki of Avarua and Chief of the Cook Islands Federation.

## HAKA (of Welcome)

*Chief* : Koto iwi Pakeha gungura nei.

*Tribe* : Owoo Owoo Ou o ehah.

*Chief* : Pona hopukia.

*Tribe* : Hei

*Chief* : Pona hopukia.

*Tribe* : Hei.

*Chief* : Kati Koki.

*Tribe* : Kata Kuri.

*Chief* : Kata Koki.

*Tribe* : Kata huri.

*Tribe* : Katahuri ra te ho a riri —/ aue —/ au —/ au —/ auch.

*Chief* : Ka mate. Ka mate.

*Tribe* : Ka ora. Ka ora.

*Chief* : Ka mate. Ka mate.

*Tribe* : Ka ora. Ka ora.

Tenie te — tangata — puhuru — ruhuru

Nana nei — i tiki — mai haki — whiti te ra

Hupane Kau-pane

Hupane, Kau-pane Whiti te

These words were always chanted by the "Haka party," of H.M.S. *New Zealand*, and were obtained during the World Cruise when Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey was in command of the ship.



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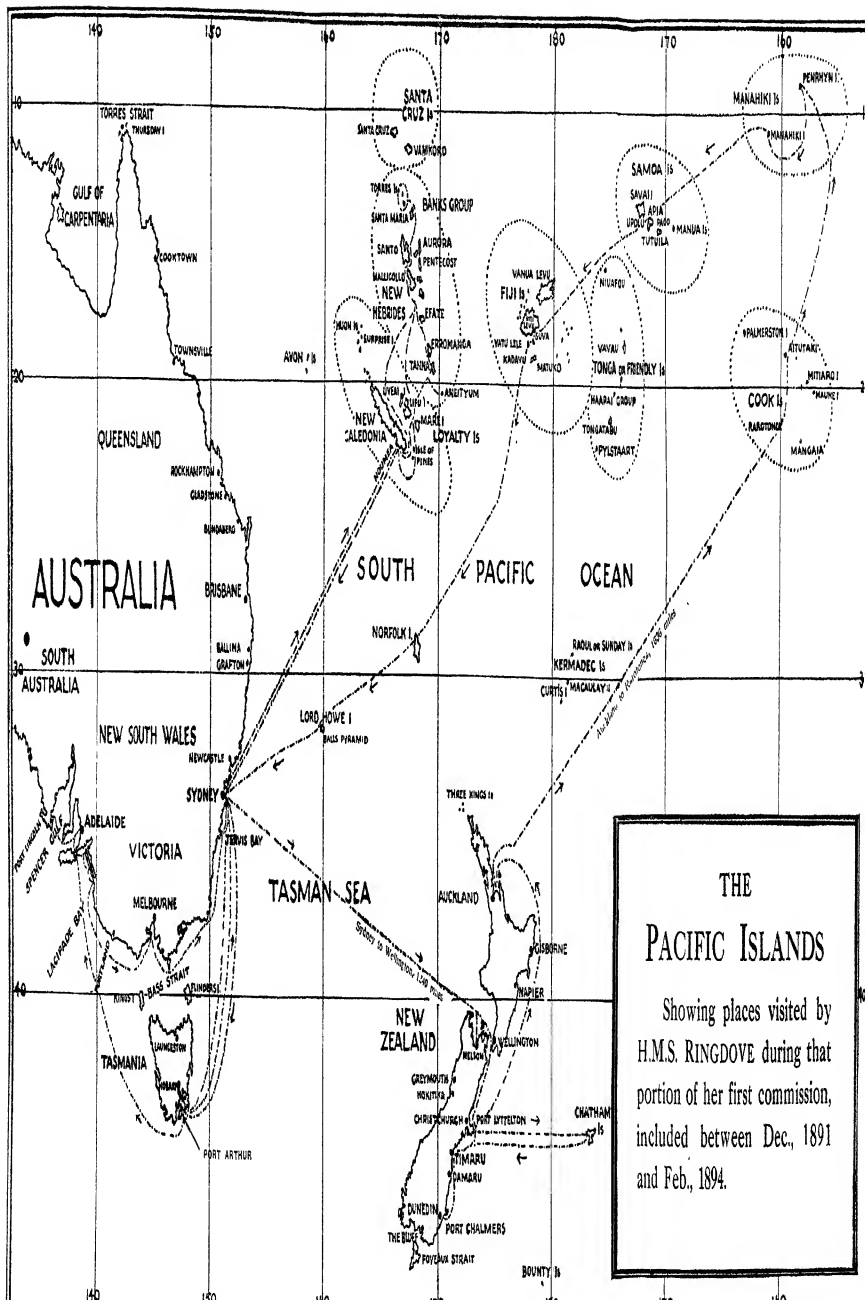
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## THE PACIFIC ISLANDS

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H.M.S. RINGDOVE during that  
portion of her first commission,  
included between Dec., 1891  
and Feb., 1894.